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The Pioneering Professors

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

The author of "From Immigrant to Inventor" and "The New Reformation" points out the practical value of the work of mute heroes of science.

Two centuries are a tiny span of time in the history of humanity, and yet innumerable changes which have completely revolutionized our civilization have been produced by the intellectual achievements of the last two centuries. Among these achievements those of science stand foremost. How many of us recognize that the foundations of this science were laid by university professors? I call them the pioneering professors. The world does not recognize clearly how great is its indebtedness to these mute heroes of science. Let me illustrate my meaning by a brief review of some of the achievements of the electrical science.

It was only two centuries ago when Newton, a professor in the University of Cambridge, created a new science, the science of motion of material bodies. This was the beginning of modern physical sciences. Newton's science of motion ruled supreme in the scientific thought of those days. Stephen Gray, a contemporary of Newton, and undoubtedly inspired by his science of motion, was the first to study the motion of electricity. This study led him to a great discovery, the discovery of the electrical conductors, which are to-day the great channels through which moving electricity conveys its many blessings to grateful humanity. Following in Gray's footsteps Franklin demonstrated to the wondering world that one of the most irresistible forces in nature, the force of lightning, is due to the motion of electricity. It is not surprising then that motion of material bodies and motion of electricity became the principal objects of study of the physical sciences during the eighteenth century.

The greatest achievement of those early studies of electricity in motion was Professor Volta's invention of the Voltaic battery. The eminent importance of this ideally simple generator of electrical motions was exhibited by Sir Humphry Davy, a professor of the Royal Institution, when by its electrical current he decomposed chemical com-

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pounds and thus discovered electrolysis. This great discovery was the first contribution to the electrical science of the nineteenth century. It gave us our first glimpse of that remarkable relationship between chemical and electrical forces which is one of the most significant physical facts of to-day. Operating with a powerful Voltaic battery, such as Sir Humphry Davy had developed, Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, discovered that moving electricity generates a magnetic force in every part of space. A few years later Professor Faraday made another startling discovery, the discovery, namely, that moving magnetism generates electrical forces in every part of space. These three great discoveries are the foundation pillars of the modern electrical science and of its industries. They were made by professors, the pioneers of the electrical science during its early history. The names of Maxwell, Roentgen, Becquerell, and of others testify that down to the present time the university professors remained the pioneers of the electrical science. The same can be said of other sciences; their pioneers were also university professors.

The visible services of science which one sees in every nook and corner of our daily life were created by the pioneering professors. I delight in making this statement; it is a fitting answer to those people who are inclined to believe that a professor of science is necessarily an apostle of abstract scientific theories which may sound well in the lecture-rooms of the universities, but contribute very little to the solution of the practical problems of life. Practical men, it is true, formulate practical problems, and they also develop and exploit their solutions. But it is also true that the science which leads to the solution of these practical problems is a creation of the pioneering professors. Morse, the practical promoter, installed the first telegraph-line, but Joseph Henry, the Princeton professor, supplied the knowledge for the earliest solution of the telegraph problem. Marconi, the practical Italian youth, was the first to transmit a wireless message between ship and shore, but Professor Hertz told him the story of the electrical waves which carried the message, and this story of the electrical waves was born in the soul of immortal Maxwell, the great professor of Cambridge University. The Wright brothers, the practical men, were the first to step into a flying-machine and fly, but in their technical development of that machine they started from the knowledge which Professor Langley's experiments had created. Many other illustrations could be given, all showing how the pioneering professors guided the hand of the so-called practical man. The cradle of the most practical things in the world is the science which the pioneering professors created. Moreover, they originated not only the visible but also the invisible services of science. These are not seen in every nook and corner of our daily life, but they are, perhaps, even more important than the visible services. I shall describe them by referring briefly to the history of one historic development in American science during the last fifty years.

Joseph Henry, the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and one of the most eminent pioneering professors in American science, rendered invaluable scientific service to President Lincoln during the Civil War. It was the service of an idealist in science to an idealist in political philosophy. Idealism of the highest type was the bond of union between these two great men. The National Academy of Sciences, or-

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ganized in the very midst of the Civil War and transformed into a national institution by a congressional charter, was the offspring of this warm friendship between Lincoln and Henry, and it was destined to become the cradle of American idealism in science. Under the leadership of Joseph Henry the members of the National Academy of Sciences started the historic movement for higher endeavor in our universities. Johns Hopkins University, founded in 1876, and dedicated to the highest intellectual endeavors, was the earliest concrete manifestation of this movement. Other American universities followed the noble example of Johns Hopkins in rapid succession. They soon developed into real universities, that is, institutions of higher learning, well equipped with research laboratories which were guided by the spirit of scientific idealism of Joseph Henry and of the other idealists in the National Academy of Sciences. The birth of the university research laboratories marks a new epoch in American history, the epoch in which the idealism of science and scientific research is gradually penetrating deeper and deeper into every phase of our national life. I shall point out now that this is one of the greatest invisible services of science rendered by the university professors.

There was a time when the American industrialists, the so-called practical men, paid small attention to the research laboratories of the universities. The practical man saw in the scientific research man a theorist only, whose work had no bearing upon industrial progress. But the scientific research laboratories of our universities soon compelled the practical man to change his opinion and his mental attitude. He soon learned that scientific research cultivated in the research laboratories of the universities is the fountainhead of all industries. He was ready then to worship at the altar of scientific idealism which guides the scientists in the university laboratories. Their achievements soon convinced the captains of our industries that the scientists, trained in the university laboratories, are indispensable in industrial progress. This conviction is responsible for our modern industrial research laboratories, like those of the DuPont Chemical Works in Wilmington, of the Eastman plant in Rochester, of the Western Electric, of the General Electric, of the Westinghouse companies, and of many others. Their work is directed by men who received their training and discipline in the research laboratories of the universities, and, hence, the same spirit of scientific idealism which guides the university laboratories guides also the industrial research laboratories. This spirit is the bond of union between them and this union represents one of the greatest achievements in our American civilization during the last fifty years. The rise of our industries to a much higher level of efficiency is not the only result of this great achievement. There are other results which are, perhaps, even more important in our advancing civilization; one of them I shall mention briefly.

The phrase "scientific idealism" which I have employed several times in the course of this discussion is not an abstract concept; it is a simple philosophy which cultivates a definite motive, a definite mental attitude, and a definite method of inquiry. The motive is unselfish search of the eternal truth; the mental attitude is open-minded and unprejudiced interpretation of the language of nature; the meth-

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od of inquiry is observation, experiment, and calculation. This is the philosophy which guided the great pioneers in science whose achievements conferred innumerable blessings upon humanity. One of the greatest of these blessings is the growing popular belief that this philosophy of scientific idealism is the safest guide in all human activities. It has stood the test of all experience in science and industries, and its motive, mental attitude, and method of work obviously recommend it to all the arts of human endeavor, and particularly to the art of government in a democracy like our American democracy. American scientists and engineers believe that the philosophy of scientific idealism will make democracy safe for the world, a mission which is perhaps even more difficult than the mission of making the world safe for democracy. If this is really one of the great missions of the philosophy of scientific idealism, and I firmly believe that it is, then we must offer every opportunity to the disciples of this philosophy, to the scientists and engineers, to perform this mission. Let them have an opportunity to demonstrate that they can guide the machinery of our government just as successfully as they have guided the machinery of our industries. If they succeed in that, it will be the greatest blessing conferred upon humanity by the pioneering professors, the creators of the philosophy of scientific idealism.

A Sky-Pilot Taxies

BY THOMAS H. WHELPLEY

Feeling that ministers were too far removed from life, the pastor of the Chelsea Presbyterian Church of New York became a taxi-driver by night to see how the rest of the city lived. We asked Mr. Whelpley to tell us, after some months of experience, what he really found.

One of a minister's greatest handicaps, I have often felt, is being a minister. To really help people it is necessary to win their confidence, and for a minister to win that confidence is not easy. There is a surface congeniality, a seeming intimacy. In reality people do not feel safe with a minister, in the sense that they are not themselves in his company. And until the man in the pulpit has proven his worth, until he has earned their love and respect, he is divided from his people by indifference, pretense, and practised piety.

An unhappy state of affairs; often the lack of any real understanding between my congregation and myself, especially during my early days in the pastorate, had been brought home to me. I would join a gay group of Sunday-school students, and their laughter would end. I would chance in at a choir rehearsal, and the conversation between

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contraltos and sopranos would cease. I was a complete failure at the Men's Club—"Don't tell that story to the parson . . . it might shock him." Also at the Ladies' Aid—"Give the pastor some ice-cream and cake, so he can be on his way. . . ."

I talked the situation over with my fellow preachers. Was it so with them? It was. But, for the most part, they seemed to take it for granted. On the other hand, it greatly disturbed me. I thought of getting a job somewhere, anywhere, so that I could work with people, in the shop, at the bench, at the desk, talk with them instead of at them, and come to know them as they are, not as they desired that I should know them.

This plan, however, had the disadvantage that it would familiarize me with one small section of life at a time, and it would be long before I could piece together the multicolored bits into an intelligible cross-section. So I had continued in the routine fashion, providing a place of rest, recreation, and, to an extent, amusement, for the men and women who chose to get up early enough on Sundays to come to church. I loved my work, but the progress I was making, or rather not making, greatly distressed me.

I was born to the cloth. As far back as I can remember it was my ambition to be a preacher. When I was a very small boy I sermonized at length to the trees, the flowers, and the stars. That I should become a minister was assumed. My great-uncle, the Reverend Doctor Philip Melancthon Whelpley, was one of the early pastors of the First Presbyterian Church, New York, and my own appointment, after an apprenticeship at St. James-in-Stephen, New Brunswick, to New York's skyscraper pulpit, the Chelsea Presbyterian Church, marked the attainment, for me, of a theological goal.

I was young—just turned thirty—and mightily determined to put my message across in the big city. With pride I announced to my home-town congregation my election to a metropolitan pastorate.

"What! To New York, Doctor Whelpley!" they wailed. "To New York! That graveyard of young pastors!"

Their consternation amused me, even pleased me. I was so sure of myself. As I have said, I was young—and determined. My first sermon, however, in the city of magnificent opportunity, was scarcely what might be called a brilliant success. My congregation was small and, to say the least, indifferent. Youth was conspicuous by its absence. It was a miscellany of elderly men and women, mostly elderly women not in the least excited about saving their souls, but persuaded perhaps that lives lived by way of the Ten Commandments, more or less, had absolved them from soul-worry.

After several months of heroic effort I began to wonder and to worry. "That graveyard of young pastors!" The phrase stuck in my mind. I haven't found myself yet—that's what's the matter, I reassured my somewhat shaken determination. When I get to know these people and their problems, when I get to understand them, their difficulties, their dreams and desires—then it will be different.

But as the weeks slipped by it seemed to me I knew them less. I felt farther removed from them, more hopeless, and more baffled every time I faced them in the pulpit, or called on them in their homes, or talked with them in

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my study. I felt discouraged and defeated. I felt all tangled up. I felt—well—buried.

I was sitting in my study one morning at work on a sermon and it was heavy going. What could I say to my people that would stir them? How could I reach them? How? From my study window I could see the city streaming by on wheels, the rush and roar of Twenty-third Street traffic—trucks, trolley-cars, limousines, roadsters, town cars and—taxicabs.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. I would drive a taxicab. And why not? At once I closed my books, put aside my manuscripts, and, feeling more enthusiastic than I had since my arrival in the city some eight months earlier, set out for the taxi license bureau. That day marked the real beginning of my ministry to New Yorkers.

A taxi-driver's view-point of life and living was certainly kaleidoscopic enough, I decided, to provide an excellent panorama of the city in which we labor and belabor. I obtained a chauffeur's license without difficulty. I had always owned a car and was an expert driver. After some weeks' delay and a very lengthy examination at the police court, where I was questioned, finger-printed, photographed, and required to produce signatures of reliable citizens regarding my integrity, the hack license came through. I was qualified as Number A51804 to pilot my congregations and other congregations around the city, to follow the call of the ministry by day and the call of the cabby by night.

Once before in my life I had been close to people, rejoiced with them, suffered with them, toiled with them, prayed with them. Once before—during the World War. Eighteen years old, with a typical Puritan background, I went overseas with the Canadian Infantry. Digging in with the godly and ungodly, I gained a certain tolerance, a breadth of vision, and a certain understanding of what life meant and death, beyond the reach of seminary walls—understanding born of sweat and blood and filth, of red-gold glory and terrible devastation.

Close to the simple human emotions, the things that move the human heart, I learned how to counsel the living and comfort the dying. I learned that through faith in myself and my faith in God I could lead a detachment through hell-fire and back again. Then it was over, and I was back at Pine Hill Divinity Hall. It was not until I attempted to cross-cut my way to New York churchgoers that I discovered I had lost that understanding, that tolerance of men, which I had acquired in trenches, shell holes, and slime.

Then I enlisted in the ranks of New York's night-hawk cabbies. Landing a job was not as easy as I had anticipated. The big metropolitan cab companies were fearful that it would be noised abroad that a parson was at the wheel of one of their cabs, and that the night-riding public would thereafter avoid all their cabs.

"People like to be themselves in a cab," the managers informed me, "and they can't be themselves around a preacher. Sorry, parson—like to help you out—but—well, you know how it is—business is business."

And so to the next company and the next. At last a small independent company reluctantly provided me with a sorry-looking hack that had for some time been out of use. However, with the help of old-timers in the garage, I made good and was sent out a few days

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later with an up-to-date cab as one of the "regulars," who, by the way, were all for giving me a hand. They told me what to do and how to do it, what to say and how to say it, where to go for the best "breaks." To them I was just a greenhorn cabby. From them I learned how people regard the church and its leaders. From my "fares" I learned more.

I cruised about in all sections of the city, carried all kinds of people, buddied with my fellow cabbies, quarrelled with the traffic cops, and chatted with the men and women who rode with me. It had been my purpose to do the thing quietly. Why I thought I could avoid publicity I do not know.

"What did you get out of it?" I am frequently asked. And am frequently tempted to reply—publicity, publicity, publicity. Almost as soon as I applied for my hack license the thing was out. An enterprising young reporter made much of it, and twelve hours on the road brought forth front-page headlines—"Sky-Pilot Taxies," "Preacher Is Taxi-Driver at Night," "Pastor Taxi-Driver Composes Sermons into Dictaphone as He Cruises for Fares."

I was praised and blamed. I was photographed and caricatured, radioed and interviewed. Newspapermen and camera-men camped on my doorstep. I was thrust into fame, whether or no. Driving a taxicab magically invested me with authority. I was consulted on international affairs, civic problems, prohibition, divorce, virtue and vice. Letters poured in from all over the country and even from abroad. Flappers wanted to marry me. Down-and-outs wanted to advise with me, publishers wanted books, clubs wanted speeches. But through it all I held fast to my purpose—to know people so that I could help them. As the Reverend Thomas H. Whelpley, pastor, I had not been succeeding. As plain "Tom" Whelpley, cabby, the doors to opportunity swung wide.

In the ministry, as in all life, a sense of humor is a valuable asset. I had been rapidly losing mine. But a few weeks as a cab-driver completely restored it. The cabbies are a cheerful crowd. In the small hours of the morning they swap funny stories about "fares," discuss religion and politics and women, and laugh a lot. "It's all in a lifetime, buddy," they would console me about a flat tire on a rainy night.

What did I get out of it?

Well—I learned much about the business of preaching, about people and things and the why of things, about the tangled web of six million lives which is New York. On every hand I saw men trapped—by their desires, their ambitions, their prejudices, their fears, their faith, and their lack of faith. I saw frantic men striving to fight free. I saw beaten men sitting quiet, making no move. I saw the fury of those who could understand, and the misery of those who could not. I saw meanness of spirit and nobility, determination to win and the tragedy of having failed. And I realized suddenly the tremendous gap between the Way of Life as we preach it and the way of life as we live it. Life—lip-sticked, rouged, and clothed in silk. Life—ugly, blackened, broken on the wheel. Life—seeking, calling, reaching for God.

I found men and women not less religious to-day than yesterday, not less religious in New York than in New Brunswick. But because the church has failed them they do not go to church. The reason it has failed them is because its ministers live in a world apart, hav-

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ing no real understanding of the needs of those they purpose to serve. For the church is the shadow of a man. And is sadly lacking in man-power.

It has been said by a well-known psychologist that there is no place in the ministry to-day for best minds, for creative thought and intellectual effort. It seems to me that there is not only place for best minds, but a tremendous, a supreme, need for men of high resolve, with breadth of vision, wide sympathies, and understanding hearts and minds.

What price taxi-driving? An aching back, eye-strain, hurt pride, and great weariness. It took real courage not to give it up. But the brief glimpse behind the scenes which it provided was worth all it cost. The promise of that fleeting glance held me to it another night and another. As the weeks went by I became accustomed to the hardships of my incognito. I learned how to hold my tongue, how to stand the gaff from butter-and-egg men and their fur-trimmed ladies, how to get along with red lights and one-way streets, and how to give and take.

I settled down to organized effort, was a good listener, reported regularly to my dictaphone, attended afternoon teas and committee meetings, and performed wedding ceremonies, christenings, and burials in between times, and late afternoons hurried to the garage for my taxi with constantly increasing enthusiasm. I felt that I was getting somewhere. I felt alive again.

As a preacher I had been much concerned about where I was going. As a cabby my concern was altogether about where other people were going and why. To my surprise I discovered they were going no place in particular, did not know why they were going, and did not care.

For the most part they are trying simply to get away from themselves, to lose themselves in the bright confusion of New York at night. They are greedy for gold, eager for power, and given over to material conquest. Slaves they are to their passions, their hopes, their fears. Blinded by the glare of a million lights, deafened by the rush and roar, fevered by the sickening speed at which they work and play, all sense of proportion, all sense of values, is lost to them. Hysterical, devil-may-care, they are selling themselves, betraying themselves, destroying themselves, bodies and souls, while the church stands idly by and wonders what it's all about. Your neighbors and mine. Average men and women.

Men are not fools. Discouraged and disgusted with religious bigotry, interdenominational strife, and stupid sermonizing, they have gone their way. And have lost their way. They have gone so far afield that we who are supposed to be their shepherds can no longer even hear their cries. It was not until I abandoned the quiet pulpit, the stained-glass windows and glittering brasses, to follow my people where they have gone that I learned the truth about them. It was difficult, disillusioning, and perhaps unorthodox, but it was worth it.

"Hacking New York," incidents in the life of a professional taxi-driver, will appear in an early number.

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The Infantry Wanted a Bridge

BY EDWARD SHENTON

One of the features of the New SCRIBNER'S has been the group of high lights of the war as seen by men who were there. Mr. Shenton contributes the eighth of the series. Others will appear from time to time.

THE house had been a charming place with large high-ceilinged rooms and long windows opening onto a walled garden. The splintered furniture evidenced a certain taste, and from a shattered bookcase in the front room books in expensive leather bindings were tumbled about the floor. The upper story had been torn by several shells, but enough remained to give the men below a feeling of protection.

Six privates and a sergeant from an engineer company dozed on mattresses salvaged from the wrecked bedrooms. A corporal lay stretched on his belly reading a treatise on surgery. Most of the books were about medicine. There were a few dealing with philosophy and science, but no fiction. Probably the former occupant of the house was a doctor.

Outside the afternoon was clear and hot. Inside it was cool. The air stirred to the hum of myriad flies.

Presently the corporal arose, went to the doorway and gazed up and down the deserted street. The nearest houses were not badly damaged, but as the street sloped toward the river the roofs and upper stories became twisted fragments of beams against the bright blue sky.

The corporal heard the voice of the sentry at the rear door and, turning, went down the tiled hall. At the entrance he met the lieutenant and a small, dishevelled infantry private.

"Where's the sergeant?" the lieutenant said.

"In the front room."

"Call him out."

The sergeant appeared, drowsy from his nap.

"Sergeant, the infantry want a footbridge. They're having a hell of a time getting back and forth over that creek. They've got some wounded out there and can't get 'em back."

"Aw rite," said the sergeant.

"This man will guide you. They want it ready by dusk. They want to get the wounded back to-night."

"Aw rite," said the sergeant. "Yes, sir."

"Let me know about it when you get back."

"Yes, sir. Sure."

The lieutenant departed, following the shelter of the garden wall.

The sergeant looked at the corporal. The infantryman took out a crumpled butt and lit it carefully.

"Now ain't that nice?" the sergeant said. "The infantry wants a bridge, do they? Well, that's fine. But what the hell do we build the infantry a bridge out of, I ask you?"

"I wish the Marines were in here," the corporal said. "Some of 'em can swim."

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"Well," said the sergeant. "What have we got to build this here bridge?"

"An axe, some nails, and about ten yards of rope."

"Well! Ain't that nice? I ask you. Well, get 'em together." He turned to the guide.

"How do we go, buddy?"

The infantryman blinked and shook away the weariness enveloping him.

"Are you all set?" he asked.

"Sure," said the sergeant.

"Well, come on, then."

The remainder of the engineer detail gathered sleepily. They had the axe, a burlap bag full of large nails and a coil of rope.

"We oughta have some more rope," the sergeant said.

"We could collect some telephone wire."

"Sure. That's good enough. Two of you hop out and collect some wire."

Two privates went reluctantly toward the street. Walking about in the open was a dubious business. The Germans were on a hill across the river and their position dominated the town. Machine-guns covered all the east and west streets. The other soldiers sat down contentedly, to wait. The infantry private fell asleep immediately. The flies buzzed and the warm air flowed from the garden into the hallway.

"Jesus," said the sergeant. "These infantry is always wantin' somethin'. You'd think this war was just made for infantry. They want barrages, an' trenches an' wire an' bridges an' ammunition an' stiffs buried. . . . An' most of the time it's us runs around bringin' it to them. A lot of wet-nurses, that's what we are."

No one listened to the outburst. The sergeant relapsed into the general apathy. A machine-gun began firing. In the silence it sounded quite close. There was a scuffle in the front of the house and the two engineers came panting along the hall.

"Look! Look at that, by God!"

The rear man lifted his foot and showed a piece of heel clipped from his shoe.

"Where's the wire?" said the sergeant.

"In the front room."

"Well, bring it along. Bring it out here. What the hell good is it in the front room, I ask you?"

One of the men brought the wire. They shook the sleeping infantryman.

"Hey, come on, buddy. We gotta get this bridge built."

The guide got up and set off without speaking. They went in single file through the gardens until they reached a narrow-gauge railway. Following this they were sheltered by the houses until they arrived at the edge of the town. Here the guide paused and peered apprehensively into the open.

"This here's a bad place," he said. "We had two runners bumped here last week. I don't like it."

There was at least a hundred and fifty yards of unprotected space before the railway entered a wood.

"We could go back up and around," said the corporal.

He pointed to the rear where the ground rose abruptly to a thickly wooded crest.

"Yea, we might."

"Well," said the sergeant. "Let's do somethin'."

One of the men scraped his hobnails on the steel rail. The guide threw himself flat against the wall of the house. They stared at him in astonishment. He got up slowly, looking embarrassed.

"I thought it was wanna them dirty

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whizz-bangs," he explained. "I can't stand them things. They got my nerve, see."

"I just scraped my shoe on the rail," said the engineer.

"Well, it sounded funny. Them one-pounders got my nerve."

"I'm gonna make a run for it," said the sergeant.

He bounded into the open, running on the hard cinders at the edge of the track. They watched him anxiously, watched to see a spray of dirt at his heels. He reached the woods, throwing himself forward like a sprinter breaking the tape. Nothing happened. A second man followed. He carried the bag of nails and ran awkwardly. They saw him arrive safely at the woods. One by one the others left until the guide and the corporal remained.

"Gees, that's funny," said the guide. "We had two guys bumped right here last week."

"Make it snappy," the corporal said nervously. He felt there was something ominous about the proceedings. It wasn't natural. He could see the long smooth hillside beyond the river. He believed he could distinguish a thin yellow scar of trench line near the crest. He estimated the distance at a thousand yards. The guide sprang out from the protecting wall holding his rifle across his chest. It seemed a long time to the corporal while he watched the grotesque, leaping figure. But he reached the trees and vanished. The corporal took a deep breath and started. He ran easily, his head twisted toward the German line. It was a good distance in the heat. Half-way. Two-thirds. He saw the vague shapes of the detail in the shadow. The weight of his hobs was astounding. He arrived almost winded.

"Gees," said the guide. "Ain't that funny? Why, just last week we had two guys got theirs right there."

He grinned in relief. Feeling safe he went briskly through the woods, crossed the tracks of the main railroad and, still sheltered by trees, came to a company dug in under a high bank. An infantry sergeant spoke to the engineer sergeant and they walked away together. At once the detail stretched out on the warm ground. The corporal stared drowsily along the line of fox holes. Every one seemed asleep. The ground was strewn with empty tins, bits of equipment, bandoliers, fragments of all sorts. A tall lieutenant paced along the path. His uniform was immaculate. He switched at his boots with a hunting-crop. The engineer sergeant returned.

"Hey," he called. "Come along!"

An infantryman leaped from his shelter.

"Pipe down," he said. "The major's asleep."

The sergeant glared at him in amazement.

"He ain't had no sleep for three days," the soldier explained. "It's been bad up here."

The tall lieutenant came over to the detail.

"Be careful down there," he said. "Keep under cover and as quiet as possible. We don't want to draw any more fire."

"Is this the line?" the corporal asked.

"Practically. We have some men on the other side of the river but not many. That's why we want that bridge."

"Yes, sir," said the corporal.

The lieutenant smiled affably. The whites of his eyes were hidden by a

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dull reddish film. One corner of his mouth twitched incessantly. The riding-crop tapped monotonously on his boot.

"Why don't you try to get some sleep, lieutenant?" the infantry sergeant said.

"I'll wait till the major wakes up."

The engineer detail went away feeling depressed and a little uncertain. They entered a woods again, walking forward from the line of troops. Suddenly they arrived at a stream. It was only twenty feet across but it was deep and flowed swiftly. On the opposite bank the wood thinned rapidly. They could see a flat space of meadow, and the gentle slope of the hill.

"You fellows keep under cover," the sergeant said.

Taking the axe he approached a fair-sized tree. The blade glinted in the level sunlight as he swung it over his shoulder. He was an expert woodsman. The axe bit deep and true. Great clean-cut wedges of the trunk fell to the ground. The tree cracked sharply and fell partly across the stream. The sergeant cut off the branches with a few deft blows.

With the rope in hand the corporal slid out on the tilted trunk. He tied the rope under a fork. Rising precariously he leaped for the opposite bank and missed. He sank up to his waist in the water. Scrambling out he passed the rope about a tree and hurled the end back to the others. Slowly they dragged the felled tree to where the corporal could make it secure. The sergeant chopped down another tree. They laid them side by side and laced them securely with telephone wire. Then they anchored the ends to either bank, cut a few saplings and nailed them at intervals along the footpath made by the two trunks. The rope was stretched on the uprights to form a hand-rail. With great skill the sergeant succeeded in levelling slightly the rounded boles of the two trees. The sun had gone behind the hill. The woods were cool and quiet.

"There," said the sergeant. "That's a whale of a bridge, if you ask me."

The corporal walked gingerly across.

"It's no world-beater," he said; "but if they go one at a time it won't flop with 'em."

"Flop, hell," said the sergeant. "That's a good bridge. Nobody but a damn M. P. would wantta better bridge."

"Hey," called a voice from the dim opposite bank. "Give us a hand, will you?"

Three figures were discernible. The corporal recrossed the bridge. Two soldiers were half carrying a wounded man. His right leg was swathed in bloody bandages and he had a bandage across his eyes. The corporal looked at the three. Then he looked at the bridge.

"Will that hold up?" a soldier said.

"Sure," said the corporal.

They went forward carefully. It was a difficult task. The trunks bent and groaned. They had to carry the wounded man sideways with his feet hanging out over the stream. The corporal sighed in relief as he saw them reach the bank.

One of the soldiers turned and stared at the bridge.

"That's a hell of a bridge," he said.

They went on, stumbling a little, taking the utmost care of the wounded man.

"Well," said the sergeant resentfully. "Some birds would crab if it was Brooklyn Bridge itself. Come on, let's get out of here."

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It was quite dark. They reached the place where the infantry were dug-in. Ration details had arrived and they could smell the hot coffee and slum. They strode among the eating men, who never raised their eyes. At the narrow-gauge railway an engineer said:

"Listen, I ain't gonna carry them nails any longer."

"Better keep 'em," said the corporal wearily. "Maybe the infantry will need another bridge before morning."

The Air Bum

AN UNFINISHED OFFICE ADVENTURE

BY OLGA EDITH GUNKLE

My office is the dullest place looking at it from the outside. The carpet is a sickly brown—the walls are lined with oldish books—the tailored stenographer sits near the door and guards it well.

To persons who come asking charity, the voyage down the carpet between the books and the stenographer is a modern Scylla-and-Charybdis experience that leaves them in a properly shaken frame of mind by the time they reach the haven of my desk.

To-day there came—down past the musty volumes on "The Family" and "Child Care"—a curly-haired giant in brown denim overalls. My stenographer gave him a chair and inwardly classified him as "young — H. M. (homeless man) — jobless — wants meal-ticket." She really was almost correct.

I hung up the telephone-receiver and turned toward "the case." There he sat—a big, bronzed, sturdy fellow—and frightened—well, he was so scared that I know the insides of his palms were wet with that clammy fear sweat we all have at times.

Occasionally—but only occasionally—I try to look imposing for certain reasons, but most of the time my profession demands that I appear sympathetic in order to get the most possible information from my clients. To-day was one of the days when I knew I didn't look awesome, and yet there the lad sat too frightened to speak.

I smiled my very own smile—not the kind I make myself use—and waited. His nostrils twitched rapidly—he twisted his cap and blurted out:

"I'm a hm— f—." His voice was so low I didn't hear.

"I beg your pardon, but what did you say?"

He moistened his lips nervously. "I'm a stunt flyer."

"I don't quite understand?" I queried politely.

He looked incredulous. "Why, a stunt flyer does tricks on a plane—hangs from a rope ladder—jumps from one plane to another. Does parachute

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leaps—all that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh—oh, yes, I see." I really was quite flabbergasted—this timid soul who turned and twisted his cap uneasily—a stunt flyer!

"Thought maybe I could give a benefit performance and give three-fourths of the proceeds to your welfare work."

I looked so puzzled he gathered courage and went on: "You could sell the tickets, that would get the crowd. I'd do the tricks. All we need is a plane and a pilot and we could get that easy."

"I'm so sorry," I said, and I really was, "but my board doesn't allow us to have benefits of any kind."

"I—well—I've put on benefits for welfare organizations in other cities, so I thought—" He looked so crestfallen that I hastily suggested:

"You might see some of the theatres or the newspapers. They might be able to use a stunt flyer for publicity purposes. I'll give you the names of a few persons that might be interested."

As I ransacked the telephone-book and my card index for possible names, I questioned him: "How did you happen to start this stunt-flying business?"

"Oh, I worked for an airplane firm in Chicago and I was up in their planes a lot of the time. One day I got up nerve enough to try a few tricks when we were flying and I've been at it ever since."

Quite brief and to the point—"got up nerve enough"—and some way I knew he was telling the truth—this timid youth, who moistened his lips continually, who dreaded talking to a woman—had nerve!

"How did you get this far west?" I wrote another name.

"Guess you might call me an 'air bum' in some ways. I've gone from one place to the next by air—just sort of picked up rides, you see, with fellows delivering planes to other cities or fellows that owned their own. But I've been with the air-circus people for the last couple of years—made over fifty stunt flights for them last year."

"Aren't you with them now?"

"No, I quit 'em a month ago. My pal and I were doing an act together, one of us on each side of the plane. He lost his grip on the rope ladder and fell 1,000 feet. It's awful to lose some one you care about like that. I lost my nerve and quit, but I've got it back now—but I need some flying to do. You see the circus people have always had an advance-agent who booked us up and I don't know how to go about it very well. A garage man told me to come here. I kinda thought that a man run this place." He smiled apologetically.

"Why don't you try some safe business—like auto mechanic, or——"

"I'm scared to death of autos. Just hate to ride in the things. Almost makes corns on my feet ramming on the brakes. Streets don't seem big enough after you've been in the air. I'm always afraid when I'm in a car anyway, they seem to go so fast."

Think of it. A car going fast after an airplane! He was like that, though, a youngster of strange contradictions. Scared of an auto, yet at home in the clouds, afraid to death of a woman, yet daring death every time he made a stunt flight.

I had finished a list of names for him, but I still kept my pencil on it. I was rather reluctant to let the blue-eyed youth go. He was such a contrast to the battered and bescarred bits of human wreckage who came asking meal-tickets and lodgings. He made me think of limitless expanses of sky—fly-

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ing clouds—wind-swept spaces—youth indomitable.

"Ever see any one hurt except your pal?"

"Lots of them. One guy stumbled and fell and got the top of his head chopped by the propeller. An' then one kid—aw, you don't like to hear about it, do you? But you see you don't mind it quite so bad after a while, except when it's your pal."

"Ever get hurt yourself?"

"Once in a while."

"Badly?"

"Last time I got hurt something went wrong with the plane and they had to land before I could climb back up the rope. I got dragged. Was unconscious for three days."

"My gracious, I'm glad I don't have to watch anything like that. I'd hate to see any one hurt."

"Oh, you'd get used to it," he gravely remarked.

"Don't the crowds that watch you make you nervous?"

"No, ma'am. You never even think of them. You see it's like fighting a hundred-mile gale up there, with the wind blowing and the plane moving along. You've got to spend all your time hanging on, and it sure takes every muscle in your body." As he spoke he gripped in imagination a wiry bit of rope and I saw the muscles in his hands and neck tense and swell. His whole body was fighting the hundred-mile gale. The musty volumes faded away and I was one of the spectators staring upward with bated breath, while far up in the air a tiny figure swayed and twisted and clung to a bit of flying rope; only I was one of the spectators who knew just how young and strong and sturdy he was, with his curly hair and gallant blue eyes. And I was fearful—horribly fearful—lest he too lose his grip and come crashing, crashing, downward. It would be such a pity! Something fine and splendid would be gone from out the world.

"Where was your home before you took to flying?"

"Iowa."

Now I had him placed. I could see him stalking along behind the plough, through long, upturned furrows of fragrant, moist earth, his steady eyes looking upward and upward and dreaming of daring things. No wonder our city streets scared him after the vast stretches of earth and sky.

"Have you been working since you came here?"

"No. I've only been here two weeks. I've been out at the air-field every day and have gone up with the different fellows. I haven't told any of them that I do stunt flying. But I'm getting anxious to start again. There's nothing like flying after you've once had a taste of it."

He had on only a thin suit under the denim overalls. I wondered if he had any money—any place to go—enough to eat. Yet I, a hardened case-worker, used to asking any question in the world, hesitated to ask him—hesitated to do anything to hurt that fine pride in his eyes, that youthful confidence that shone in his bearing.

I handed him the list of possible names and addresses and said: "Better go here first. This is the most hopeful. Try this next and then this one." I was very businesslike now. I'd spent more time than I usually spent on any one, on this twenty-year-old lad.

He rose, and stood straight and sturdy. "Thank you so much. I'll try them all."

He started for the door down the

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long lines of books on "Child Care" and "The Family." I relented of my businesslike tone and called after him: "Hope you have all kinds of good luck."

He smiled back over his shoulder, an embarrassed smile, gave me the strangest, almost collie-dog, look, flushed a deep red, and stammered: "Thanks."

As he shut the door the stenographer remarked in a softer voice than usual: "I don't believe he's used to having people be as nice to him as you were. Did you see the look he gave you when he went out?"

"Yes, I saw—better bring in the next case." When the next fellow shuffled in I began automatically: "Name, please? Present address?" Then I sat up horrified—I hadn't even asked the stunt flyer his name, let alone his present address. I continued automatically filling out our case-record sheet, feeling all the while very cramped and cooped up in my dull office, with the faded carpet and the book-lined shelves, and wondering rather uneasily what would finally happen to my stunt flyer, my "air bum" with the blue eyes and curly hair, who was ill at ease with autos and women, but at home in a plane in the clouds.

He Hoes

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

He hoes against the glooming west
Until his beard is full of dew.
The crows are home; but never yet
Has twilight found this farmer through.

His son is mated with a wife
Coarse and common as the weeds.
His hopes have fallen on a soil
Less fertile than his thrifty seeds.

Eighty years have bent his bones
And brought his chin down on his breast;
But still his arms swing at a work
So rhythmical it is a rest.

Sharp words and dirt are everywhere
In his house that once was clean.
His granddaughters run with the men
And have a wormy fruit to glean.

He cuts the weeds away from corn
With a calm and ageless hate;
He does not care to go indoors
Until the hour has grown late.

He loves to be alone and see
His shadow lengthen without end
Until it lies across the world,
Across the house he could not tend.

God willing, death will find him there
Clean and shining as his hoe,
Standing on his two stiff feet,
And not a weed in any row.

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Building a Boat.

With Korčula in the background—a white city shimmering in a subtropical sun.

Korčula, in the Adriatic

FIVE DRAWINGS (FRONTISPIECE)

BY CARL SCHMITT

KORČULA remains one of the beauty-spots of the world, untouched by the smudging hand of modern progress. Carl Schmitt, American painter, etcher, and lithographer, recently returned from a sojourn there, and these interesting modern studies of an ancient place are the result. Mr. Schmitt says: "Korčula is a town of 3,000 people on an island of the same name. It is on the regular steamboat route between Split and Dubrovnik. Since I was first in Dalmatia fourteen years ago the principal cities of the mainland have lost their character of peasant homeliness and something fine is gone out of their hospitality. But not so Korčula.

"I could write at length of the health (and consequent beauty) of the imaginations and bodies of the people of Korčula, due, I think, in part to a providential weakness in modern banking ability and in part to a beneficent sun. But the city, the buildings, the boats, and the indescribable water of the Adriatic are also a part of the picture. The city rises out of this clean blue water a mass of carved white glowing stone and climaxes in the cathedral which was begun in the thirteenth century. There are no automobiles here. The limestone-paved streets rising steep to the cathedral are built only for the prince and the peasant, one on foot, the other on a donkey. For this is the story of Korčula."

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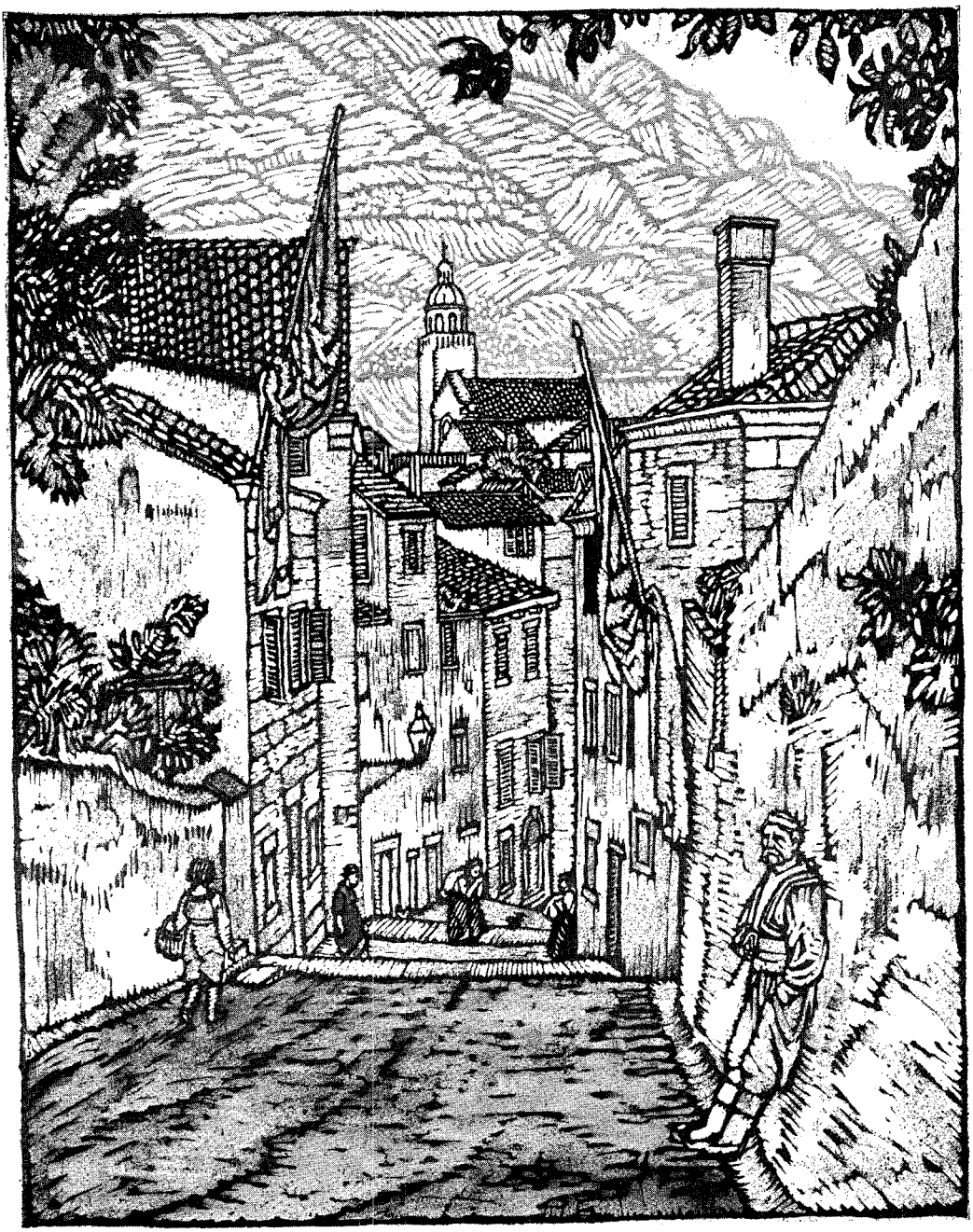

One of the Streets.

With the cathedral beyond, and Pelješac, the mountainous peninsula, in the background. Pelješac is the haunt of the few remaining jackals of Europe, whose bark can be heard at night across the waters of the Adriatic.

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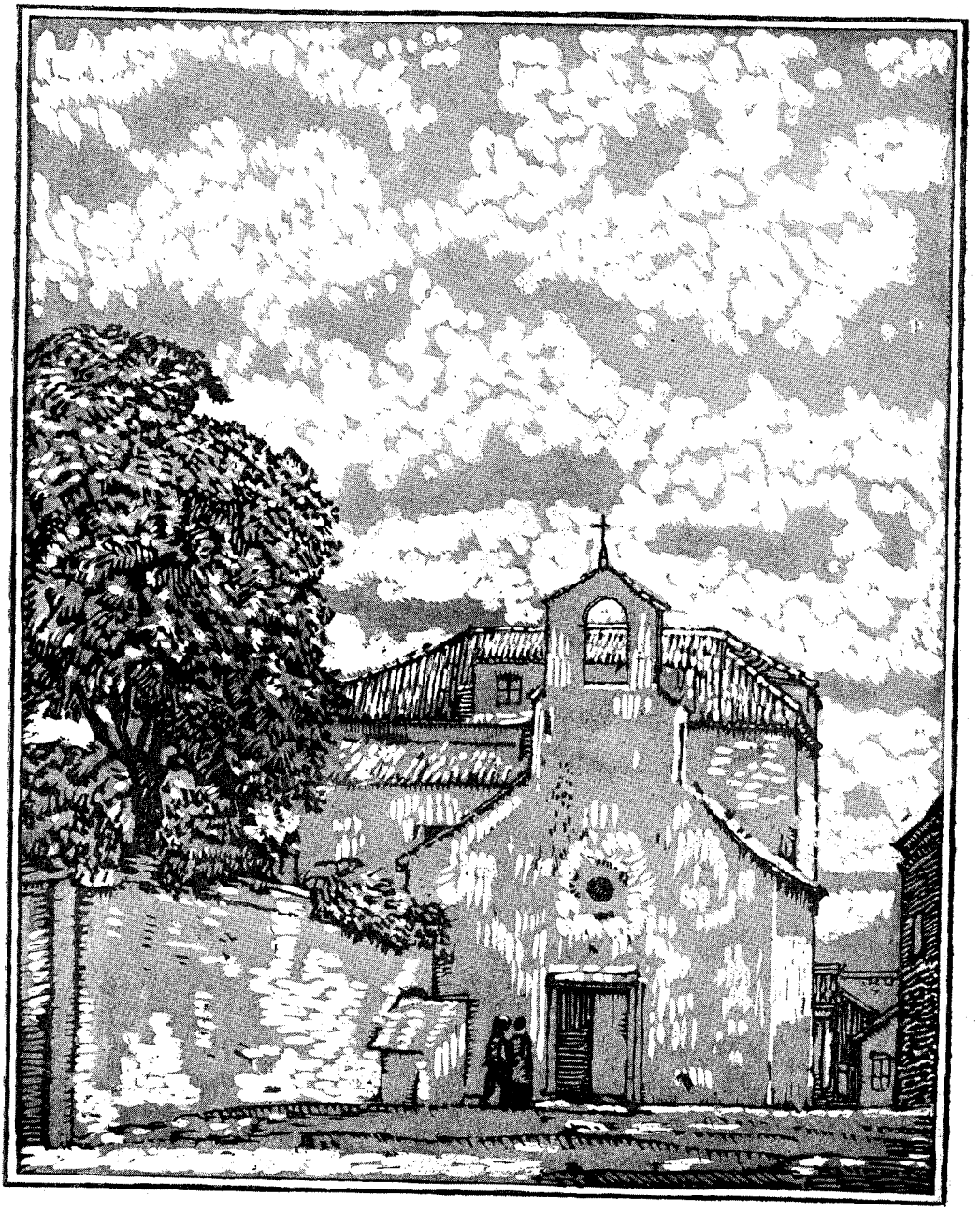

The Chapel.

In the centre of the town, on the top of the hill, is this little chapel.

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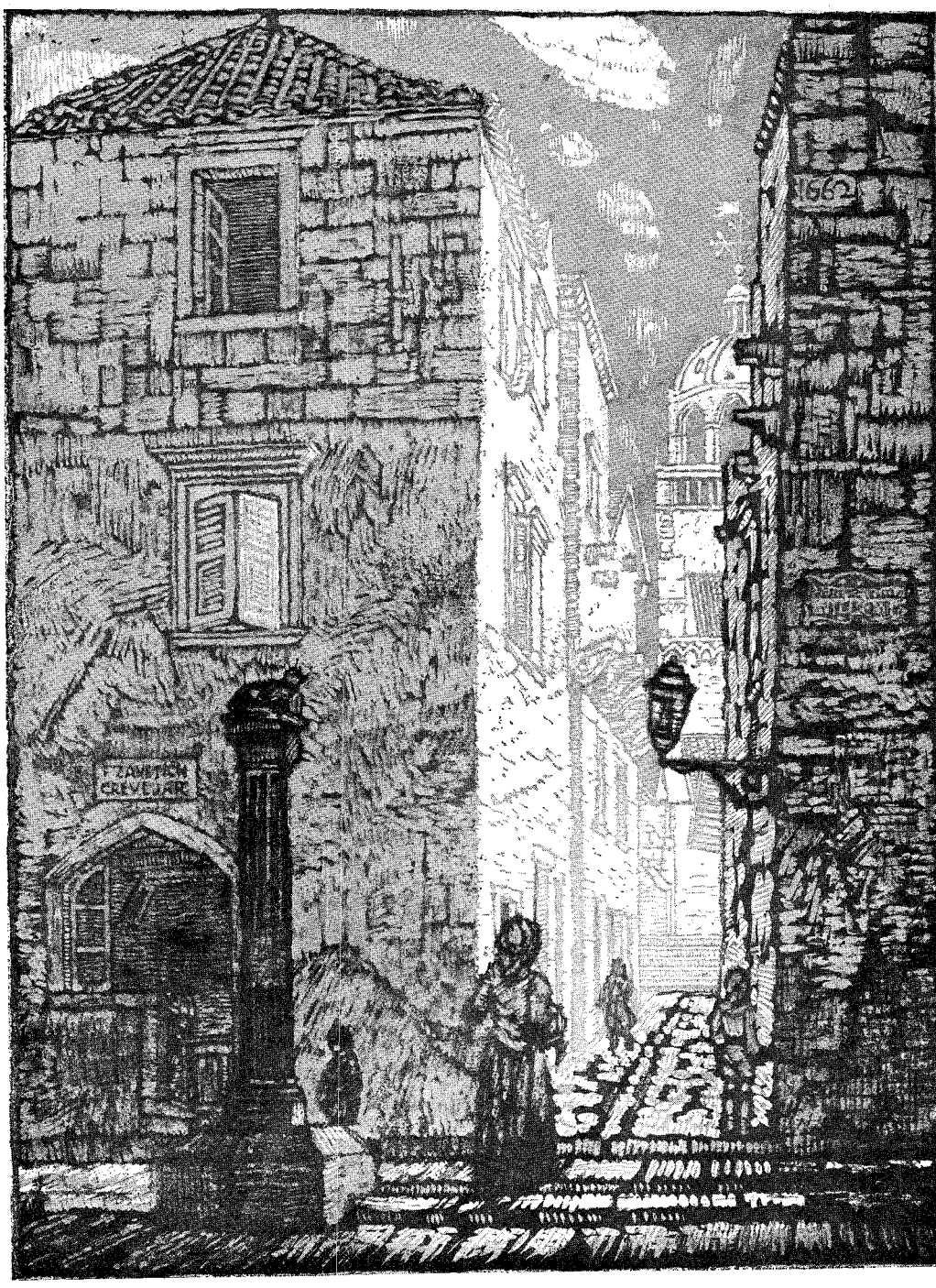

A Vista of the Cathedral.

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In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

In a Georgian Bay town, Bill Lawson worked on the town paper and was happy with his wife, Flora. They had grown up together and she had found it very easy to live with him. On a Saturday afternoon they went swimming, and afterward, lying on the sand, Bill told Flora that he was almost ready to carry out a plan that he had been making the last few days. The idea had occurred to him one afternoon when he was sitting in the newspaper office reading clippings from Sunday papers from the big cities. He had read about a professor who had described Saint Thomas Aquinas as the superman of the Middle Ages, a great man who had reconciled all the philosophical learning of his time with the theology of his time, and in that way had made a wonderful contribution. Bill told Flora that it would be rather wonderful if a man something like Aquinas should appear and by organizing all the learning of today into one splendid system demonstrate that science and religion were like a hand and a snug glove. Bill was not really religious, but such a notion fascinated him, and he thought that in his own way he might develop the idea. Flora praised him for being so ambitious.

She had to amuse herself in the evenings, waiting for Bill to come home from the town libraries, where he was making inquiries, getting an idea of the work that would have to be done by any man who was preparing, say, to make a summary of all the branches of science. One evening she had a talk with an easy-going fellow, Pete Hastings, who never worked hard but was always good company. Bill would never speak much of Pete, whom he considered a good-for-nothing.

She had no time to think seriously of Pete, because Bill had decided to go to the city, to Saint Michael's College, the scholastic college at the university, to try and interest some one in his plan. Flora was excited waiting for him to return, but when he did come back she was disappointed and unhappy because in the city he had got confused and nervous. He had walked around the college and hadn't spoken to any one, because he had felt that he had nothing very much to say. After that he became moody and irritable, though he was firmly resolved to go ahead with his work. Flora was alone in the daytime and the evening, and afraid to disturb Bill, who worked up-stairs and kept to himself. Occasionally she saw Pete Hastings and walked along the town streets with him, and one afternoon she walked with him beyond the limits of the town along the lake-shore. Beyond the vines on the spruce-trees, where kids played tree tag, they sat down together.

V

On Friday at 4 P. M. Bill came home from work and sat on the front veranda before coming into the house. Flora, working in the kitchen, watched him through the screen door sit down slowly in the rocking-chair. She went on getting supper and called him when she had poured tea.

At one time he had been fond of combination salad; to-night he stared at the plate, unable to understand why it had been placed before him.

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Nothing. Do I look like something was the matter?"

"You look like you been thinking a good deal."

"Well, I have in a way; I quit my job."

"You silly, silly, silly man. No! You're just having some fun with me."

"It's not funny. Does it sound funny?"

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"It doesn't even sound funny."

"That's the way it should be."

"You mean you quit your job on the paper?"

"Yeah, I know it sounds bad, Flora, but I've quit my job on the paper. I felt I ought to do it and I did it. A man shouldn't go on doing a thing when he feels like that about it."

She said jerkily: "What did Johnny Williams say?"

"He said it was too bad and was ridiculous enough to suggest I might change my mind in a week or two. Johnny doesn't get the point, and, God help me, Flora, looking at you and that expression on your face, I'd say you don't get the point."

"I haven't got any expression on my face."

"You have an expression on your face."

"Honest, I haven't."

"Stop your lips moving. Now stop it, do you hear? Stop crying. Here. Here, take my handkerchief. Go on now, eat your supper, and I'll talk to you about it."

"Awright, Bill."

"No, I won't start till you eat something. Dip your fork in the salad. Now move your jaws up and down. Take a cup of tea."

He leaned back in the chair, linking his hands behind his head. He scratched his head slowly, letting his wrists come down gradually till they pressed against his eyes.

"You're with me, aren't you, Flora?"

"Ain't I always with you, Bill?"

"That's right, only this is a little different. A long time now working on the paper's been botherin' me. Even on a small paper like this one there's an awful lot of bunk tossed around, lies and suggestions, so a man can no longer be scrupulous. I don't mean old Johnny isn't all right. But he looks at it differently. Maybe I've got so I'm too scrupulous, I donno about that, only it got to bothering my thoughts, I tell you. I can't go on working and worryin' over whether everything I'm doing's right or wrong. And it's not right. Say, how often in a day are you right? How often, afterward when you examine your conscience, are you wrong?"

"Please tell me, Bill," she said timidly. "What do you mean about your conscience?"

"Oh, that's simple, Flora. It's an old custom in the Catholic Church and it's too bad it went out of fashion with so many people. Sometimes a priest in a school would sit in front of a class and examine his own conscience and really be examining everybody's conscience. But you don't need that. A man can walk along the street and examine his conscience just as well."

"Who told you all that?"

"I just picked it up somewhere."

"Please don't talk any more about it, Bill."

"Why?"

"It just don't sound good, walking along the street doin' that."

"I was just explaining why I quit my job."

"And now, while you're at it, would you explain how we're going to live?"

"I'll do something else."

"Not in this town, you idiot."

Getting up, he looked at her carefully. She glared at him, hoping he would get angry. He merely stood there, regarding her indifferently, and she groped for words that might enrage him. If he would become violently angry and beat the table with his hands or

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strike her violently on the face, she knew she would like it. He pushed back the chair and walked out of the kitchen.

He went up-stairs and she heard him walking into the sewing-room. A chair scraped, and he was sitting down. Then the white table-cloth, freshly creased and really a Sunday one her mother had given her last Christmas, attracted her attention. With the handle of a fork she made lines on the table-cloth, then stood up quickly and yelled up-stairs: "Bill, oh, Bill, you haven't eaten any supper." He did not answer. "Honest, Bill, I wasn't tryin' to get you sore."

For three minutes she waited at the foot of the stairs, feeling miserable because he had looked thin and half-starved. Then, in the front room, she lay down and felt surprisingly tired. Something should occur to her, a speech so impressive she could go up-stairs and talk to Bill authoritatively. But she was afraid of what he might say. For the first time she realized that he was capable of terrifying her. The sofa was old, and thick black hairs, protruding through the cover, pricked her hip till she shifted her body to a more comfortable position. Often Bill, lying on the sofa, would be tickled by one of the hairs and jump up complaining that the sofa ought to have been thrown out years ago; though when she suggested getting a new sofa he had objected bitterly. She longed for old days when he was happy in the evenings. To-night, after supper, he should have gone into the front room to lie on the sofa while she did the dishes, two pillows behind his head, and make strange but satisfactory noises on his mouth-organ. Not for two months had he played a tune. Nothing he might do with books would be so pleasant for her as the noises he got from the mouth-organ, though often she had made him quit playing when the sound got on her nerves.

She got up to go out to the back yard and look at the garden. Only a few white roses were on a single bush, but all July there were roses. It was poppy time. Bill, though not interested in flowers, occasionally noticed dark-red poppies. Neighbors had noticed the dark-red ones and asked for seeds, but always she carefully gave away seeds for pink or white poppies: there was no use in everybody on the street having a yardful of the same fine red ones.

Watering the rose-bushes with a small green watering-can, she felt that she was no longer in her own home. She watered all the flowers, then sat on a grocery-box on the lawn long after it got dark, and thought of having many fine friends. Bill had grown aloof from her and stubbornly she told herself she would never again suggest that he make love to her, as she had done the night before. Her legs were cramped, sitting on the grocery-box, and she felt more restless than ever before. Her hand, patting the side of the box, touched the grass, and the dew felt good. She ran her fingers lightly along the surface of the grass, then touched her forehead with the moist tips. Three times she did it and her forehead felt cool. The yard was shadowed by the house, and a light was in Mrs. Fulton's kitchen window next door. A dog howled down the street, and in front of the house she heard Mike barking eagerly, the bark moving farther away as he trotted down the cinder path. Letting her breath out slowly, she got up, stretched her back, and walked around the alleyway to the front gate. She was

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going to walk over to Dolly Knox's house.

Next morning, talking to Bill, she mentioned Pete Hastings's name four times, to worry him; but it never occurred to him that there was a personal implication, since he found Pete uninteresting and was astonished whenever any one took him seriously.

He was staying home all day. In the morning he got up at nine o'clock, had two slices of whole-wheat bread and an orange, and went up-stairs to work for three hours. Always at noon hour he seemed tired and puzzled, and she imagined the work was getting very difficult. One afternoon he came downstairs at three o'clock and complained of light spots floating in front of his eyes. She suggested that he rest a few days. He shook his head, went on working, and next day had a very bad headache. In the morning he drank two cups of hot water and went out for a walk, without eating any breakfast. At noontime he did not come back and she was so worried she could not eat anything. Later on in the afternoon he returned and said he had forgotten all about the time, and had just kept on walking around the town.

His hair was uncombed and his shirt open at the throat. He hadn't shaved all week, and his hands were dirty. She talked bitterly about his carelessness and his shirts, and one boot laced only halfway up, and said that soon he would be walking around the town in his bare feet. Mildly, he answered that there was no reason why he shouldn't wear a tie and, fingering his chin, said that he might just as well shave, only he had forgotten about it. Very angry, she told him to get his own dinner.

She walked over to his mother's place and they had a long talk about Bill. The old woman offered to talk to him at once, and on the way home Flora insisted he would come to a bad end. Bill was sitting in the kitchen, at the table, a knife and a fork and a plate in front of him.

His mother put her hand on his shoulder and told him he was starving himself and was a fool not to eat.

"Of course I'll eat," he said.

"Go ahead, cook a steak, Flora," his mother said.

"I'll eat till I'm full," he said. "That's all you can expect of anybody."

But next day he ate very little and Flora avoided him in the house. She avoided him but really watched him carefully, hoping he would notice that she was no longer interested in him, and was surprised to discover that he was no longer aware of her. She wanted to hurt him, and sneered at him at supper-time and turned her back on him to read the papers from the city. In the evening she went down-town by herself and met Pete Hastings and allowed him to bring her home. He was such a gentleman that they walked very slowly, and they stepped off the road into a shadow under a big tree and he kissed her eagerly. A night-hawk swooped by screeching, and she trembled and put her arm tightly around Pete. They walked slowly away from the tree, saying nothing important but talking happily. Before they got to the corner she left him, promising that he could see her in the house some night when Bill was out for the evening.

Bill still went off by himself in the evening. Usually he went alone, though Mike, the fox-terrier, followed sometimes. Once Bill came home and shut the door before Mike got in. The dog scratched at the door and howled, and Bill asked Flora where it had been all

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evening. Another time he was going down the front path at twilight, Mike tagging at his heels, and he turned, kicking out viciously, catching the dog on the lower jaw. Mike yelped and ran back to the house, and never followed Bill again.

Flora had been down-town shopping and was walking along the cinder path with Mrs. McGuin when she heard the dog squealing. She was sure Bill was beating Mike. Mrs. McGuin was prepared to stand at the gate for a long chat, but Flora left her and hurried into the house.

Bill was sitting on a chair in the kitchen, bending forward, staring intently at the dog crawling toward him on its belly. The dog was very scared and she watched its tail. She did not speak; she stood rigidly in the hall. Bill tapped the dog gently on the head; its tail wagged slightly, its eyes on Bill's face.

"Have you been beating that dog?" Flora said suddenly.

He looked up pleasantly and said: "Of course I haven't, Flora. Keep your shirt on." Then he went on staring at the dog.

"Well, I think you're a bit loony, do you hear?"

"Loony! I should say not."

"Well, don't hit that dog again. Some one needs to give you a good whack for what ails you."

He laughed easily and stroked the dog's back. Mike got up uncertainly, turning his head to Flora and watching Bill alertly. Flora looked around the room and then at Bill and the dog, and doubtfully went up-stairs to change her dress. Bill picked up Mike and sat near the back window.

She had taken off her dress and put on a skirt and was holding a blouse in her hand while she tightened the string at the neck of her shirt when she heard Mike yelp twice and got scared. She hurried down-stairs. The dog yelped again when she was at the kitchen door. Bill, the dog in his arms, was looking out the window, the fingers of his right hand stroking Mike's ear. Absent-mindedly he twisted the ear, without turning his head from the window. The dog squirmed, but Bill held it and stroked the ear again. Flora snatched the dog from his arms and slapped him across the face.

"You great big bully! You great big fool!" she said.

Rubbing his face, he got up. She expected him to grab hold of her savagely and shake her till she cried out. She stood in front of him, breathing jerkily and waiting. He said awkwardly: "Haven't you got more sense than to do a thing like that?"

She began to cry and turned away and left the kitchen. In the front room she sat on the sofa, the dog still under her arm. Still crying, she stroked the fur on the dog's back, talking nonsense to it.

Then she pushed the dog away from her and yelled out suddenly: "I'm going to go away—I'm going to go up to the farm to my own people. I'm not going to hang around here with a loon like you."

From the kitchen he answered quietly: "Now don't be silly, Flora."

So she sat alone in the front room and made a plan for seeing a doctor. The dog went to sleep at her feet. Bill might be very sick from not eating, but if she went to see a doctor about him all the neighbors would talk. "I guess they're talking anyway," she thought. Some one in the town ought to be able to persuade him to take a long rest and eat hearty meals.

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VI

The first week in September she saw Pete three times. The meetings were casual and unimportant, though they talked intimately and he suggested he should come and see her some night when Bill was away. To herself she admitted that she didn't love Bill now, but hesitated to be too generous with Pete; and always, after thinking of it, was angry at herself for being afraid of her own thoughts, because she knew she wanted Pete to make love to her. Talking to Pete so intimately made her feel embarrassed and afraid, and disgusted with herself for not encouraging him.

A boat was in the dry dock and many men in the town got work. Flora had to take money out of the bank for daily expenses. Mrs. Fulton was in good humor; her husband made so much money as a riveter. Flora had a rose-bush that bloomed late; two white roses were full-blown and there were three buds.

The night Pete was to come into the house she talked agreeably to Bill, anxious to find out where he was going and if he would be home early. Words came easily to her, though she felt that his face had become pinched and ugly. He didn't know where he was going, or when he would return, and thought it was unimportant anyway.

She drew down the window-shade as soon as he left the house. The window of the front room faced the open field across the road. When it got dark Pete would stand somewhere in the field, watching the front window, waiting till she lowered the shade. The light was not lit at the corner, but it was almost dark in the house; so she lit a lamp, placed it on a small table by the window, and sat down on the sofa. Every small sound outside the house aroused her and her heart beat heavily. Her hands got very cold suddenly and she rubbed the palms together rapidly, then held them tightly between her legs. Twice she got up and peeked out the window, astonished that it was getting dark so slowly. The first time she lifted the shade she could see across the field to the tracks, but the second time a shadow obscured the farthest margin. Down the road a girl was trying to yodel and farther away another girl's voice yoohooed an answer.

She felt that he would not come and was at first glad and then indignant. Some one tapped lightly on the front door and she could hardly get her breath. Again he tapped and she decided to open the door two or three inches and tell him hurriedly to go away at once; and tiptoeing in the hall she opened the door, but he came in before she could think of anything to say. They stood in the hall and he kissed her quickly and she whispered: "Don't, Pete. You got to stop." He laughed too loudly and she said, "Sh, sh, sh, sh"; so he said: "Well, we can't stand here."

"Come on in the kitchen."

His heavy boots squeaked, walking along the hall. The third squeak terrified her.

"You better sit down quick, Pete."

He sat on the kitchen chair at the end of the table. "Are we just going to stay here?" he asked, disappointed.

"Maybe we ought to, Pete."

"Aw, come on. Come on a little closer. Say, what's the matter? I'm not going to bite you. Oh, well, suit yourself, but sit on my knee at least. Don't stand there leaning against the table."

"Maybe it would be better after all to go into the front room to the sofa," she said, pleased to have thought of

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something to do immediately. "Only you'd better take off your boots."

He grinned, bending down. "That'll be real homelike." His fingers worked at knots in the laces. His fingers were thick and strong. Bill never had trouble with laces, because he tied bow-knots. He had one shoe off when she said suddenly: "Kiss me, Pete."

"Sure I will," he said, without straightening up. "But now I got the boots off, I'll tie the laces together so if I have to go quick I can just link them over my arm." He stood up to kiss her, and she noticed a small hole in the heel of his sock. He kissed roughly till she couldn't hold her breath any longer and felt weak. She had become helpless so easily that she tried to conceal it from him and led the way into the front room, walking slowly and evenly on her tiptoes, without looking back, as though concentrating on surprising some one in the front room.

They sat down awkwardly on the sofa and he took her face in his hands and kissed her. She held on to him and he kept kissing her till she no longer cared what happened. All the time he talked quietly and confidently. "You don't want to stick around here, Flora; let you and me get out of here."

"There's no place to go."

"Sure, there's all kinds of places. I'd like to go up the lakes fishin', sleepin' most of the time. It's great when you get used to it. It's great in the early morning when it's cool and only a little sun. That's when you feel good."

"I'll come, Pete."

"I knew you would, kiddo."

"I'll come; it'll be great in the early morning."

"There's nothin' at all for a lively kid like you around here."

"I know it, I know it. But don't let's talk any more, Pete; not right now."

She closed her eyes, relaxing her whole body. Her eyes opened abruptly. She heard a footstep on the veranda. Then she heard the front door moving on the hinges, and thought of jumping up, but could not move her arms or legs. Pete stood up, his head moving twice in a half-circle, and then Bill came into the room. He stood at the door, blinking his eyes, rubbing his bearded cheek with his left hand.

"Hello, Flora," he said.

"Hello, Bill."

Still leaning against the door-post he said mildly: "I don't like this guy, Flora. I never did."

His lips seemed to hurt when he smiled, and he moistened them. He had no collar on and had not shaved for five days. Short black hair on his face made his lips appear redder. The hair on his cheek bothered him and he kept rubbing it with his left hand. Then he saw Pete's boots on the carpet, the laces tied together. Pete, who had been staring at him, scratched his head clumsily and slowly bent down to pick them up. Grinning, Bill pointed at Pete's stockinged feet, then jerked his head back. His head jerked back three times, but he kept on looking at Flora. She was bewildered and could not speak. Bill spun round sharply and ran along the hall and out the front door. His feet only touched the steps once, and she heard him running down the path.

In her mind she could still hear him running when she said to Pete: "You better go home."

"Maybe I'd better," he said uneasily.

"Hurry, Pete, go on home."

"Well, I got to put my boots on."

"No, go on, hurry."

He hung the boots over his arm. At the front door he said lamely: "Listen,

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Flora, listen; I meant it about the fishin' trip."

"Hurry, Pete; please hurry."

She put both hands on his shoulder, pushed him, and closed the front door. In the kitchen she sat down, leaning on the table, and had no thoughts, just a heavy, uneasy feeling making it hard for her to find a comfortable position. She heard a noise in the back yard and got up quickly to open the back door. Three cats ran along the fence. Sitting down again, she expected to have many thoughts and was ready to cry, but no thoughts came to her and she couldn't cry. Suddenly she became so frightened she hardly dared breathe; waiting for Bill, and moaning softly, she felt now that he wouldn't come back. "He's apt to do something the way he's feeling and running around," she thought. "He's apt to hurt himself, or do any old thing."

Quickly she got up and half stumbled into the front room and looked around vaguely. She blew out the light mechanically. Alone in the dark she felt better, hidden from uneasy thoughts, and in the chair she rocked back and forth, a board squeaking regularly. The noise gradually held all of her attention, the squeak seemed to grow louder every time. Rocking more slowly, she hoped to get over the board unexpectedly, but the creak abruptly startled her. "If I hear that squeak again, I'll go crazy," she thought, but wouldn't get up. It was time for her to become serious and think clearly. As soon as she attempted to organize her thoughts she jumped up muttering: "I'm not going to stay in here; that's one thing I'm not going to do."

Her legs felt stronger going into the kitchen. She blew out the kitchen lamp. In the hall she took her spring coat from the rack, fumbling with a button on the sleeve with one hand while she opened the front door. She stood on the veranda. A light breeze had come up, blowing from the bay, and her forehead, sweating, got cold. The breeze carried the smell of fresh paint and she tried to remember which one of the neighbors was painting his house. She walked slowly to the gate and turned along the cinder path, heading for Bill's mother's place, because that was where he would go if intending to stay away all night. She began to walk rapidly with a short, quick stride, the coat hanging over her right arm. Once she looked back at the house and across the field at the station lights. Her heels crunched in the cinders. At the corner, near the light, she hesitated, then began to run, her coat hanging loosely over her arm and flapping against her leg. She wondered why she was carrying it.

Old Mrs. Lawson lived on the other side of the town. Flora turned south as far as the old rough-cast house with the broken windows and tall weeds all around it. A short cut was a path across a field behind the rough-cast house. The field was used for cow-pasturage, and wagon-wheels had marked a path. A clump of cedars at the edge of the field behind the house was a tall dark shadow, and nervously she decided to avoid the path and go the longer way around the corner.

No one was in sight on the street and she was glad. The moon was full—it was about eleven o'clock. She hurried past the rough-cast house, because no one had lived there for years and the windows were dark blotches in the moonlight. A negro family had once quarrelled in the house and everybody knew the story. The moon shone on the walls and the roof looked very black.

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A cement sidewalk ran from the corner up the slope of the hill and her footfalls sounded so loud on it she started to run.

At the top of the slope she saw the frame cottage with no lights in it, close to the edge of the sidewalk, and no veranda. She rapped on the door and heard no sound and knew Bill had not been there. Again she rapped loudly and some one moved in the front bedroom with the window, open six inches, facing the street.

Old Mrs. Lawson's voice said: "Who's there?"

"It's me, Flora."

"It's a funny time of night. Is something the matter?"

"It's about Bill."

"Just a minute."

A match-flame wavered. Through the window she saw the old woman bending over the dresser, one hand holding the lamp-shade. The lamplight was dim, but she turned up the wick and came to the door in her nightgown.

"I just wanted to know if Bill came here."

"Came here when?"

"About half an hour ago."

"Then he didn't stir me out of my bed if he did. Why in the name of misery would he come here?"

The lamp smoked in the breeze. The shade got dark at the top, so the old woman said they had better sit in the front room. When they were sitting down old Mrs. Lawson, tapping her chest with the tips of her fingers, said bluntly: "Now, what's the matter?"

"I don't know. He ran out of the house a half an hour ago. He was acting funny. He was acting funny before, but this time something was botherin' him."

"I don't know what's got into him. Somethin's got into him and it's taking his heart and his head away."

"He's been worryin' me."

"And he's been worryin' me."

Flora imagined the old woman was peering at her and became uncomfortable. "You ought to put a shawl around you," she said.

"What happened to-night that bothered you so?"

"I'm just afeared of him."

"Afeared of Bill?"

"I just said I was afeared of him. But I thought he was here and I must be going."

She got up and went out, not hearing what the old woman said to her. On the sidewalk she looked up and down the street and began to walk rapidly, the coat on her arm swinging with her stride. Half-way down the slope she started to run, and took the short cut across the field behind the old roughcast house.

VII

Half-way across the field, close to the cedars, she stumbled, her heel caught in a hole from a cow's hoof. She was on her knees in the grass and aware of shadows, trees, and the field. Calmly, without getting up, she looked around carefully. Night noises from the trees did not frighten her. She was looking for Bill, and he might have come across this path, or be lying down underneath a tree; so she got up and moved forward cautiously, peering underneath trees on the fringe of the bush. A twig cracked; she turned abruptly, listening. "Oh, Bill," she called softly, but there was no sound. Farther back in the bush another twig cracked, and timidly she walked away from the trees and stood uncertainly on the wagon-track. She

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was accustomed to the darkness, made out a fence, cow-dung on the path, and a few yards away the back door hanging by one hinge on the old house. Trees and shadows did not worry her but she backed away from the house, moving slowly, certain at each step that Bill was in the old house. Suddenly she stood still and looked up at the clear stars, and, clinching her fists, walked determinedly toward the house. At the back steps, tipped away from the door, her legs would not move forward; her thoughts got mixed up. She called out softly, so her voice would carry into the house: "Oh, Bill; it's me, Flora." The sound of her voice made her lonely and she put one hand over her eyes so she wouldn't see the house; then began to run across the field toward the street. She found thoughts as her feet went down steadily on firm ground. "Even if he went in the old house I ought to look every place else first." On the street again she became calmer, slowing down to a walk. She decided to go to the station. He might be dozing in the waiting-room, or even waiting for a train. Far away she heard the hooting of an engine whistle and knew that if Bill were at the station, waiting for the train, it would be there in a few minutes. She ran, her mouth open, trying to suck in long breaths of air. She was almost opposite her own house; no lights in the windows, no lights in any house along the street; all the town was quiet; no leaves moved. On the path in the field by the water-tower she looked back and was glad no lights were in the houses, for the moonlight alone was better for her thoughts. Every object was distinct. The rushes near the small pond skirted by the path swayed, and crickets made the same noises she heard every night, sitting on the veranda. The surface of the tracks shone in the moonlight. Carefully lifting her feet, she crossed the tracks to the platform. The telegrapher was ticking at his instruments, but no one was on the platform. Timidly she walked toward the waiting-room, tiptoeing on the platform, two trucks between her and the telegrapher's window. Her hand, on the knob of the waiting-room door, trembled as she pushed gently, holding her breath, peeking in gradually as more of the room was revealed. Just the shiny benches around the room, cigarette-butts near the end of the bench, the cold stove in the centre of the floor. She tossed her coat on the bench and bent down over the cigarette-butts. Bill often smoked cigarettes, and she thought she might remember the odor, and picked up a butt, sniffing cautiously, but could recognize only a tobacco odor. She picked up three butts but they all smelled alike. One had a cork tip, and she had never seen him smoking cork-tipped cigarettes. She sat down. Her legs began to feel tired. She held her lower lip with her teeth so it wouldn't tremble.

The engine whistle sounded much louder, coming around the bend. Eagerly she got up and stood at the waiting-room door, where she could see along the platform. No one on the platform. The headlight on the engine swung around the bend, the bell clanging, the light getting larger and more dazzling till it was directly upon her; then it was gone completely beyond her, the bell still clanging, the light on the last coach getting very small as the whistle sounded mournfully a last time. Puzzled she stepped out to the platform, sure there had been some mistake. Standing there she became very indignant and angry that the train hadn't stopped. She walk-

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ed along to the telegraph office and peered at the man through the open windows. He was in his shirt-sleeves, a green shade over his eyes, the string on the shade making his hair at the front stand on end.

"The train didn't stop," she said abruptly.

He looked up quickly and said: "It never does."

"It should have stopped. I was sure it was going to stop."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to go any place, but I expected the train to stop."

"Sorry; that one never stops. Won't be one that stops for three hours." He looked at her curiously and bending over his instruments added sarcastically: "Come around in the morning; a lot of them stop then."

She put her hands on her hips, ready to answer him sharply, but became confused and walked back to the waiting-room and picked up her coat. She sat on the bench, her head hanging to one side, the knot of hair at the back of her neck becoming untidy. Idly she laid the coat across her knees, stroking the cloth with the palm of her hand. Unable to think of anything, she caressed the cloth. Her stockings and underwear felt damp from perspiration.

She muttered: "I been a bad, bad woman." The room was so quiet she could hear faintly the click of the telegraph-instruments. She had been thinking only of finding Bill, but knew of no place to look and found it easier at the moment to think of herself. He had needed attention, and she had let things get to a point where she had laughed at him, and had got so mean she couldn't stand him touching her. Now she knew if she could only find him she could make a simple explanation and they both would be very happy. Listening eagerly, she got up, still believing everything would be all right once she found Bill, and that everything she might have done would be forgiven if she could talk to him. He had gone away and was hiding from her, but if she found him before he talked to any one else he would go home with her.

Slowly she walked away from the station toward the shipyard. The road from the station curves up to Pine Street and Pine runs down to the dock. The yard beams were dark across the sky. The steady wash of waves against the dock and along the beach she heard before she got to the pier. All along the shore for miles the waves broke and lapped the sand. The wash of waves was too monotonous a sound and she put her hands over her ears. A light was in the timekeeper's office; the night watchman, Mr. Gilchrist, would be there, but she was afraid to question him, because she knew him; and he would tell his wife she had been wandering around the docks at midnight looking for her husband. In the shadow of the fence she stopped, looking out along the pier past the tall elevator, all the way out to the end, and beyond to the stars in the sky. "I don't need to go out there," she thought. "I could see him from here, if he was out there." Sometimes he walked late at night out to the end of the pier and sat there listening to the lapping water, having his own fine thoughts. Leaning against the fence, she was certain he wasn't out there to-night; so she rested, finding words and making sentences to use when she found him, sentences that would never hold Pete's name, for Bill would understand, by the way she held him, he was the only man in the world who could ever interest her.

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She heard some one moving in the yard on the other side of the fence and, frightened, moved away, taking short, rapid steps. No longer could she pretend she was talking to Bill, as she hurried aimlessly along the streets, stopping whenever she heard a footfall. She met no one. She was tired, but determined not to go back to the house.

As far west as the Catholic church she remembered she ought to be avoiding Bill, for she was afraid of him and had forgotten how he had been acting the last month. On her father's farm she would be much happier. Main Street was around the curve, and brighter lights. The road crossed Main Street and went north far beyond the town limits to the rural routes and her father's place, three hours' walk away.

After her tiresome rambling she was glad she had thought of some place to go. Beyond Main Street, walking more slowly, she was no longer tired.

Some good houses were in this section of the town, new brick houses with well-kept lawns. Farther on, where two streets crossed, was a new cement bridge over the gutter. She sat on the bridge to rest her feet. The street was dark and quiet, but the moon shone on the cement bridge. She rested peacefully a moment, then took off her shoes, rubbing the soles of her feet, looking back furtively along the road. Some one might be following her, and she would have to turn back and go home. The soles of her feet were stiff, but no longer ached, and she walked with an easier stride. Houses along the road were fewer now and smaller. The fields were bigger, and in patches of light in the shadow she saw the shapes of cows stretched out on the grass. Some cows stood motionless in the field. The last house was at the beginning of the dirt road. She walked on the footpath close to a barbed-wire fence.

Away from the town it was much lighter; the sky seemed clearer, and the air warmer. The September moon was large and round, and she saw farmhouses back a way from the road. Stooping, she brushed her hand in the cool, moist grass. A dog howled near a farmhouse. She was not frightened. Walking steadily in the dark on the footpath, she began to sympathize with herself, for she hardly believed that Pete had been in the house or that Bill had gone running away. She sympathized with her life of the last few months, and knew she might have left him long ago, for only a good but foolish woman would have put up with him so long.

Her thoughts remained clear, though her legs got very tired after walking an hour and a half. For a few minutes she sat down on a flat rock near the path. Her hips ached when she moved, and her whole body was heavy. Her eyelids were heavy. Shaking her head to keep awake she got up and went on walking, concentrating on moving her legs, steadily, evenly. But she stumbled and knew her eyes had closed while walking.

The road dipped down across a small stream and her eyes, accustomed to darkness, made out shapes of low, rounded hills covered with spruce-trees. The next mile would be through low hills and the clumps of bushes. Huge, smooth rocks were close to the road. Where the bushes grew close to the path were many stumps, small rocks, and shadows. She looked directly ahead, feeling that she was watching one stump out of the corner of her eye. In the moonlight the shadow seemed to move

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America's Taj Mahal

BY EDWARD W. BOK

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: I have ventured to write of the Mountain Lake (Florida) Sanctuary, universally conceded by every visitor to be the most beautiful spot of its area in America, and of the Singing Tower there erected, unanimously christened by every one who has travelled and sees its superlative beauty as the "Taj Mahal of America," because both are the work of other men's genius: the Sanctuary that of Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape-architect of Brookline, Massachusetts, the Tower that of Milton B. Medary, the Philadelphia architect. My own part was simply that of the conception of the idea: these men did the more important part of carrying the conception to realization. Hence I feel that I may praise their unquestionably marvellous work the same as is the privilege of any other person.]

ON Friday, the 1st day of February, the President of the United States will journey, unless public business interferes, from Washington to Mountain Lake, Florida, to dedicate and present, for visitation, to the American people the most beautiful spot of verdure in the United States, which five years ago was a dreary sandhill devoid of growth and beauty.

There was little or nothing to encourage the landscape-architect in this sandhill when half a decade ago Frederick Law Olmsted was given the commission to change this dreary spot into a spot of beauty second to none in the country. There were but two natural advantages: the presence of a hundred virgin pine-trees and a natural elevation of 324 feet above the level of the sea. But Florida has no equal in the reward which it offers and gives to the planter of flower, shrub, and tree, and this Mr. Olmsted knew. He had laid out Mountain Lake Park, of which this spot was a fourteen-and-a-half-acre part. He knew that the problem of Florida was water, and for a year he did naught but dig trenches and lay water-pipes, so that the entire acreage would be irrigated and water could be distributed from every point in the proposed Sanctuary. For a natural sanctuary it was to be, beautiful but reposeful and full of the spirit of a quiet, lovely place.

After a year of providing irrigation the landscape-gardener began to plant. This planting was to be, in character, Floridian and largely to consist of bushes with berries suitable for the trans-migratory birds which flew over Florida twice a year in their flight from the frozen north to Cuba and the West Indies, where thousands of birds lost their lives from exhaustion on their long migration. The verdure to be planted grew in the swamps and lowlands of Florida, and the miracle to be performed was to transplant this verdure from its moist habitation to dry, high ground. But Mr. Olmsted knew this was a question of water, and this saver of the green

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growth was in the Sanctuary, with its spigots every hundred feet. The planting was now begun, and it was decided that it should be of large specimens: blueberries and gall-berries shoulder-high, and magnolia, gordonia, surinam cherries, and live-oak trees from ten to forty feet high. This called for the most careful transplanting from distances of five to forty miles away. It was also decided to plant closely, so as to allow for a generous loss in changing the shrubs and trees from a damp to a dry location. For five successive years this transplanting went on, and so successfully was this accomplished that the loss throughout the Sanctuary was less than one per cent, the result being due to care in planting and a continuous watering. When success was demonstrated, the experiment of transplanting flowering trees and shrubs was entered on, and thousands of dogwood, wild-plum, acacia, and currant were transferred. A lower color effect was attempted by the planting of 8,000 azalea shrubs and groups of iris and lily. The result was here equally successful. It is not an unusual experience to transplant a tree barren as a telephone pole and have it blossom into leaf within three weeks, and have a fully leaved tree within six months. Of course such a result is achieved by the addition of a black soil to the sandy deposit, and thousands of loads of a rich black soil were drawn into the Sanctuary to help the transplanted green growth, with a thorough watering added each day.

To-day the Sanctuary is complete so far as its planting is concerned, and its visitors are amazed at a scene which looks more like a planting fifteen years old. Each year there is added four feet to some of the planting—a reward which no other State in the Union gives to its planters. Two lakes were dug and added, and from their banks the impression is conveyed that they have always been there, whereas one is four years old and the other a little over a year. In these ponds teal-ducks, the colorful wood-ducks, and the only flamingoes in the United States live and add an interest to the water. A wonderful panorama of a forty-mile view which gives the visitor the impression that he is in hilly Vermont rather than in flat Florida was made accessible to the visitor by the change from a sharp sandy declivity to a filled-in plateau more than an acre in extent, covered with a grass base suggesting the perfect lawn of a private residence, with live-oaks picturesquely planted at different points. The mammoth pine-trees were used and transformed into flanking sentinels for beautiful vistas of long-distance views toward the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean; soft, shaded grass-covered walks abound and lead to every part of the Sanctuary; the colors of the azalea enliven every path; the unusual and superb song of the nightingale, imported from England, and nowhere else to be heard in the United States, is heard in the paths adjacent to the aviary; while the myriads of birds who have quickly found the haven where they could rest, bathe in the fifty or more shallow bird-baths provided, and eat the millions of berries offered as their food, fill the air with song. It is nothing unusual to hear the mocking-bird, the thrush, the robin, the Kentucky cardinal, the bob-white, the blue jay, the towhee, the warblers, all singing and whistling in concert, producing a combination of note and song entrancing in its effect.

In short, the miracle, which so many discouraged at the outset, of transform-

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ing a hill of sand to the most beautiful spot of its area in America has been accomplished, and fills the visitor with amazement and admiration.

It was while this transformation was going on and its practicability being demonstrated that the decision was arrived at that the rest of the dream could also be realized: the erection of the most beautiful carillon tower in the world, with a carillon of bells second to none in the United States or Europe. Hence, the other half of the "mountain," as it is called,—for it is, according to the United States governmental survey the highest spot of land in Florida and also the highest between Washington and the Rio Grande within sixty miles of the Gulf or Ocean,—was purchased as the ideal location for a sylvan surrounding for such a tower. It was likewise unequalled in its proper height to give the necessary sweep for the sound of the bells, which under other conditions would require a height of 500 feet. But here nature had provided a height of 324 feet, so that a tower of 205 feet was all that was necessary, with a surrounding country noted for its quietful repose and an atmosphere known for its resonance. But, to further insure this quiet from the horn of the automobile, some 25 acres of surrounding land were added, so that the tower would stand in the middle of an area of 50 acres, with a protection of more than two city blocks from the nearest point of access of the automobile.

The commission for the Tower was given to Milton B. Medary, of Philadelphia, for a tower to be as beautiful as that at Malines, Belgium,—the inspiration for architects for over 400 years,—but adapted to the gentler and warmer climate of Florida. Mr. Medary worked for months at sketches until he was himself satisfied with the final Gothic example he produced. How beautiful is his conception may best be proven by the fact that every travelled visitor who sees it now, in its completed state, is immediately reminded of the Taj Mahal, in India, and unhesitatingly ranks it with that world-renowned tomb, both in its whole and its detail of stone and its wealth of sculpture as designed and executed, in this instance, by the sculptor, Lee Lawrie.

In order that the enormous weight of the Tower—5,500 tons—might have a sufficiently stable basis on which to rest, there were sunk into the ground 160 reinforced concrete piles, varying in depth from 13 feet to 24 feet under ground, with a concrete covering mat 2 feet 6 inches thick. The Tower rises from its foundation base of 51 feet to a height of 205 feet, changing its form by graceful lines at the point of 150 feet until it becomes octagonal, measuring 37 feet at the top. Its 8 windows are of Gothic lace pattern worked in faience, each window of a height of 35 feet, behind which are suspended the bells. The first structure was of steel construction to the top, then a brick wall beginning at the base 4 feet 4 inches thick, and finally, as the outer covering, a layer of the most beautiful pink marble from the Georgia Marble Quarries, with the base up to 150 feet of native Florida coquina rock,—tan in its color,—the same as was used by the Spaniards in the old fort at St. Augustine. It is the perfect blend of these mixtures of stone that gives the Tower its soft and unbelievable tone of beauty, particularly at sunrise when the rising orb fairly bathes the pink marble and brings out its marvellous tone. The same is true in the ruby glow of the setting sun.

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Just as the sculptural work of the European singing towers is reminiscent of the history of the country and its local legends, so is the sculptural work of the Mountain Lake Singing Tower suggestive of Florida and its neighboring life and legend. The first sculpture work is above the main door leading into the Tower, and represents the crane, the heron, and the flamingo of Florida. This band is sculptured around the entire Tower. The first windows, 130 feet high, have a grill of colored faience of under-sea life, such as the seahorse and jellyfish, which as it rises develops the creation of life in light, flower, and fauna in richly colored faience in the large windows of the bell-chamber, the whole culminating at the top with nests of birds in the tree-tops. Two-thirds of the way to the top, where in European singing towers would be found the gargoyles, it is embellished by the American eagle. The main door leading into the Tower is, in reality, a museum piece, hand-wrought in golden bronze, depicting the creation of all forms of life in 24 hand-wrought panels —the work of Samuel Yellin, the well-known iron-worker.

The question is asked by many visitors: "Why the name 'Singing Tower'?"

This definition comes from the Netherlands, and is the traditional name of a carillon tower. From early mediæval times, in the Netherlands, Belgium, and the north of France, watch-towers were erected from which sentinels could see the flooding of the dikes or the coming of invaders. In such a crisis the blowing of a horn by the watcher would summon the people to the threatened danger.

Gradually a bell replaced the horn. Then clocks were introduced into the towers, and bells were struck to mark the passing of the hours. More bells were added; then chimes, on which simple tunes were played at the quarter-hours, and more fully before the big bell struck the hour. Slowly through the succeeding centuries still more bells were added, until in the seventeenth century that majestic instrument, the carillon, was evolved.

These towers were of great national importance in the community life, calling their people to war, to peace, to prayer, to work, and to feast. As each country saw its national history reflected in the architecture of the tower, as well as in the music of the bells, both became a single unit to its folk and known as a "singing tower." When you hear the carillon at the Sanctuary send out its glorious melodies from the Tower's heights you lose the idea of the Tower as just a building, or of the bells as bells. Instead you feel the whole unit alive, a wonderful singing force, the noblest expression of democratic music, a true Singing Tower.

Another question often asked is: "What is a carillon?"

The word "carillon" is really a misnomer, being the French equivalent for chimes, whereas what we know today as a carillon has absolutely no resemblance to a set of chimes.

An exact definition of the term demands too many details of the technic of tower music. Perhaps it is enough to say that a carillon is a set of bells tuned to the intervals of the chromatic scale (that is, proceeding entirely by half-tones, the compass being three octaves or more), the lowest bell being often many tons, so that in the highest octaves the weight of each bell is but a few pounds and all the bells hang "dead" or fixed—that is, so as not to swing.

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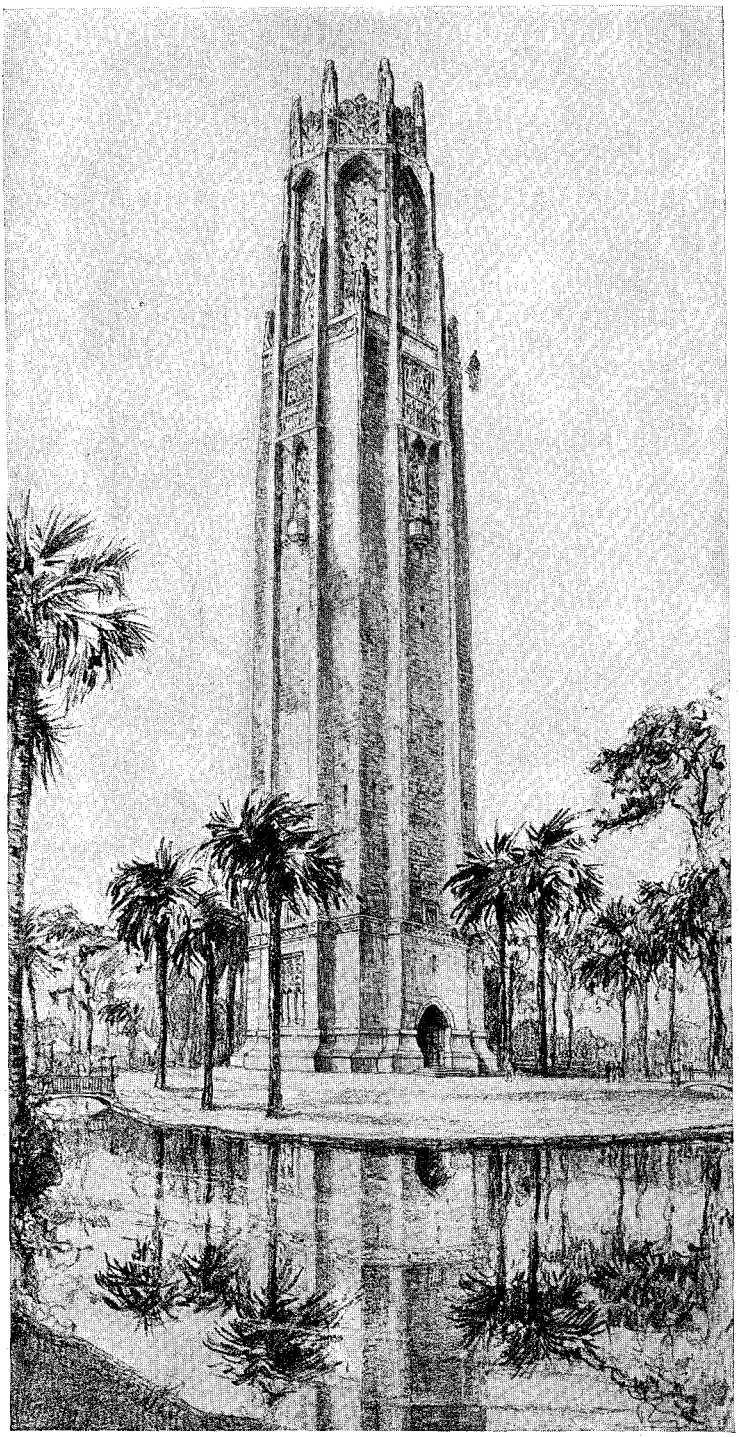

The Great Singing Tower.

No conception of its beauty can be had from drawing or photograph, since the effect depends so wholly on the soft pink of the Georgia marble and the tan of the Florida coquina stone of which the tower is composed, apart from the colors of the faience of the upper cathedral windows.

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Two artificial lakes were made at the summit of the Sanctuary: one a reflection pool for the Singing Tower; the other (shown here) a pool for the flamingoes, six of which are portrayed. They are probably the only living flamingoes in the United States.

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Many people confuse a carillon and a chime.

Whereas a chime, ring, or peal is a set of bells not more than 8, 10, or 12 in number tuned to the notes of the diatonic scale (that is, proceeding by a definite order of tones and half-tones), the carillon is played on a keyboard or clavier, similar to an organ or piano. In the Mountain Lake Singing Tower there is installed an additional automatic keyboard which plays automatically from rolls the same as the Duo-Art rolls on an organ. This is an emergency adjunct in case of the illness or absence of the bell-master.

Inside the Tower one enters into a private room created for the owner, superbly made, as is the outside of the Tower, entirely of pink marble and coquina rock, with two large windows beautifully carved above the glass, an elaborate carving over the open fireplace, and a superb treatment of the most delicately traced ironwork in the way of stairs leading up into the Tower for those who choose to walk. But there is also an electric elevator for those who prefer to ride the Tower's 205 feet—the equal of a 20-story skyscraper. Above the private room the utilitarian enters, by the introduction of two thirty-thousand-gallon water-tanks insuring the Sanctuary's private water-supply drawn by electric power from Mountain Lake, a few hundred yards distant. Above these tanks is the bell-master's room, where is the playing-consol, and above that the bell-chamber, which is thirty-five feet high.

The carillon of bells is the largest ever cast by the Taylor Foundry at Loughborough, England. It consists of 61 bells with 48 tones, or four octaves, the 13 upper tones being duplicated and ringing two at a time so as to avoid the inevitable tinny sound of small bells. The largest bell, the tenor bell as it is called, weighs 11 tons, or 23,400 pounds; the smallest bells weigh each 17 pounds.

A 15-foot-wide moat, suggestive of Old World castles, surrounds the Tower, with pockets of earth in the inner side of the walls, so as to allow of rock plants being introduced.

A year ago over 300 live-oak trees from 20 to 40 feet high were lifted from a grove 30 miles away and planted around the Tower. These trees are already in their evergreen luxuriant leafage, and will in time form an overarching effect so that the Tower will rise out of a dense forest of everlasting green.

Between the Tower and the moat is a majestic series of palms, which were obtained from the grounds of an old residence where they were brought in seed from Honduras by an old sea-captain, and are now softening the corners of the Tower. These palms are already 40 feet in height, the constant wonder being the height and width of girth of the trees you can transplant in Florida, invariably with gratifying success.

In front of the Tower a reflection lake has been made, presenting a complete picture of the majestic piece of architecture at the feet of the visitor. This lake of reflection heightens the comparison of the Tower with the Taj Mahal, as does the coquina stonework, which is of the same color-note and texture as that of the Indian masterpiece, with its wealth of sculpture equally generous and of similarly glorious beauty.

The purpose of it all? Simply to preach the gospel and influence of beauty reaching out to visitors through tree, shrub, flowers, birds, superb archi-

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tecture, the music of bells, and the sylvan setting. And a restful, quiet, beautiful spot where visitors may feel, as the sign at the entrance declares by an extract from John Burroughs:

"I come here to find myself. It is so easy to get lost in the world."

That is what thousands of visitors are doing each week now: tired and exhausted from the world, they are seeking and finding repose and quiet amid the stillness and beauty of a marvellously conceived and beautiful Sanctuary.

But why, it is often asked, was it placed in Florida, and not in the North? Because there is nowhere in the North a spot which is destined to be preserved for so many years in its present sylvan simplicity and beauty; because the gentle climate gives a reward in green growth impossible in the colder North; and because the character of the Sanctuary and the magnificence of the Tower will draw, in Florida, the same number of visitors as if it were in the North. The winter-tourist traffic in Florida is increasing year by year, and to such visitors the Mountain Lake Sanctuary will in increasing numbers become a Mecca for visitation; and where to thousands each week it has already become an objective this is liable to grow into the tens of thousands. At each recital of the carillon there are already found hundreds of parked automobiles, with visitors listening to the soft musical quality of the bells. The question is not how will people be attracted to the spot, but rather how many automobiles and persons will it be possible to accommodate at each recital.

The bells are played at sunset each day, when on account of the quiet of the park the music is played to the greatest advantage, with an extra recital at the noon hour each Sunday and on each recurrent Washington's, Lincoln's, and General Lee's birthday, with a special programme suited to the day, as well as on Christmas Eve and at midnight of the old year on New Year's Eve. Anton Brees, the Belgian bell-master, is in residence at Mountain Lake from December 1 to May 1, and presides at all of these recitals.

Where is Mountain Lake? In the centre of inland Florida midway between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, 67 miles from each. The nearest town is Lake Wales, one-and-one-half miles distant, from which a driving boulevard directly leads to the entrance of the Sanctuary.

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An Intimate Discussion of Our State Department

MY UNITED STATES

BY F. J. STIMSON

A former ambassador reveals the red tape and a few of the sacred cows of the State Department. Mr. Stimson was ambassador to the Argentine from 1914 to 1921.

THE first thing a diplomatic secretary is taught to do is never, in his despatches, "to put the Department in the wrong." But the difference between the under-secretary in the Department and the minister at his post is, as an assistant secretary of state once lucidly explained to me, that "The Department *thinks* the fellow on the job is a d—d fool, but the fellow on the job *knows* the Department is."

Imagine, therefore, with what joy a retired diplomat can turn his pen to a despatch on (or shall we say the despatch of?) the Department, with a big, big D— to itself.

In the first place, I incline to think the Department is, about half the time, right. This is a liberal concession, surely. But It has traditions—traditions, prejudices, hallowed and secular attitudes—which are unshakable. It pampers Peru, ignores Argentina, and meddles in Mexico. It is convinced that we should take trade, and give only loans in return. It was unalterably convinced that Argentina was pro-German during the war, puts Brazil in its pocket, and always alternately wheedles and bullies all the smaller "Latin-American" countries (they hate the word). Thus it varies between a "sign-on-the-dotted-line" attitude, and the carting around of high commissions on battle-ships with silver ten-thousand-dollar tea-services to be given to some cabinet minister who for the moment holds the pen but is probably going out of office next month, and who anyhow doesn't drink tea.

Secondly, It is a singularly bad correspondent. Mr. Page in London was much vexed by this, though I think It is there in Its right. You are there to give It information, not It you.

Thirdly, It publishes your most confidential despatches in the newspapers. This is indefensible—even if it be done to make a score in home politics.

Finally, It has no manners.

This, which I consider the most serious charge of all, we will consider *passim*. But one or two other counts need further comment. It should not seem to give orders, still less bluff—yet I fancy many an American minister besides Mr. Page has had to edit the notes he is instructed to deliver lest their manner (I do not mean their matter) give offense. It should never send a threat first and a coax afterward. It should give foreign nations Its personal attention, and not write circular letters. And It should keep other nations' secrets—

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except, perhaps, Its knowledge of them. There we erred in the publication of the Luxburg letters.

As to being a bad correspondent—why should It answer your letters? Your instructions embody their effect. You are there for Its information. (When in future I designate our Department of State by this insignificant pronoun, I shall always use a capital I). It is true that I wrote Uncle Sam some eighteen hundred letters—despatches averaging perhaps four quarto pages each—and had about five hundred replies only; and these were seldom even responsive, and never appreciative. The most the Department ever permits itself in this line is to say that It "has read with interest your No. So-and-so." And even as to instructions—though in a time of world war, they consisted for the first year mainly of letters signed by Mr. Bryan introducing his political friends about to visit Argentina. I am bound to hope that the good man did this somewhat perfunctorily, for at least three of them got actually arrested for criminal fraud, and all wanted either favors from the Government or at least a personal interview—audience, we call it, in all countries less democratic than the U. S. A.—with the president.

But, great heavens! to think that all those despatches of mine—seven thousand quarto pages—are now bound up in the archives of government! And other than such letters of introduction, my instructions mainly related to the endless commissions in which we wanted all Latin (why not Canada?) American countries represented; It seemed far more concerned about them than about anything else, though I soon became aware that South American countries hated them. In 1915 it was a "financial" one, and was to meet at Washington. Their governments hated the trouble and expense, and, I fear, disbelieved in the object; but were too polite to say so. I doubt if the most universal historian, having access to our archives of 1914–1916, would care to reprint twenty instructions of our State Department. Perhaps the most satisfactory one we diplomats ever got was when the Department cabled "use your own judgment." Another very valuable one I remember getting from Mr. Lansing orally: it was, that a common cherry pipe bought at the corner drug-store for fifty cents was just as likely to prove sweet as a Dunhill brier costing eight dollars.

But it is hard for a green diplomat to get used to this irresponsiveness. Page in his letters wonders whether It would answer if he cabled that the King was murdered and the Houses of Parliament blown up. Probably not; but they would certainly give it to the newspapers.

It of course is not bound to give you Its reasons; though I sometimes think an ambassador could act more intelligently if he had them. In an old suit I had for Mr. Budge of Hamburg against the Union Pacific Railroad, then insolvent, I was instructed to get a nine-million-dollar judgment against the railroad, but I was not told why—and it seemed merely to establish a valueless verity. I did not know that there were many millions' worth of coal-mines and other property not included in the U. P. mortgages which might be liable for our judgment. In theory, you ought to be equally zealous—as if you knew why you are told to act—but you aren't.

But harder still is it that a diplomat never knows whether his suggestions—only *It* can give *instructions*—have

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been carried out. For instance, my own cable—giving the names and addresses of the twenty-five members of the five committees in the five great seaports of the world outside Germany who were bringing about the great Bolshevik pro-German strike, in January to February, 1918, for the real purpose of tying up the port of Buenos Aires (whence the Allied armies were provisioned with wheat and meat) and four other great neutral or allied seaports, including New York, at the most critical stage of the World War. Or my other despatch in most secret cipher—referring to a shipment in our own pouch (I dared not telegraph) of a whole sheaf of telegrams in the German cipher from Callao and Valparaiso to Luxburg, my German colleague and chief of their secret service in South America. Did *It* get anything out of it? We were never told. Still, in such things, I think the Department was right and Page wrong.

It is harder, though, to forgive Its inability to keep a secret. And harder still, for our vanity, to discover that the secretary of state—and of course not the President—never reads your despatches. The young college boy, acting assistant attaché to the secretary of the third assistant secretary of state opens the pouch, distributes the letters and documents (it is already late in the afternoon of a Saturday) and with a sigh settles himself to open your despatches. He scans the first and sees that it is all about a government "intervention" to suppress such a strike in the port of Rosario. He does not know what an Argentine "intervention" means, under their constitution, nor where Rosario is; so he hastily rolls it in a tube and shoots it down to the clerk who keeps the file on Argentine politics. This is American "efficiency"; and It is a grand—filing system.

As to the first complaint—I have been told that if you add to your cable (you must *never* put confidential things in a letter-despatch) the word *"Confidential,* for the President (or 'Secstate') only," your direction will be respected. I do not know. Unfortunately, my intimacy with the President was not so close as to justify me in writing to him directly, and I did not in those days know Colonel House.

Then your next despatch is about a German secret wireless station. Another young Ph.D. opens it; to do him justice, we will say he reads it through; "Oh, yes—Wireless Telegraphy, German"—scribbles a "File Q. 306" on it and shoots it down to its grave in the appropriate pigeonhole.

Of course, he may carry a despatch or two to the under-secretary of his department. But usually the test is what he, that first young clerk or fifth secretary, thinks is important, not what you think is.

Fletcher, then our ambassador to Chile, told me that for this reason he had given up writing despatches at all —"anything of importance I telegraph! Bryan does read the telegrams." And I must admit that both with him and Lansing and even Hughes I have been tricky enough to lead the conversation to some subject covered in my past despatches and never found that he had read—or even seen—one of them. Of course it may be different with more important posts. But I followed Fletcher's advice, and thereby I fear got one good secretary of mine into trouble. For *It* supposes that secretaries write the despatches—perhaps that is so with some political appointees, but I know that neither Morgan at Rio nor I ever

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sent one word that was not our own.

But though *It* may not read despatches, It files them away most carefully, and they are all numbered; and the story runs of a certain minister to Nicaragua (let us say) who, believing that promotion depended on the number of despatches, spent the day before the mail day crossing the Isthmus in a railroad train, his Corona on his lap, typewriting madly a succession of despatches on any old subject that occurred to him, but dating them on different days. The boys in the Department like to have something to read—moreover it is their only chance of putting a minister in the wrong and so hastening their own promotion—and so my above-mentioned secretary established an undeserved but ineradicable reputation with It for laziness, because, that winter (our summer, of 1915) I sent few written despatches. The War was on.

But there were subjects of importance, or earnest recommendations or suggestions I made, which did require attention, sometimes immediate action, by our government. To get this, I devised a scheme which—though worthy of an exclusive patent—I hereby give over, free of charge, to my colleagues in the Career.

It is true, Mr. Knox did not read your despatches—for several days if ever—but he did read his Washington *Post* at the very next morning's breakfast table.

Establish friendly relations with the correspondent of the Associated Press in the country to which you are accredited. When he calls each day for news, give him the pressing matter of your despatch, just sent by cable. That way you will get results! And if, a day or two later, the secretary of state does read your telegram—or, if a letter, a month later—you will get a good mark for your views anticipating or coinciding with those expressed in the omnipotent Press.

All the same, I think it is a pity that the Department should take *all* its views from the newspapers rather than from the ambassador they have sent—who, after all, has a better chance than even a newspaper man of knowing what is going on in the government he should be intimate with. But, things being as they are, with our democracy controlled by public opinion, I consider the agent of the Associated Press on the whole the most important diplomatic functionary we send down; he has more to do with creating a friendly or unfriendly feeling between the two countries than the ambassador himself; he can bring on a war, while the ambassador can only try to prevent it. And the public never sees the ambassador's telegrams, only those of the newspaper correspondents. And, in those early days, they did not send the safest men down as correspondents. My first A. P. man was a boy who had been a police-court reporter in Chicago, and whose one idea was to cable up a "story" which would get on the front page—otherwise I believe he was not paid for the "story" or even the cable expenses or so he told me (surely this is all wrong)! And one day the Argentine minister of foreign affairs sent for me, and the Brazilian Minister came to me, both in a great state of excitement, not to say perturbation—"Our young Associated Press man was in a fair way to cause a war between the two countries!"

For not too much love was at that time wasted between them; and there had just been an attempt to bring about a pro-German revolution in Southern Brazil; and to suppress this (which

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they did to perfection, though incidentally the enraged populace burned all the German banks, clubs and "Turnvereins"—really armory drill-halls) the Brazilian Government had mobilized both the national army and the more efficient São Paolo province militia. And this cub reporter had gone to Brazil, and down to the scene of action, and was sending daily cables for the American people to read that that army, still mobilized on the frontier, was in reality directed against Uruguay—which, of course, meant Argentina. For, however much the great republic regrets the loss of its Banda Oriental (Uruguay, with Montevideo commanding the entrance to the great River Plate, the largest system of inland waterways in the world, not even excepting the Amazon or the Mississippi, is a sort of Naboth's Vineyard to both countries: it was originally erected as a buffer state between Brazil and Argentina after the war of 1826, which ended in the naval victory of Admiral Brown, a Baltimore boy, but now claimed by the English, who try all ways to atone for their seizure of Buenos Aires in 1805, just before they did the same thing to Washington; it was a way they had)—Argentina would never suffer Brazil to attack Uruguay; and its president later said so, in a state paper.

I promised both ministers to have young W—— called back—or down. Anyhow, he promised not to send up any cable I did not see—though bitterly deploring my blue-pencilling his "front page stuff." And pretty soon the Associated Press sent down the excellent H——, the man I have told of, as originally doubting the value of manners; and the intelligence and discretion of his work made it quite equal in value to that of any career diplomat, who is too often solely concerned not to make mistakes, and "to pass the buck" on any real difficulty, always avoiding either initiative or responsibility. So, if for once I may presume to advise It—I would say, let the Department take a little more care who is sent by these great press agencies, and not so much about commercial agents and roving commissioners of sorts—of *all* sorts!

Thus we are brought back to the subject of this chapter—Its deficiencies. The German Government did not seem to share the Department's lack of interest in my doings. Important things were afoot—most of all that treaty of mutual protection and respect of boundaries between us and the leading South American countries in which House, I now know, took so much interest (I wish I had known it then)—and the A. B. C. treaty, which was signed, in my presence—and the Germans buying up all the wool, and cotton, and tungsten and manganese and other war materials, throughout all Argentina (which stretches, be it remembered, from Cape Horn to the tropics)—and the visit of Caillaux. On all of these Bryan said no word, nor answered my despatches. But when we gave a fair in our Embassy garden for the British and American poor in Argentina—the British and American Benevolent Society was almost the oldest charity in Buenos Aires, and for eighty-nine years the British and the American minister had alternately been president of it—I received the next morning the following cable:

"Imperial German Government complains that in the grounds of the Embassy you gave an unneutral entertainment for the benefit of British sufferers in the war. Please explain at once."

I replied that the charity fair was in

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the garden of my private residence, not rented by the government, and that the Society (of which I was that year president) paid the expenses of no British subject going back to fight, and did help home more Americans than English; and finally that, as for being "non-neutral," half the Argentine cabinet were there, and the foreign minister's wife—leaving indeed a strong implication of my opinion that the Imperial German Government might go to hell. And when, in 1916, it was my turn again to be president of the B. & A. B. S., I revenged myself by cabling for instructions, though I had accepted; and Lansing cabled back, "Your action approved."

Slim

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

A true tale of a hobo's dramatic revenge. Cliff Maxwell has been a world vagabond for twenty-five years. He wrote "Red," the adventure of a Shanghai beach-comber, in the January number.

UNDERNEATH the flying passenger-coach the heat was intense. The onrush of the train did nothing to lessen it. To be sure, the train's terrific speed caused a wind—yes, even a gale, or so it seemed to Slim, sitting on the truck-rod a brief ten or twelve inches from the kaleidoscopically passing road-bed—but it was a wind that held nothing but heat, dust, and alkali.

Slim peered out over the smoking wheel-flanges at the endless vista of Arizona sand and giant cactus which seemed to meet the horizon in any direction he looked. His head ached dully and the roar of the wheels a short two feet distant on either side of him caused a drowsy indifference to the gnawing in his stomach. The spinning wheels as they clicked over the connecting rail-joints half hypnotized him, so that he seemed to lose count of time or the fact that the train was whirling across the heat-baked desert at a much faster rate than its schedule called for. Evidently the train was late and the engineer was trying to make up time. Well, if speed counted for anything, he surely was making it up.

A whistling-post flashed past Slim's peering eyes, then a switch-stand. They must be coming to a station. The brake-rod upon which Slim's feet rested dragged the brake-beam sharply against the wheels of the truck upon which he sat. With a protesting screech of tortured brake-shoes, from which the wheels ground a shower of sparks that flew in a golden spray upward against the dusty car-bottom, the train slid to a reluctant stop before a little, sun-scorched depot.

Hitching his lank body over the hot axle and between the supporting braces of the brake-beam, Slim crawled off the truck and out from underneath, oblivious of the hostile glare of a perspiring

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brakeman who was watching the proceedings.

As Slim straightened up in a satisfying yawn and stretch before a cursory dusting of his clothes, half-curious glances were directed toward him by the travel-weary passengers, who welcomed anything in the way of diversion to relieve the monotony of sand, sagebrush, and cactus.

With the conductor's yell, "All aboard," the sneering brakeman hopped back upon the vestibule-steps, while the passengers directed their attention to the solitary occupant of the little depot, who looked rather wistfully into the faces as they moved faster and faster past him. Presently the long train was but a shimmering speck at the converging apex of the two burning steel ribbons upon which it rode.

"Any chance for a wash-up, Op?" Slim asked the sunburnt operator and station agent as he turned at the sound of Slim's approaching footsteps.

"Why, hello, Slim! Where the hell did you blow from? Where you been for the past two years? Haven't seen you since I had the night trick in the Denver Yard Office the time you and the Frisco Kid had an argument with the bulls down on Larimer Street," the operator replied in question and statement. "Sure you can get a wash-up here. Go 'round to the back of the joint and you'll find a keg of water there—also a wash-pan, soap, and towel. Better be careful of the water, though; it's been standing out there in the sun since I drew it from the cistern this morning, and it might scald you," he facetiously added, pumping Slim's grimy hand up and down, while Slim grinned his joy at this fortuitous renewal of a pleasant friendship. Besides, it meant coffee and all that goes with it—and it isn't always a hobo can get coffee on the desert, even if he has the money to pay for it.

"We'll have a good chat when I come back," Slim answered, releasing his hand from the operator's grasp, and starting around to the back of the depot.

"Hurry. The coffee-pot's already on," the operator sung out as Slim disappeared around the corner.

Slim filled the battered wash-pan, after taking off his dusty coat and easing a suspicious bulge under his left arm; then, soaping his face to a creamy lather, sloshed water against it and over his head of unruly hair until he felt wide awake and bright enough to meet the quips of his operator friend.

His toilet complete, Slim paused a moment for a last look into the cracked little triangle of mirror held in place against the weather-worn back wall by three shrewdly driven nails. He touched tentative fingers to several long, deep scars that ran diagonally across his cheek which the grime, gathered during his ride underneath, had concealed. With a parting grimace into the little apology for a mirror, he took his way around to the front and into the depot.

"Just in time, Slim. Coffee's ready and so is the rest of the swill. Beans, bacon, and eggs. Guess you can stand 'em O. K. Lord, it's good to see some one," the operator greeted him. "I get so lonesome at times I go out and make friends with the Gila monsters, sidewinders, and tarantulas. I've got 'em so they recognize their first names and come when I call 'em." He looked intently into Slim's shining face and grinned.

"Seems to me you've changed, Slim. Maybe it's those scars on your face.

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What's the matter, did she scratch your face before she upset the matrimonial craft?" He poured Slim a cup of coffee and shoved a tin of milk toward him.

For a moment Slim did not reply. His eyes narrowed unpleasantly and a light shone in them that reminded the operator of the green fire he had once seen in the eyes of a trapped lynx.

"Got 'em falling off a train," he answered briefly, continuing to gaze through slitted eyes beyond the open window at the giant cacti which seemed to be tossing their great, prickly arms skyward as though beseeching heaven itself to send the rain that never came, and the heat devils flickered and danced in undulating waves of impalpable fire across the desert's pitiless face.

Inside, a blue-bottle fly droned somnolently near the ceiling, while the insistent voices of the telegraph instruments carried the news of life and death on their metal tongues, and the clicking purr of the relay lent a sleepy undertone to the song of the sounders which seemed barely able to penetrate the heavy, heat-laden silence.

"It happens, sometimes, to the best of us," Slim added, turning from his contemplation of the dreary, sun-drenched waste outside to gaze with wide, innocent eyes at the operator, who bent his head and industriously applied himself to the food before him.

"Reminds me of Isleta Red—the railroad bull at Isleta Junction," remarked the operator presently, looking up from his plate at Slim, who was as busily engaged with a heaped-up plate as any hungry hobo could be.

"How's that, did he have a scratched face, too?" asked Slim, with his mouth full and a twinkle in his steady eyes.

"If he didn't have before, he certainly has now," answered the operator with a giggle. "I guess he has been responsible for more skinned faces, broken arms, legs, and heads than any bull west of Chicago. Don't suppose you've ever met him, as you don't ride the Santa Fe often enough to have one of his visiting-cards. Anyway, he won't pass out his visiting-cards for several months just at present—he met the wrong hobo a few nights ago, who presented him with a visiting-card that was more elaborately engraved and embossed than any he has yet passed out to the hobos, with the result that Red is now resting quietly in the railroad hospital at Albuquerque—and will continue to rest there for some time to come."

"Tell me about it," Slim requested, shoving his chair back and lighting a cigarette, then tossing both cigarettes and matches to the operator. Following Slim's example, he had shoved back from the table and had tilted his chair against the wall. He too lighted a cigarette and then began his biography of Isleta Red.

Isleta Red used to be bouncer in the old Cactus Club down Nogales way until the dump got so tough the authorities had to close it—and that's saying a lot for a border-town club. After he'd lost his job at the club Red tried all around Nogales to find something to do. He found it useless. His reputation was too much, even for Nogales. People had not forgotten his propensities to bat customers, at the Cactus Club, over the head when they were not looking—also they were not overlooking the fact that he had proven himself the most ungrateful specimen they'd ever met, not barring the lowest cholo from across the Mexican border.

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Red had carefully cultivated a bunch of border bullies who backed up all his stunts, and the people of Nogales had not forgotten it. They might have forgiven Red's cracking people over the head if he had ever given his victims any kind of a chance to come back at him, but Red had never done this one single time. Because of this and because of what Red was as an individual, Nogales citizens not only refused to give him any kind of employment but they invited him to take a vacation—away from Nogales.

He blew out of Nogales and into Tucson, where he tried to get a job in the gambling-joints or saloons there. He couldn't, because his reputation had preceded him. The manager of the Arizona Club in Tucson went so far as to tell Red, out and out, he'd rather give half a dozen Mexican lepers jobs than to give Red one.

After Red had tried a few other Arizona and Nevada towns and found he could get nothing in any of them, he took to the road and drifted hither and yon, finally winding up in Albuquerque, where he applied to the Santa Fe's chief of police for a job as a railroad dick.

He was hired and sent to Isleta Junction with explicit instructions to make life as unpleasant as possible for the hobos who tried to steal rides on the Santa Fe's trains.

"The Santa Fe operates trains for money," the chief of police told Red before he left for Isleta. "It does not want to carry a mess of deadhead hobos. We have got to discourage hoboing over the Santa Fe, and to do this hoboing must be made as hard and unpleasant as possible for those who try it. I don't care how you handle the situation; that's your concern. Be just as hard on the hobos as you like—only be careful that you manage it in such a manner as to avoid newspaper antagonism. We don't care for that. I'll leave details to you—all I'm interested in is results. You'll begin work to-night. Good-by," and with that Red became a railroad bull for the Santa Fe.

Red took the chief's instructions literally. He began by building up such a reputation for being bad that even an East Side New York gunman might have envied him. He hadn't been in Isleta more than a day before he sapped up on a couple of inoffensive Mexicans who were in the railroad yard one night scouting up discarded tie-ends which they used for fuel.

The section gang they worked on had thrown them aside that same day, and the section foreman had told these two they might have the tie-ends if they wanted to take the trouble to pick them up. The Mexicans attempted to explain this to Red—but his black-jack cut short their speech.

The tallest of the two Mexicans was laid up for a week or more, and when he did return to his work on the section gang he made no bones about his intentions of evening up the score with Red at the first opportunity.

Red had not been on the job long before the hobos began to give Isleta Junction a wide berth. In fact they became so scarce that Red once more turned his attention to terrorizing the Mexican population. Upon the slightest provocation—or none at all, which was more often the case—he would use his black-jack on them.

Naturally, the Mexicans attempted reprisals. They tried several times to end Red's career. Each attempt was not

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only unsuccessful but it earned the Mexicans unmerciful beatings. Whether the ones he sapped up on were the same who had made the attempts to get even, or whether they were not, made no difference to Red—he beat up the first Mexican he ran across, regardless.

Because of their failures, the Mexicans, who were too stupid and superstitious to apply a little mule-sense in making their attempts to wind up Red's career, became convinced that Red bore a charmed life. The Mexicans decided there was only one way to combat that —*a silver bullet!*

Yes, they decided a silver bullet with the holy cross scratched on it would just about take care of Red and, since the hobos were now making their fall migration to California, and were passing through Isleta Junction on their way there, this silver-bullet idea was not nearly so bad as might appear at first blush—particularly when you think of how the hobos whom Red had dealt with must have felt toward Red.

Red's latest stunt was to deck himself out as a hobo, and if a hobo was in town for the purpose of riding the night train out, Red would board the blind about the same time the hobo got aboard. He would wait until the train had gathered full speed and was several miles out of Isleta; then, turning suddenly, he would whip a gun out and, shoving it into the hobo's face, demand that he jump off the moving train.

Of course, the hobos would argue and plead with Red to be allowed to remain on the train until it arrived at the next station, but their arguments or pleas never got them anything with Red. "Jump off or be sapped off!" was Red's battle-cry, and if they waited to be sapped off, Red was always ready to oblige. Holding his gun on a hobo with one hand he would use a sap on the hobo with the other to such good effect that the hobo invariably "got off" all right. If they broke their arms, legs, or necks when they "got off," and the first two casualties were by no means uncommon, that was no concern of Red's. They had no business to be stealing rides on the Santa Fe. He was hired by the Santa Fe to prevent hoboing—"an', by gosh, he was goin' to do it, er know th' reason why."

It was a month or so after the Mexicans had decided the silver bullet would be their next attempt to lay Red out that Red spotted a hobo who had been asking what time the limited left that night. That meant, of course, that the hobo intended making her out—it also meant more fun for Red. Hobos were again getting wary and he'd not had the pleasure of seeing one hit the grit off the limited for several nights. Well, he'd have that pleasure to-night.

Red followed his usual procedure, swinging aboard about the same time the hobo did and remaining aloof until the time and speed of the train was right for his stunt. This particular hobo didn't seem any more anxious to talk to Red than Red was to talk to him, so Red gloatingly anticipated the hobo's plea to be allowed to remain aboard after Red would pull his gun and order him to get off.

Red's two Mexican friends, the two whom he'd beaten up for taking tie-ends the first day Red hit Isleta, were familiar with Red's custom with the hobos. Too many times had they helped carry his broken victims back into Isleta, from where Red had either made them jump off or had black-jacked

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them off, not to be familiar with Red and his customs.

After dusk the Mexicans stationed themselves behind a tie-pile a considerable distance up the track from the depot and far enough down to almost guarantee that the train's speed would be too great for Red to identify them from the blind. They knew, other things being equal, the limited would be going by them at a speed too great for any one to get off it in safety—and they did not anticipate Red being in a condition to get off at the slowest of speeds after they got through with him. Moreover, as the taller Mexican had spent most of his wages for ammunition which he used up in target practice, the Mexicans were not afraid the silver bullet, which would be the next one to flash through the tall one's revolver-barrel, would miss its target. If Red was hauled off the blind's platform with a bullet-hole in him at the limited's next stop, the authorities would only smile and remark that "Red sure met the wrong hobo this trip," and that's about where the matter would end. Nobody liked Red any better than the Mexicans did, and the populace in the stations on either side of Isleta rather looked forward to the time when Red would meet the "wrong hobo," and there was not a person in either place but would help the hobo who did the job to get away.

Just as the limited was passing them the tall Mexican drew a quick bead on Red and squeezed the trigger. Even in the fractional bit of time this required the Mexican knew his silver bullet with the cross on its base had found its target—but he could not be sure that it had finished Red. But wasn't it a *silver* bullet? And didn't it have the *cross* on it? Well!

The Mexicans hurried back to their 'dobe shack to celebrate the success of their scheme, and, inviting their Mexican neighbors, all held high revel in anticipation of the news that would seep into Isleta over the wire next morning that Isleta Red had been found on the platform of the California Limited's blind baggage with a bullet-hole in his gizzard. Yes, they were real pleased with themselves and what the tall Mexican had done—until Red, conspicuously wearing the silver bullet attached by a little silver chain to the lower point of his star, found them the next afternoon!

Instead of his heart, the silver bullet had struck the metal star over it. The star had deflected the course of the bullet and absorbed most of its energy, though it still had force enough to penetrate to Red's thick hide and leave an ugly bruise, besides knocking him up against the hobo, whom he intended chasing off the limited as soon as the train was going fast enough to "teach th' big bum a lesson."

The hobo immediately eased Red to a sitting position, and seeing Red pressing his hand to his breast where the bullet had bruised him, the hobo opened Red's shirt to see if he could tell by feeling Red's breast whether he was bleeding. The first thing his fingers encountered was the silver bullet, which he handed to Red. After further examination he shouted into Red's ear that there was no wound and that he was all right. "I felt your star. I didn't know you were a dick, but I guess, under the circumstances, it's all right with you letting me ride to the next stop without being pinched when we get there, isn't it?"—the hobo yelled the question into Red's ear. Evidently he was unaware of Red's practices and reputation as re-

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gards the hobos, and was afraid only of being pinched by Red. He had several things to learn.

Red motioned to the hobo to help him to his feet, and as the hobo did this he again shouted into Red's ear. "If you feel bum, ole timer, I'll crawl up over the tender into the cab and tell the engineer to stop the train so you can get back to one of the coaches, where you'll have attention."

Red shook his head in the negative, and the hobo, releasing his hold on Red, stepped to the side of the blind and leaned out over the steps to look ahead. He was wondering if either of the engine crew had heard the report of the tall Mexican's revolver and were looking back to see what it might mean. As the engineer, from where the hobo stood, seemed to be unconcernedly looking ahead, the hobo rightly assumed that if either the engineer or fireman did hear the shot they supposed it to be the prank of a small boy placing a cartridge on the rail for the engine's drive-wheels to explode.

A violent blow on his fingers, which were gripped around the guard-rail of the blind to make his position over the steps possible, caused the hobo to lose his hold and catch his balance barely in time to light on the blind's lower step. He whirled and looked at Red.

In the now bright starlight the hobo saw Red holding in one hand the blackjack, which he had brought with such force across his fingers, and a gun in the other, which he trained against his breast, while on his face was a grin that made the hobo ache to kill Red.

"Come on! You either jump off or you get shot off!" Red yelled at the hobo.

The hobo thought Red had suddenly gone nuts. He looked from Red to the ground flying below his dizzy, lurching position on the swaying platform.

"Hey! What th' hell's th' matter with you? Haven't gone bugs, have you?" the hobo yelled at the ghoulishly grinning Red.

Red's answer was to raise his foot and plant it in the middle of the surprised hobo's chest, and the hobo went off the flying train backward, to bring up finally, after he'd stopped bouncing and rolling along parallel with the rails, a broken, bruised wreck of a man whose face, as a face, seemed to be unrecognizable behind its deep cuts, where the gravel and cinders had ground their way into it. The section gang found him the next morning and took up a collection to send him to the hospital at Lamy, where he lay with a broken arm and leg for a couple of months, before he was discharged with only a few scars on his face to remind him of his experience with Red.

Red went to the hospital once, shortly after the hobo had been taken there. It was no goodness of heart that prompted Red's visit. When the nurse took him into the ward where the hobo was, Red looked down at him for a moment and then grinned. "You've had a pretty fair lesson. If you have any sense left in your thick skull, you'll know that you can't ride on the same blind-baggage platform with Isleta Red—and not pay for it!" he drawled. With a final grin, he turned and took his departure, much to the relief of the nurse, who told the hobo if she'd known who Red was, she'd never brought him in.

"That's all right, sister. I just needed that final jolt to convince me that there's only one cure for Isleta Red," the hobo answered her.

"And that's—" she began.

"Never mind, sister. I'm not dead

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yet, neither is Isleta Red," he replied, and the light in his eyes boded ill for Red, so the nurse said afterward.

All this happened over a year ago. The tall Mexican who had fired the silver bullet at Red was crippled for life when Red caught him; his companion, if he hasn't drowned in polar seas, must be going yet. Red took the silver bullet to a Lamy jeweller and had him attach it by a small silver chain to the lower point of his star, and he became so inordinately proud of it he took to wearing his star and attachment on the outside of his coat instead of under the lapel, as he had done previously. He didn't care now whether the few hobos he encountered saw the star or not—he didn't need any excuse to work on them.

A few nights ago Dugan, the night operator at Isleta Junction now, called me up on the wire and told me in excited Morse that Isleta Red met up with the wrong hobo—the same one he'd gone to the hospital to jeer at. After he'd calmed down sufficiently for me to tell whether he was sending with his right hand or his left foot on the key, I asked him to tell me about it, and piecing it together from what he sent me I got the story.

Four days ago a hobo wearing green goggles and a four-days' growth of beard blew into Isleta. He hung around the "Desert Rose" saloon, where Red sometimes comes for a drink or when time hangs too heavy on his hands. Every one there hates him and will have nothing to say to him, but, aside from the depot, where the operators make it as unpleasant as possible for him, Red has no other hang-out.

The hobo asked the barkeep how it was to ride the California Limited out of Isleta. "She oughta be a good train; I see her schedule is fast," the hobo wound up.

"She's fast, all right. In fact she's altogether too fast for any hobo to ride out of Isleta Junction as long as the louse who is the railroad dick here rides them out. Take my tip, young feller, an' walk out. If you try to ride a train outa here, this louse, Isleta Red, I spoke of, will only pull a gun on you and then sap you up before he makes you jump off."

"Oh, I don't think this guy will bother me. I've heard of him," the hobo was saying, just as Red walked through the door in time to hear it all.

"You see, he must be a coward anyway, to take advantage of a tin star and a spoonful of authority. But, even as great a coward as he must be, surely he's not yellow and rotten enough to kick a fellow with bum eyes off a passenger-train going at full speed," he said, peering up at the barkeep and then glancing swiftly at Red, who had edged up closer so he wouldn't lose a word.

"That's all you know about him," Red volunteered for himself without waiting for an introduction. In fact, he hoped the barkeep wouldn't introduce him by word or gesture to the hobo, although the barkeep was trying hard to do so without success because the hobo seemed either unusually thick or unusually indifferent.

"He's liable to do anything—and he hates hobos like hell!" Red continued, tossing off a whiskey neat, as the hobo, after another long look at him, started for the door with the remark that he guessed Red wouldn't bother him and that he was going to "make the limited, Red or no Red."

The barkeep must have suspicioned something, for he didn't wise the hobo up before he left the saloon.

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That evening, just before it got too dark to see well, the hobo came to the depot to learn from Dugan if the limited was on time; and when Dugan told him it was but that he'd advise him not to try riding it out, the hobo just answered him with a grin. He went outside to the corner of the depot, where he took off his goggles and hitched a suspicious-looking bulge back under his left arm from where it had worked forward, and then took himself a short ways down the track where he could easily jump the blind before the limited gathered too great a speed to make this possible.

The hobo caught the blind from one side and, a little farther down the track, Red swung aboard from the other.

"Stick 'em up, you lousy rat!" was the hobo's greeting to Red the moment he pulled himself up onto the platform, the hobo whipping a gun from under his arm.

"I'm an officer of the law! This will go hard with you!" yelled Red at the hobo, thinking that might frighten him.

"Not nearly so hard with me as it's going to be for you, you unspeakable four-flusher and two-for-a-nickel bad man!" shouted back the hobo, jamming his gun so hard against Red's manly chest that the silver bullet he wore on his star stuck in the hobo's gun-muzzle.

The hobo reached under Red's coat, removed the gun from its holster under Red's arm and contemptuously tossed it onto the ground, which was flying by faster and faster with every turn of the limited's wheels.

"Now, you weak copy of Billy the Kid, do your stuff! I want to see you go off backward. The train's not moving as fast as it was the time you knocked me off, but still fast enough for you to know how it feels after you've hit the grit. The longer you wait the faster we'll be going!" the hobo yelled at Red so as to be heard above the roar of the train.

"I'll be killed, jumping off the train going as fast as this. Let me stay on to the next stop and I'll promise everything'll be all right, an' I'll see that you're squared to ride all over the Santa Fe system and have money enough to eat on while you do it," Red promised wildly.

"Ha, ha," laughed the hobo. "Given a gun, a club, a tin star, and a nickel's worth of authority, and your kind of two-spot is real bad—take these things away from you and you're the personification of cowardice. Come on! Get going!" he shouted, taking a step toward Red, who backed down onto the lowest step.

"You'll pay dear for this," yelled Red, with the desperate courage of a cornered rat.

The hobo raised his gun and brought it down with a crash across Red's upturned face, and he toppled off backward with a thud that could be heard by the hobo above the roar of the train. He no sooner touched the ground than he seemed to leap fifteen feet through space, only to repeat the performance when he again came into contact with mother earth, each leap growing less and less until he finally brought up at the base of a giant cactus, where he lay in blissful unconsciousness with both arms and both legs broken and one eye hanging uselessly from its socket, where it had been knocked by the gun in the hands of the hobo.

He didn't croak, and the section

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hands reluctantly brought him into Isleta the next day, after the foreman had threatened to fire the entire gang if they didn't. He was taken to the railroad hospital in Albuquerque and he'll stay there for some time to come. Anyway, he'll have but one eye to spot hobos with in the event he resumes his late occupation—and something seems to whisper to me that he won't.

The hobo who batted Red off the limited has not been caught and the only ones looking for him are those who want to give him money or help him—and that's the story of Isleta Red and what he got. Here comes Number Three and I've got to get busy. If you want to make her out, Slim, plant yourself alongside the water-tank and grab her when she goes by. No one bothers to see who may be grabbing her out of here. Always glad to see you and the pot's always on when you happen along.

"Yep, think I'd better grab her. I want to make the coast as soon as I can," Slim answered, getting up from his chair and touching speculative fingers to the long, pallid scars that marred his cheek.

"These scratches on my cheek would remind one of this guy—Blackie, did you say his name was?—no, I remember now, Red—Isleta Red—particularly when one stops to consider how a hobo's face would be likely to plough up the cinders and gravel alongside the railroad-track.

"Your story was dam' good and so were your beans and eggs, and just to show you I appreciate it and that my gizzard still beats in the same old place—and because I have no further use for them, I'm going to leave you a couple of souvenirs to remember me by," said Slim, removing a holster and a sinister automatic from under his left arm and handing it to the operator, who had also arisen.

"Here's the other," he added, reaching into his pocket and drawing out a little silver pellet with a bit of silver chain attached to its cylindrical middle and a clear-cut cross scratched into its base.

"Good luck and so long," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes as the operator looked up from his scrutiny of the pellet; and with that he passed out of the depot and hurried to the water-tank just as Number Three whistled for the board.

"Vagabond Ladies," an article on women on the road, by Cliff Maxwell, will appear in an early number.

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The Wuthless Dog

BY FRANKLIN HOLT

Up in the wild mountain lands of Idaho, thirty miles from the nearest neighbor, a twelve-year-old boy and a collie had stolen away from work and were romping. They should have been down in the canyon pasture hunting for the three cows and driving them back to the barn to be milked and shut up for the night—safe from the attacks of the mountain-lions—but instead they had sneaked away up onto the level benches where the pines grew straight and tall and dropped a thick mat of smooth needles.

Ears and tail up, eyes roguish, bark sharp and eager, the big, tawny collie became a puppy. Almost delirious with joy, he was scampering over the pine-needles, scuttling around and around, belly close to the ground, inviting the boy Frank to chase him. Clouds of needles were flung up as the dog raced madly around the boles of the big pines, skidding at the corners, dodging the boy's clutching hands, panting with sheer delight. Thus they were when suddenly the tall, grim figure of Elias Stoorm, the boy's father, appeared through the trees.

The dog, King, saw him first and his ears dropped. Tail between his legs, head hung low, he slunk quickly away. But Frank was too stubborn and had too much pride to run away. Sullenly he stood his ground and waited till Stoorm's heavy hand seized his arm. Grimly his father held him with one hand while with the other he unfastened the broad, thick belt from about his middle.

"Be ye goin' to belt me?" Frank demanded fiercely.

"Shore I am!" Stoorm told him. "Ye've sneaked away up here to gallywag with thet dog. Ye'r naught help to us, yer mother and me. Ye won't even fetch the cows when ye should. Shore ye'r lazy!" he added bitterly, as if he could imagine nothing worse than that to say. "Ye'r like thet sneakin', wuthless collie—nor can I seem to beat obejence into yer stupid body."

"Nor never can do, though ye hate me worse'n pizen."

Stoorm had lifted the heavy belt to bring it down on the boy, but he halted it now to stare at his son.

"Hate ye?" he repeated dazedly Then his cheeks flushed. "Ye fool!" he cried angrily. "Ye dumb fool!" But his hand dropped from Frank's shoulder. "We don't hate ye. We'd make man of ye. Don't talk again of hatin'—or I'll belt ye. Shore I'll belt ye hard." Stoorm looked into the boy's pale, set face, and for a moment seemed undecided. Then he gave him a quick push. "Go fetch home them cows," he said roughly. "And don't ye talk of hatin' again."

Alone with his wife, Stoorm tried with slow and groping words to tell what had taken place. Trouble was in his eyes.

"Shore I never thought to hate *my* father fer beltin' me!" he cried in be-

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wilderment. "I knowed well I desarved it."

"Frank is different," Mrs. Stoorm said with a puzzled shake of her head. "Ye don't think maybe ye oughtn't belt him so much?"

"Shore he's got to be belted ef he's lazy!" Stoorm answered her with simple sincerity. "Ye can't leave him grow up lazy."

Mrs. Stoorm nodded, yet a worried look was in her eyes. She shot a swift glance at her husband and hesitated—as if struggling between the need to speak and the unwillingness to do so.

"There's worse'n bein' lazy," she said at last breathlessly, her cheeks paling.

Stoorm raised piercing gray eyes and looked at her.

"Ye mean?" he demanded—and then Mrs. Stoorm began to falter.

"Maybe I'm wrong," she cried. "Shore I guess I'm wrong, but——"

"But what?" Stoorm insisted.

"I mean how he is about goin' out into the dark—how he'll do most anything sooner'n leave the cabin after nightfall. Have ye seen too? Or do I mistake?" she asked anxiously—eager to be contradicted. But Stoorm did not contradict her. He dropped his head with grim consent, his rough features grown tired.

"Ye do not mistake," he answered her bitterly. "Frank is a coward. I've known it this four years—sayin' nothing. I hoped he'd grow out of it—but he gets worse." There was shame in his voice, but suddenly he clenched his big fists and his tone became harsh. "Shore I didn't think to have son that was a coward!" he cried. "He's lazy to boot. He goes shirkin' his work to sneak off with thet wuthless collie, King. An' he talks of hatin'! Shore I'll larn him to talk different, and to do his tasks like all of us has to. Ef he's lazy an' a coward, I reckon a belt will change him. Sometimes I think thet dog is the fault of it. Ef he'd no dog to sneak off with, happen he might think more to his work. Shore I think I'll shoot thet King!"

Frank had been approaching the cabin as his father spoke, and he stepped into the doorway in time to hear Stoorm's last words. His face was red with the heat of hunting the cows—one of which had hidden away and could not be found—but now the color suddenly drained away, leaving him pale under his tan. He stood stock-still, staring wide-eyed at Stoorm—horror in his features.

"Ye'd shoot King?" he gasped. "Ye'd shoot my dawg!" His voice quavered and he raised a stiff hand, pointing it at Stoorm. "Ef ye kill my dawg, I'll kill ye!" he cried with wild vehemence. His lower lip was white and trembling, but his eyes were fierce. "Damn ye! Damn ye!" he shouted. Then he flashed around and fled toward the woods, a strangled noise issuing from his throat. At his heels trotted the tawny, big-boned collie—the "wuthless" King. And Mrs. Stoorm turned tremulously to her husband.

"Ye'll not shoot his dog?" she pleaded. "Ye'll not. King is all he has fer playin'. Ye wouldn't do it."

But Stoorm's face was flushed red with anger. He stared with stern eyes after the retreating figures of Frank and King. Yet he spoke no word at once—waiting till he could do so calmly—for it was his creed never to answer in the heat of anger. Stoorm prided himself on his justice and his unshakable holding to a word once spoken.

"Shore he cannot speak to his fa-

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ther of killin'!" he began grimly. "For thet he shall be punished—an' fer the blasphemy. As fer King—I've made up my mind. This will I do: The very first time him an' thet dog sneak off together from work, then will I shoot a charge of buckshot through King's head. I'll warn Frank thet—and shore I'll belt him when he comes back. I'll larn him to talk of killin' to his father."

And belt him he did when Frank returned an hour later, just as the dark shadows began to fall across the mountain valley. At the same time, with measured grimness, he warned the boy that he meant to shoot King at the very next sneaking away of the two from work.

Frank took the punishment as stoically as he could, but the heavy belt at last beat down his will and he began to bellow. It was then that an ugly snarl was heard outside the cabin, and King flashed through the doorway, fangs bared and a wolf-growl in his throat. Straight for Stoorm's jugular he went. Another man, less strong and less quick, would have gone down under the assault, and perhaps never come up again, but Stoorm was all muscle and had the quickness of the pioneer. In mid-air he caught the collie, his big hands circling the throat and beginning with his enormous strength to throttle the dog.

"Ye'd jump at me, would ye?" he addressed the dog. "Ye wuthless, treacherous dog. Ye'll never do it again." Already the collie was gasping. He was nearly gone—and from Frank there rang a desperate cry.

"Don't kill King, father! Father! He was defendin' me!" the boy sobbed. "Thet's no treachery."

"Elias!" came the pleading, frightened voice of Mrs. Stoorm. "Ye must be just." She knew how to reach his pride. "The dog was defendin' Frank. He don't know better."

"Stoorm stood motionless for a few moments, his strong fingers relaxing a little their terrible throttling hold on King's throat. Then grimly he walked to the door of the cabin and flung King outside, standing there with heaving chest, watching while the gasping dog regained its feet.

"It's true," he said with slow justice. "The dog was defendin' Frank. I'm glad ye stopped me afore I killed him—but he must larn thet I'm not to be attacked. Ef ye can't larn him, he dies."

King was gasping and growling. He had been close to death, but his spirit was indomitable. As he faced Stoorm now, his hair was bristling, his lips curled back, and between closed fangs there issued a ferocious snarl. There was in his glowing eyes the fury of his wild wolf ancestors. He crouched and began to creep forward.

"Frank!" commanded Stoorm sharply. "Call King off! Ef he comes at me again, I'll kill him. Call him quick! He's goin' to jump!"

"King!" screamed the boy, his voice breaking shrilly. "Down! Down, King!" He stepped in front of his father with harsh, high-pitched commands, advancing on the collie as if to strike him.

King winced, cringing and closing his eyes, his head turned on one side as if to receive a humiliating blow. He didn't know what he had done that was wrong, but he knew Frank was angry. Belly to the ground, he crept toward the boy, begging forgiveness and trying to lick the latter's bare feet; and Frank turned a pale face pleadingly back to his father.

"He'll not do it again!" he cried.

A queer laugh came from Stoorm's throat.

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"Wouldn't he?" he said. "Shore he just would, did I but raise the belt agin ye once more." He eyed King grimly. "Now mind ye, I've said I'll shoot him ef he leads ye away from work again. I've said it—and shore I'll do it. Tie him up now. The dog shall be punished fer jumpin' at me. He'll be fair sick to be separated from ye. As fer ye—ye'll go fetch home the other cow thet hid out on ye. She's calved, I reckon—and hid herself—but she's got to be found. The mountain-lions are quick to smell a new-born calf."

Frank looked away into the rapidly gathering gloom and caught his breath.

"It's gettin' dark, father," he faltered.

His mother saw the fear in his eyes and looked pleadingly at Stoorm, but the latter pressed his lips together.

"The sooner ye go the sooner ye shall be back," he said. "The cow must be fetched home. Ef ye'd not shirked it earlier ye'd have found her. But ye sneaked off with thet dog. Now I say ye shall go get her."

Frank gulped, looking at his mother—but she shook her head, for she knew there was no changing Stoorm now.

"Ye best go quickly, Frank," she told him.

"Kin I take King?" But Stoorm shook his head.

"The dog stays tied. I said it. Ye shall go alone. It is fer a punishment. And mind ye do not come back without the cow. Shore ye'll neither eat nor sleep till she is found. Now go!"

"King would help me find her, father," Frank persisted. "Let King go."

"I said no!" Stoorm answered. "The dog stays tied."

"I can't find her alone," Frank said sullenly.

"What?" Stoorm demanded sternly. "Do ye say ye won't?" His clear gray eyes flashed anger. "Go!" he commanded. "Go *now!* Or shore I'll belt ye again."

From King there came a deep-throated growl, and Stoorm wheeled on him, pointing a threatening finger.

"Tie thet dawg! And by God!"—it was rarely that Stoorm ever used a blasphemy—"By God! Ef ye don't go quick I'll shoot yer dawg now. Shore I'll shoot him anyhow ef ye dare come back without the cow. Mind I've said it. Go!"

"I'm afeered, father," Frank gasped. "Ye'll not make me go alone in the dark—not up the canyon. There's lions and bears out nights. Don't make me go."

"Ye may take a lantern and the small rifle," Stoorm told him grimly. "Ef ye'r afeered it's because ye'r a coward—an' I'll not have son thet's a coward. I'll larn ye different. Ye'll go alone. I've said it—an' ye know I cannot alter my word. Ye'll find thet cow though ye look all night."

There fell a silence then out in the darkness beside the log cabin. Mrs. Stoorm's hands were clenched tight one in the other, tense with fear lest Frank should disobey his father, for she understood keenly the boy's dread of the darkness. Stoorm, too, was tense. With a sick feeling he knew that if Frank did refuse or shirk it, he would have to make good his threat on King. He would have to belt the boy as he never had before.

"Frank!" he said harshly—and neither wife nor son suspected the anxiety back of that grim voice. "Frank! Shore ye better be startin' quick!" He strode into the cabin, took an old rifle from the wall, loaded it, and handed it with a handful of extra shells to Frank. His mother gave him a lighted lantern.

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But still the boy did not move. His mother felt him shaking with fright.

"Up in the far end of the canyon, Frank," she said to him. "The cows always hide-out up there. There's naught to be afeered of. The lions won't touch ye—not 'less they're cornered or wounded—nor the bears. Go now," she coaxed with a brave voice. "I'll have a bite to eat fer ye when ye come back." She pushed him gently.

"Give King something to eat now," Frank mumbled. The dog was straining at the unaccustomed rope about his neck. "Good-by, old King!" Frank told him. "Be a good dog. Lie down." He was trying to hide his fear in speech, but Mrs. Stoorm heard the tremor in his voice.

"Mind, ye don't shirk it," she whispered, her voice suddenly breaking. "Ye should have done it earlier." She gave him a final, frantic push and hurried back into the cabin.

His father watching grimly, King pulling at his rope and whimpering, Frank went off into the darkness—lantern in one hand and heavy rifle in the other. The lantern cast his shadow against the pine trunks and made fear clutch his heart. Two hundred yards from the cabin, when its lights had been lost to view, Frank halted. Under his ribs his heart hammered. His throat was dry. He could hear King yelping frantically, miserable at being deserted.

"Old Kingie dog," Frank said softly, trembling—desiring the dog's company as never before—but the sound of his whispered voice was so ghastly to his ears that he shivered and held his breath out there in the blackness under the pine-trees. The forest silence made him swallow hard with quick dread—and clenching his jaws he pushed on.

Presently he came out from under the tall pines into the mouth of the canyon bottom. Overhead he could see the sky and stars. The moon would be up in another hour. But even without it, in the clear sky of the mountain altitude, the stars gave him a dim light, enough to distinguish the dark clumps of cedar that were scattered through the pasture-land. Behind them the lost cow might be hidden. Night animals could crouch there too. The swinging lantern made their shadows sway back and forth and sent fear clutching at his throat. The impulse to turn back and run for home almost overcame him. A belting was nothing as compared with his dread of the dark. It was only his father's threat to shoot King that made him keep on.

Standing still, Frank listened to see if he could catch sound of the cow. Far away on the hilltop there came the lonely bark of a coyote, and Frank had suddenly to swallow the lump of fright that rose in his throat. He knew his father said a coyote was harmless, but it was a beast of the night, and he had heard that coyotes followed in the wake of the mountain-lions to eat up whatever the fierce cats might leave. He began then to call for the lost cow as he did in the daytime, but the call sounded weird and uncanny to his ears as it carried on the still night air up along the rocks of the canyon and across to the far mountainside—the coyotes taking up the echo and barking it from hilltop to hilltop.

Even the collie, King, half a mile away—back at the cabin—picked up the call as he lay tethered and began suddenly a frightful struggle to free himself, backing away from the cord and trying to slip it off over his head. Mrs. Stoorm heard him and went to the door.

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Anxiously she watched him as he leaped against the rope, snarling, whining, almost strangling himself.

"Elias," she asked, "ye don't think the dog will do itself a hurt. He's most choking himself. Could ye not loose him now?"

Stoorm's reply was clear and decided.

"Have I not said he should stay tied? Would ye have me alter my word? This is fer a punishment."

Mrs. Stoorm nodded submissively. Then she looked off into the darkness toward the canyon and her hands clasped themselves. At her feet King had suddenly stopped his leaping and stood with nose in the air, back hairs bristling. A low growl started in his throat and once more he began plunging at his rope. It was as if he had all at once gone out of his head. Mrs. Stoorm saw and her hands gripped each other tighter.

"What is it, King?" she asked with husky whisper. She looked off into the night again and then went nervously back into the cabin. Stoorm was busy with a broken strap-buckle and she said no word, though her ears continued to listen to the struggling King.

And out in the canyon bottom Frank kept up the hunt. Clutching the heavy rifle tight, he pushed on, eyes roving fearfully to right and left, fighting the impulse to look behind, for a backward look always sent a thrill of fear up his spine.

It must be as his mother had said, that the cow was up in the far end of the canyon. When calving they had an instinct to secrete themselves, and up at that end the canyon walls were broken into long, narrow shelf-like benches up which the cows would go and hide-out in some nook where the shelf widened and a clump of cedars had sprung up to screen them. Ideal hiding-places they were, for they frequently terminated abruptly—the shelf dropping away and leaving only the one approach up the narrow path in the mountain wall. Easy to guard—a sheer wall above and another below.

It was from one of these ledges that Frank heard the first response from the lost cow. It was an appealing moo-oo in answer to his call, and sounded some twenty or thirty feet above the canyon bottom. His heart leaped joyfully.

"She's calved shore," he told himself, for he recognized the plaintive note in her reply. He moved forward more quickly then, searching along the canyon wall for the beginning of the slanting shelf that would lead him up. It wasn't hard to find—a three-foot-wide path projecting from the solid wall of rock. The lantern showed it clearly—and Frank found fresh cow signs. He called again and started up. He had gone perhaps fifty yards when suddenly in the narrow path ahead of him there came an angry, frightened spit that brought him to a sudden stop, cold with fear, the hair on his head prickling. By the light of his lantern he saw a young, partly grown, mountain-lion kitten. Its eyes glowed green and it was crouching, short ears flat—badly scared—almost as badly as Frank.

With heart hammering, the boy began to back down the slanting ledge. He might have shot the kitten, but he was too frightened. He was really not in danger yet. The animal would let him get away. It was as eager as he—only dangerous when cornered. But then happened something unexpected. The cow with her calf suddenly got wind of the mountain-lion on the shelf to her hiding-place—a menace to her

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calf—and in an instant she was no longer a gentle cow but a furious mother. She had never encountered a lion before, never killed one certainly, but she knew how it should be done. With a bellow she charged down the rock path upon the young lion.

The cub was trapped. He made a vain attempt to scramble up the steep canyon wall, but fell back. Sliding, scratching, spitting, and screaming he fell back almost under the cow's feet—and she with an age-old instinct plunged forward on him with bent knees, crushing the breath out of him, breaking his ribs, kneading him with relentless strokes—and the kitten sent forth an appeal for succor. It knew its mother was near.

Frank, shaking with fright, turned on the ledge and started running down. He wasn't sure that the enraged cow might not turn on him also.

From the canyon bottom came a scream like an hysterical woman. The female mountain-lion, mother of the kitten, had heard his death wail and was speeding toward him with long, frantic bounds. Up the canyon wall where it was only ten feet high she leaped at one bound. Ahead of her she smelled man, she smelled cow, she smelled new-born calf, and she smelled the blood of her kitten. Rage overcame fear and she galloped on. A turn in the ledge brought her and Frank face to face, not thirty feet apart.

Frank screamed, the lantern flew from his hand and went out as the chimney was shattered. He heard the sibilant spit of the mountain-lioness and flung his rifle to his shoulder. He was shaking like a leaf and could see scarcely anything. The rifle swayed and wove circles as he sought to steady it. It had no aim; but he fired anyway. The next instant he was knocked down and nearly trampled on as the mother cow charged clumsily down the path after her next assailant—the lioness. Head lowered and tossing she plunged along the rocky path. If her horns or her knees struck the animal she might kill it as she had the kitten. But this was a full-grown lion, more agile, more terrible.

The cow swept on. Rage made her almost blind. She lunged for where the lioness should be—but the beast had bounded high up against the rock wall and down over the cow's back—avoiding the horns and hoofs. The cow tried to swerve and guard her rear but the path was too narrow for such a manœuvre and as a result she plunged off, crashing into a thick growth of cedars on the canyon bottom, not badly hurt but tangled and caught beyond her powers to extricate herself.

Between the lioness and her kitten there was now only Frank. He had got to his feet again and crammed another shell into the rifle. Breath coming in dry, painful gasps, blood athrill with fright, he stood pointing the rifle down the path—seeing nothing. He could clearly smell the strong, wild odor of the lioness, however. He could hear her spit and snarl, but he dared not fire, for there would be no time to load again and he must make it certain. Only to wound her would be worse than not hitting her at all. Scarcely knowing what he did, he began to back up the steep path toward the cedars where the cow had hidden-out—the lioness stalking him, the blood of her young growing stronger in her nostrils, making her snarl ferociously.

Back in the Stoorm cabin, to the ears of the father and mother had come the

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echo of Frank's rifle, and they had stepped quickly to the door. Stoorm looked keenly at the furiously struggling dog.

"Frank's in trouble!" he cried. "The dog knows it." He stooped swiftly and unfastened the rope about King's neck —the dog flashing off into the darkness along Frank's trail. "Shore I done wrong to tie him," he said grimly. Then with quick stride he entered the cabin and snatched down his rifle from the wall—and both man and woman started running through the darkness toward the cattle-canyon. Fear gripped them, but had they known the truth they would have been in clear panic.

Frank was backing away up the rocky path, expecting a rush from the lioness at every step. He knew her kitten was behind him, though he was not sure that it was dead. The moon had just topped the mountain and by its light he made out the tawny-gray form of the lioness flattened to the rock and advancing with switching tail. Her eyes glowed green and he knew she was preparing to spring.

Bang! His gun went off involuntarily, hardly aimed at all, but a maddened scream from the lioness told him it had struck her somewhere. He saw her roll over twice on the ledge and then leap to her feet with a blood-curdling screech.

Wild panic mastered the boy then. With a shriek he turned and fled up the ledge toward the platform of level ground where the cedars made a group, almost tripping over the dead kitten and running fairly into the tottering, new-born calf that had come wandering out from its hiding-place in unhappy search for its mother. Behind him bounded the snarling lioness. One more jump would land her on the lad's shoulders. A swift rip of her terrible claws, her great teeth buried in his neck—and that would be the end.

But the last jump was never made, for behind her on the narrow ledge there came racing a flashing, tawny form—the collie King! Up the incline he charged, a terrible, deep-throated snarl in his throat—the challenge of a fighting collie.

From the lioness there issued a savage battle-scream and she wheeled to meet the dog. In mid-air, with front paws spread wide as the fighting felines do, claws thrown out, the lioness met King's onslaught. The dog had sprung —collie fashion—for the great cat's throat. The two bodies met with furious impact, the lioness bearing King down, for she was huge in comparison to the dog.

There was a mad whirl of locked forms that carried them up-hill onto the broader shelf where Frank and the frightened calf stood flattened against the rock wall. A cloud of dust arose around them in the moonlight. Over and over they whirled in a confused brown and gray mass, the lioness screaming savagely and King horribly silent. He had his teeth locked at the cat's throat, biting ferociously for the jugular—but the lion's fur was thick and the fur filled his mouth.

It wasn't a fair fight. The dog had no chance. With all his courage, he was no match for the lion's four, fearful, ripping feet that were digging and tearing at his belly. And it was only a question of seconds before the lioness would find her chance to sink her jaws into the dog's shoulder. Then the fight would be over.

Frank saw this and knew that if he hoped to save his own life he must run quickly—yet he did not run. He had forgotten his personal fear in the dan-

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ger that menaced King. He saw those terrible, clawing hind feet of the lioness gouging at King's vitals, and red rage filled him.

More swiftly than he had ever done it before in his life, Frank clapped another shell into the old rifle and took a step closer to the furious mêlée of dog and lion. Then he raised the rifle. It did not waver as he covered the lion's body and waited for a chance to shoot for the heart—a difficult thing to do with both animals tumbling over each other; but his chance came. He pulled the trigger. The gun roared—and the savage beast leaped high into the air, King still clinging heroically to her throat. Together they landed in a still heap—and lay there inert—neither dog nor lioness moving.

"Old Kingie dog!" sobbed Frank wildly. "Old Kingie dog!" He knelt down and with caressing hands pulled the brave, torn figure of the dog away from the lioness—and King lifted his head then to lick the boy's wrist. "Good old Kingie dog!" Frank cried tremulously. "He's clawed ye awful. But shore ye won't die, will ye, Kingie?"

King looked up with eyes from which even his agony could not drive his adoration, and he moved a tired paw in courageous effort to "shake hands." His plumy tail rose bravely from the ground to tell his master how great was his love and how great his pride that he had fought for him—and then it fell back motionless.

The boy began to cry from a rent heart. Burying his face in King's shaggy fur, he gave way to the grief that was swelling inside and breaking his control. No belting had ever wrung such racking sobs from him.

Stoorm and his wife found them like that when they came hurrying breathlessly up along the ledge path. A strange, awesome group: The dead lioness, the mangled body of King, the curved back of the boy with its heaving shoulders—and the lonely, stiff-legged calf who stood close to Frank's back with its pathetic desire for companionship.

"Be ye hurt, Frank?" demanded the frightened mother. "Be ye hurt, boy?"

"No," he told her, "not me—but King's dying, mother." Tears were streaming down his cheeks and his hands gripped the dog's hair convulsively. "Look how awful he's clawed up!" he cried, choking over his sobs. "He's all blood." His boy's voice rose, then, fierce in its bitterness, and he looked at Stoorm. "And ye—thet'll make ye glad to see him bleed, fer ye hated him. Ye'r rid of him—and most ye was ridded of me, too. Then ye'd have been satisfied. But King got away from ye and saved me." His words came with gasps and gulps, nearly strangled by his sobs. Then once more he buried his face in King's thick ruff. "Old Kingie boy!" he cried bitterly. "Don't ye die, old Kingie!"

Stoorm's rugged, pioneer face had lost its sternness. There was pain in it and a struggling emotion that made his features work with queer, spasmodic jerks, the mouth unsteady.

"Did King save ye, Frank?" he demanded thickly. "Shore I knew he was all grit, thet dog." He began an awkward, timid movement with his hand toward Frank's shoulder—but the boy did not see it.

"Aye," he answered bitterly, "King didn't fear *ye,* anyway. Thet's why ye hated him—like ye hate me—an' ye tied him up, hopin' the lions would git me—but King got away from ye—damn ye!" he cried through his tears.

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Stoorm drew back his hand, wincing and drawing a quick breath. Awkward, bewildered, hurt — he stood with twitching features, unaccustomed tears starting from his eyes.

Mrs. Stoorm watching him, reading him better than he read himself, felt her heart contract. With quick beating pulse and tremulous voice she put a hand on his arm.

"Elias," she said, "Elias, why do ye not tell the boy everything? How can he know it was *ye* thet let King loose ef ye do not tell him? Son," she added with ringing earnestness, "ye'll talk no more of hatin'. Look at yer father and tell me do ye see hate in his eyes."

The boy raised his head, the face tear-stained and haggard, and into his eyes there came an expression of wondering eagerness. He stood up and faced Stoorm, the latter putting a timid hand on his shoulder. Frank swayed toward him—but from King there came a sudden, warning growl and he staggered to his feet. He had misunderstood Stoorm's gesture. He thought Frank was to be belted again.

With fangs bared and eyes ferocious —using every last atom of his waning strength—King sprang at Stoorm, burying his teeth in the man's trouser leg. Then his shaking legs gave way under him, his loyal jaws parted—and King sank to the ground, too weak to do more.

Stoorm stooped and touched the dog —King growling but unable to move. Tears rolled down Stoorm's stern cheeks. He caressed the brave, bloody body.

"Pore old Kingie!" he said thickly. "Shore I don't hate him, boy—nor you —nor never did do. Shore I been a fool." His voice broke and he took Frank into his rough arms—the first time the boy could remember. "Frank!" he choked. "Shore ye'r wuth yer weight of gold—both of ye."

Frank stared with shining eyes.

"Ye mean, father," he asked tremulously, "ye mean thet ye—ye *like* King and me?"

"Shore I mean a sight more'n I kin say, boy," Stoorm told him. "An' I'll never belt ye again. An' I take back about yer bein' a coward. Boy," he pleaded, "kin ye forgive me?" His big hands clutched clumsily at Frank's shoulders.

"Forgive ye, father?" the boy cried unsteadily. "Shore ye was right. I was plumb lazy—an' turrible skeert. I desarved what I got—and wuss—but I thought ye hated us, me and King. Thet's why—thet's why we hated *ye*." Then he buried his face in Stoorm's breast and clung there while a new sort of joyful sobbing shook his boy's frame. "An,' father," he cried after a few moments, "father, shore ef ye hadn't loosed King, the lion would have got me." He dropped beside the dog once more, looking up with glowing confidence at Stoorm. "Ye'll not let King die, father, not now. Shore ye'll keep him from dyin'."

Stoorm stooped down beside the collie and with gentle hands gathered him up. Then holding him close against him he stood straight, the dog growling weakly.

"Tell him it's all right, Frank. Tell him we're goin' to save him. Shore a dog like King kin never die of just fightin' with a lion."

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A Feather Duster

A WORKING GIRL LOOKS AT HER EMPLOYERS

BY GRACE R. HAZARD

For ten years I have worked in offices, sometimes as a stenographer, sometimes as a secretary, and sometimes as a bookkeeper. It didn't take me long to learn that turning out accurate letters quickly is the least requirement of a stenographer, and making correct entries neatly in books has just as little to do with being a bookkeeper. Office workers, especially secretaries, come in direct contact with executives, and executives want all kinds of things which they certainly never mention when interviewing the prospective secretary—things which they may not even know they want.

Mr. Maple, the president of a successful publishing house, hired me, he said, because he thought it would be impossible to get anybody better fitted for the position. He immediately began to assume that I wasn't going to do the work, or, if I had done it, that it was done wrong.

He gave me two books and explained: "I want this book sent to Mrs. Jones and this book to Miss Smith. Now, don't get them mixed. Send them first-class mail if it won't cost more than twenty-five cents apiece; otherwise, send them parcel-post."

I took them to the mailing-room and weighed them.

"Did you weigh them?" he asked.

"Yes. It would cost thirty cents apiece first-class."

"Then send them parcel-post. I told you to send them by parcel-post if it would cost more than twenty-five cents. You will have to wrap them and put labels on them just the same. Be sure you don't get the labels mixed."

I took them to the post-office when I went out to lunch and sent them parcel-post. When I returned Mr. Maple said: "Did you mail those books?"

"Yes."

"Did you send them by parcel-post?"

"Yes."

"You are sure you didn't get the labels mixed?"

When I handed him a statement of circulation figures which I had made up he glanced at it and said: "This is wrong; this added to this doesn't equal that. That added to that doesn't equal this." There was nothing wrong with the statement, and when I pointed out that "this added to this" wasn't supposed to equal "that," he said: "Oh, all right."

He interrupted my typing of a long contract urgently needed to call me to his desk and say: "Here is an envelope that was in the file-basket last night." It was merely a blank envelope which took up practically no room in the file-basket and which wasn't needed.

Every morning Mr. Maple drank Fermillac, which I warmed for him. (He had stomach trouble.) At the end of the month, when I handed him the cashier's charge slip covering the cost of the Fermillac, he said: "Why! Don't

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have this charged to me! Can't you pay for it? Then I can give you the money." His salary was around eight hundred dollars a week. Mine was thirty-five. Though he drank the Fermillac every morning, he never remembered to offer to pay me for it.

Every day I was told to do each detail of all the things which were a matter of routine and then asked two or three times if I had done them. At the end of six months, when I gave a week's notice, Mr. Maple said he thought I was very capable and he asked me three times to reconsider my decision. His saying I was capable didn't counteract six months of feeling I was very unsatisfactory, though I didn't know why.

If Mr. Maple had told me when he hired me that he had stomach trouble and that every time he had a pain, which was almost constantly, he would pick on me, but that it didn't mean that he wasn't satisfied with my work, I might have been able to discount all his fussing and gone on peacefully doing my work; or I could have decided not to take the position and we would both have been spared the unpleasantness of my telling him I didn't like working for him, over which he was considerably upset.

I started working for a Mr. Lyons, who owned a good-sized letter-shop. He wanted some one who, as soon as she was familiar with the work, could take charge of the office and the twenty-some girls who were doing the typing. He had spent four hours in interviewing me to make sure I was the right person. The first morning he handed me the checks to make the deposit and suddenly screamed: "Look at them, look at them, look at them!"

"I *am* looking at them," I said.

"Now, that won't do," he said. "I may be snappy, but it doesn't mean you have done anything. I have a great deal on my mind."

I laughed and said: "Well, if you are snappy without cause, I'll certainly say something back."

"No. That won't do."

It was eleven o'clock when I left. I had worked two hours. If only Mr. Lyons had told me when he was interviewing me that he would snap at me without cause and that I must not say anything back to him, I would never have taken the position. When I am screamed at, something inside me happens and before I know it words come out. I can't seem to get experience in saying nothing when I am screamed at.

Another president wanted his secretary as an ally against the other officers of the company, though, of course, he didn't say anything about that when he was interviewing me, any more than the other employers had told me what they really wanted.

The corporation had been turned over to the four officers by the will of the previous owner, so that in a certain number of years the president, Mr. Schuman, would have a controlling interest. The vice-president, the secretary, and the treasurer made life miserable for him. They opposed every move he tried to make. At almost any time two of them, or maybe all three, could be seen with their heads together, buzzing. The buzzing stopped when Mr. Schuman approached or when I approached. Mr. Schuman was a very kindly man. He hated disagreement and arguments above all things; that is, if he had to participate in them. Nothing pleased him better than my recounting for him the scraps I had with the secretary and the treasurer. For me it was a wonderful position while it lasted

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—three years—but, in spite of my willingness to fight, Mr. Schuman found the strain of bucking the opposition too wearing and he had a nervous breakdown. One day, when he was a little better, though far from well, he came to the office. I said: "But, Mr. Schuman, it's only a question of a few years until you will have a controlling interest. Just think of what you can do to them then." He smiled. It was a pleasant thought. But the struggle was too great for him. He resigned. Needless to say, I was fired. The vice-president wouldn't have hired me as his secretary anyway, because he wanted somebody who would giggle at the rather cheap, silly things he said.

I have never been employed to act in a giggling capacity, though I have applied by letter for such positions, not knowing what kind they were, and I have been asked to call for an interview, the executive being unable to see from my letter that my skirt covers my knees and that I don't titter. As soon as they saw me, though, they wanted somebody with a little more experience or a little less experience or a little different experience, though all my experience was clearly stated in my letter of application. Experience does duty for many things.

One employer did tell me what he wanted when he was interviewing me, but he was drunk and wanted a companion. He was arrested the next day and sent up for six months.

Some executives love to give orders. It makes them feel important, especially if they aren't very important. They issue instructions how to do everything, even though they don't know a thing about it. The president of one concern, where I was a bookkeeper, told me he never had seen any sense to bookkeeping, and forthwith started interrupting my work all day to tell me how to do it, and he was extremely displeased when I refused to work at night to get the work caught up. I struggled along there ten months, when he fired me to cut down expenses. He kept an inefficient stenographer who knew no bookkeeping because he could yap at her and interrupt her, and she'd sit there until two o'clock in the morning if he asked her to—rather, told her to; he never asked her anything.

Another executive, Mr. Block, wanted some one who would treat him and his business seriously and not show in any way that there was anything peculiar about them. Of course, he didn't tell me that. He dictated letters very seriously: "Beings as we ain't got none of that in stock," etc., etc. I took it down in shorthand and *I* was perfectly serious about it. I corrected them as I typed them. The finished letters I put on Mr. Block's desk so that he could read them for mistakes and sign them.

Mr. Block had a belt-preservative business, but he made most of his money getting partners for people. A man wanting to be taken into a partnership paid a man wanting a partner five hundred or a thousand dollars, whatever he had. The latter paid Mr. Block 10 per cent commission. For a friend Mr. Block secured two partners, but when the friend wanted him to secure a third (the first two had been unsatisfactory and had been dropped from the partnership, though, of course, their money had not been returned) Mr. Block said: "No. I ain't agoin' to take no chance on goin' up the river."

One day a man who had proved unsatisfactory called on Mr. Block and said: "You're a crook."

The unsatisfactory partner was a

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little man. He stood near the door. Mr. Block was a huge man. He had been sitting at his desk near the window. I was between them, working on the books.

Mr. Block jumped to his feet and said: "You take that back, you God-damned ----------. Nobody ain't goin' to call me a crook." Mr. Block picked his revolver from his top desk-drawer and held it pointed at the little man. "Take it back, I tell you," he yelled at the little man. "Nobody ain't goin' to call me a crook."

"You're a dirty crook," the unsatisfactory partner repeated.

Mr. Block brandished the revolver. "You take that back, you lousy -------. Take it back, I tell you, you ----, you -----."

I hoped he was a good shot and was aiming above my head, though I didn't look up but went on quietly working on the books.

Mr. Block called the little man all the things he could think of (some of them were brand new to me) and then he started all over again, and he kept on talking until the unsatisfactory partner left. Then Mr. Block told me, if a cop came I could show him the permit in the top drawer, so the cop would know it was all right for him to have the gun. Mr. Block went out and took the gun.

On the day that I was leaving (I had been there four months) Mr. Block said: "That's a damned shame; that's a damned shame. You done better work than anybody I ever had. Here, take this." He gave me ten dollars in addition to my salary. He had formed a partnership that morning.

I tried working for a firm of eight accountants. Four were Englishmen and four were Scotchmen. The office-manager who hired me liked the way I talked. He chuckled and said he thought I would make out very well, though it was a difficult position. He didn't say in so many words that the men were hard to get along with, but that was the inference. I don't know why he thought the way I talked would be of any use to me.

A Scotchman called me for dictation and he dictated as fast as he could, and mumbled over all the proper names, never spelled one. I thought I'd get a chance to ask him when he finished the letter. But when he finished the first letter he started right off on the next one before I got my mouth open. He went right from one to the next. I thought I would have to wait until he finished all of them and then I would ask about the proper names. (One was Reid or Reed.) But when he finished the last letter he grabbed the telephone and was talking before I could say a word. And there wasn't a chance of getting a look at the letters he was answering, for he had put them all back in his desk. I was afraid to wait until he finished talking—he had just screamed at an office boy—so I transcribed the letters the best I could. I put them on his desk and it wasn't long before most of them were returned, the proper names all marked over with ink, which meant rewriting the entire page of every letter.

Mr. Towhead, the lawyer of the outfit, was as slow as the Scotchman was fast. He dictated one paragraph of a letter, then had me read it back to him. He considered it and maybe had me read it a second time. Then he had it scratched out, and redictated it. He dictated another paragraph, had both paragraphs read to him, considered, and scratched them out. It took him an hour to get one fair-sized letter dictated. Af-

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ter I got it transcribed he read it very carefully and considered it for some time, then tore it up and started all over again.

The head of the outfit, an Englishman, spoke very pleasantly when I went in for dictation. He asked me if I had far to travel and he hoped I would like the position.

He dictated three letters, two of which were to be made in duplicate and the copy of each enclosed with the other letter. "Do you understand?" he asked.

I looked up and said: "Yes."

"Are you sure you understand?" he asked.

"Yes."

When he finished dictating he said: "Now, are you perfectly sure you understand about the copies of those letters?"

I said: "Yes." But I didn't know whether I was or not. If it was so difficult he had to ask me three times about it, I thought he must want something else.

I carried out his first instructions and I got it right in spite of him. He didn't have a thing to growl about.

I had been there a couple of days when he started: "Do you know that you turned out only sixteen letters yesterday? That's not a day's work; that's not half a day's work. Only sixteen letters. Just think of it! Why, when I started as a stenographer I turned out fifty letters a day."

He hadn't given me any opportunity to explain why I had turned out only sixteen letters before he started the attack.

I said: "So did I turn out fifty letters a day when I started, but if you had to sit in Mr. Towhead's office from nine until eleven to get one letter, you couldn't turn out fifty letters a day."

"Sixteen letters a day! That's no work at all."

It seemed funny the office-manager had hired me because of the way I talked, and the head of the firm didn't want to hear a thing I said. I think if I had cried he would have stopped picking at me; but I didn't, so he went on to say that he had received complaints about my work, but he wouldn't tell me what they were nor who made them, so I am inclined to think he was lying, though another Englishman might have complained because I forgot and wrote "Mr." at the beginning of a man's name instead of "Esq." at the end of it. I forgot twice and he was furious. I also left a right-hand margin, and he didn't want any margin on the right-hand side of the letter; it wasn't necessary; there was a margin on the left-hand side of the letter.

At the end of two weeks I quit, just before they were going to fire me.

Englishmen are terribly upset at seeing the salutation "Gentlemen" instead of "Dear Sirs." I was working for one, the owner of a successful manufacturing business, and, as I didn't know their feeling about this, I wrote "Gentlemen" though he had dictated "Dear Sirs." I thought probably he didn't know "Gentlemen" is the preferred form and I'd correct it for him without saying anything about it. No sooner had I placed the letter on Mr. Percy's desk than the buzzer buzzed furiously—three buzzes, my signal.

"What's this 'Gentlemen'? I didn't say 'Gentlemen.' I said 'Dear Sirs.' "

"Gentlemen is the preferred form, but I'll change it if you want me to," I said.

" 'Gentlemen,' " he muttered. "I never heard of it. I never heard of it."

He took the letter to his brother,

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who was the treasurer of the company, and said: "John, what's this 'Gentlemen'?"

The treasurer explained that it was used, that it was all right.

Mr. Percy looked puzzled. He held the letter in his hand and looked at it as he walked to my desk. To me he said: "It shouldn't be 'Gentlemen,' you know, because business men aren't gentlemen."

Substitute positions aren't half-bad. I have held a dozen of them. They pay five dollars a week more than permanent positions. They don't expect a substitute stenographer to know anything, and when she does they are agreeably surprised. One substitute position became a permanent position because they finally agreed to pay me thirty-five, the same amount I had received as a substitute, though they never stopped feeling they were paying me five dollars too much. Three other substitute positions would have been permanent, but they would not pay more than thirty, even though they had paid me thirty-five for substitute work.

In getting a position ability to do the work is considered as little as it is after one has a position. Only once in ten years have I been asked to take a test letter, and I have applied for many positions in those ten years.

One place refused to give me a test letter. They said they wanted somebody with good business experience. I had two years, but they said good business experience is four years. If they had given me a test, they would have had no legitimate excuse for not hiring me. I don't know just what it was about me, but somehow I didn't look right.

I got three positions by saying: "Why, yes, you can reach me by telephone, but not until after six to-night; I expect to work to-day." I was hired immediately.

Another position I got in the following way: the woman who owned the business wanted to pay only thirty dollars and I wanted thirty-five. She said: "It's only for a month or two until I find that you are worth thirty-five; that's not much chance to take."

"Why don't you take the chance?" I asked.

Instead of making her mad, it pleased her, and she hired me. I got along with her very well, but there was so much work to be done I couldn't get it finished, even though I worked from eight-thirty until six or seven, and I couldn't stand working longer hours, even though she said she would "take care of" me when she made more money.

I was talking to a printer about applying for positions and being asked my religion and whether I live at home and where I have worked before, etc., etc., and he said: "Tell them to go to hell. You're a good stenographer, aren't you?"

I'm a good stenographer all right, and I'd like to follow the printer's advice, but unfortunately I am an office worker, not a printer.

At last I thought I had a regular position. The president didn't ask me any foolish questions when he interviewed me. He agreed to the salary I asked without trying to make me take less with the assurance that he would "take care of" me. The first day I started to work he told me briefly about the books and said: "If there is anything you don't understand, just ask me." Day after day I worked peacefully on the books. He didn't give any unnecessary instructions and he didn't ask any foolish questions. It was very amazing. I

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could scarcely believe that he wanted a bookkeeper to do the bookkeeping and for no other reason. For six months things went on that way. I was sure it was a regular position, but I couldn't get accustomed to it. It seemed it was one of those things that just doesn't happen. Shortly after New Year's the president started cleaning out his desk, and he said: "We should have a feather duster."

"A cloth is much better," I said.

"What?" the president said. "We always did have a feather duster."

I knew there had been no feather duster in the office in the six months I had been with them, but I thought it best not to tell him so.

When the president left the room, I said to the secretary: "Does he really want a feather duster?"

"Sure. He always used to have a feather duster. He likes to slap it around in those file-boxes on top of the desks and make the dust fly over everything. When he gets started with a feather duster the dust rises up in clouds thick enough to choke you."

I thought if he wanted one as much as that I'd better get one for him, so the next noon I walked over to Third Avenue and spent a dollar on a feather duster. I threw away the paper that held the feathers in place and showed the duster to the secretary. He reached down into the waste-basket and carefully picked out the paper and put the duster back into it. He explained that the president always kept the duster in the paper, and when that paper wore out he would paste up another sheet of paper to fit.

Now the president walks around slapping the feather duster into all the little boxes, and the dust rises up and settles on everything. Then he carefully puts it back in its paper. I work peacefully on my books. It is once more a regular position.

But just suppose I hadn't taken seriously his wanting a feather duster? Suppose I hadn't bought it? I might well have been fired.

Success rests on no more than a feather duster.

Going South

By Benjamin R. C. Low

Beyond the Chesapeake, forsythia
Frothed yellow at the roadsides;
But March still aimed the wind.
Across the Potomac,
Just in Virginia,
When the train stopped in the fields,
There were peepers by the track,
And, right ahead, Orion
Hung like a gate the new moon
Might step through.
All night long we ran,
With sleepy whistles,
Down long corridors of spring.

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Gösta Berling: Suburban Model

BY BYRON DEXTER

FORESMAN SMITH does look like Gösta Berling. He might have been like Gösta Berling, only he happened to be born in Montclair. Very shortly after he was born his chance of being like Gösta Berling died in a smothering of suburban respectability and so he grew up to be an American. He went to Hotchkiss and Princeton and became successively half-back on the school football-team, number seven in the Princeton crew, a marine-insurance broker, and a golfer.

As the good-looking chaps so often do, he married a rather plain girl. Her name was Jane Bradley. She came from New York, and happened to be a friend of Vannie's, whom she resembled in appearance and temperament as a field daisy does an iris. Foresman used to invite me out to Montclair for week-ends, and Jane and I became good friends. The week-ends were never exciting; we did the standard practices—golf, an automobile ride, bridge, a Saturday-night dance. Foresman was a big, cheerful lad, with whom it was pleasant to play golf; Jane was usually in the background, occupied with the household or with her two pretty children. She and Foresman never seemed to have any differences, and she evidently considered herself lucky to live in Montclair and have such a fine husband.

Two days before Vannie's party I met Foresman on 39th Street, and he told me that he was going as Gösta Berling. I was amused.

"What do you know about Gösta Berling?" I asked him.

"Lots. Vannie told me, and I read the book. Found that Jane had a copy. Splendid book. Swede by the name of Lagerlöf wrote it. You ought to read it, Warren," he told me. "Read it and understand my submerged personality."

"Who told you you had a personality?"

"God pity you," he said. "God pity you for being literary and clever and afraid of life."

"Don't read any more books, Foresman, old man. You're not used to that sort of thing. Vannie ought to have known better than to tell you about a book."

"Huh," Foresman said. He was always good at repartee.

"Just one a year, old bird. Promise me you'll hold yourself down to one a year. Go on a bat once a year and read a book."

Foresman worked it out carefully in his mind and smiled to show he understood me.

"What you want is a drink, isn't it? I wouldn't mind."

"Can't do it," I said. "Have a date."

"Too bad. Some other time, then."

"Almost any time you say."

We shook hands. "Think I'll run along and catch a train," Foresman said.

"So long, Gösta," I said.

My date was with Vannie. Vannie lives in one of the apartments on West 67th Street. The realtors call them studio apartments, although I never knew an artist who could afford one. The living-room is two stories high and a

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stairway goes up to a balcony across the far end of the room. The other end of the room is all windows. There is also a large window underneath the balcony, looking out on the court around which the house is built. The window faces north and gives the realtors the chance to use the word studio and raise the rent. Vannie has plenty of money. She says she likes the place because spring comes earlier in West 67th Street than any other place in New York. Spring can be told by the fine fragrance that blows across the street from the riding-academy when the sun gets warm enough.

I found Vannie sitting on the window-seat in the far corner of the room. She was wearing a wine-colored dress that looked wonderfully well with her dark hair. The dress hung loosely from her shoulders and left her arms and throat bare. She had a string of jade around her throat. By rights she should have been swallowed up by that big room and the high ceiling. Strangely, though, the room seemed to centre about her. She has a way of making things centre about her.

"You ought not to have done it, Vannie," I told her.

She laughed at me. She frequently does.

"So they often say, dear one."

I took the teacup she handed me.

"You shouldn't have told Foresman Smith he looks like Gösta Berling. It's gone to his head. He's carrying the idea back and forth on the Lackawanna Railroad. God knows what will happen if he lets it loose in Montclair."

"It would do Montclair good. He won't, though. He'll let it loose at my party. The party will absorb it. Have a cake?"

"Thank you. Did you ever hear of William James's 'Principles of Psychology'?"

"They're among the things you've told me which I've forgotten probably."

"You ought to remember the things I tell you. I'm older and wiser and I could teach you a lot if you'd pay attention."

"I love to hear you talk, Warren."

"The law of psychology I'm talking about is simple. I think you could understand it. *Every thought tends to produce itself in action*. Concentrate on it, Vannie. It's a profound idea."

"It explains your terrific energy very nicely."

"Don't be nasty. It explains why you ought not to put ideas in Foresman's head. He can't get rid of an idea like that in one night. Imagine what would happen if he tried to sell marine insurance, and catch the 4.31, and play bridge, and love his wife like Gösta Berling."

"Jane would be crazy about it," said Vannie, ignoring the important points like a woman.

I suggested to Vannie that she was excessively romantic. To my surprise she took me up with no gentleness whatever.

"You're very dumb, Warren," she said.

"That is not an original thought," I rebuked her. "Also uncalled for. Merely because you would enjoy being loved by a caveman does not prove that Jane Smith would or that I'm dumb."

"I didn't say anything about a caveman. Gösta Berling wasn't a caveman. He had imagination. If I ever met a man with imagination I'd marry him. You don't understand what I mean by that, do you?"

"No," I told her.

"That's because you're not a realist,"

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she said. "Only a realist understands what imagination is. You're a hopeless romantic. You think you're a hard-boiled man-of-the-world and the absurdity of it gives you an appealing quality, which is why I like you. Jane Smith and I sometimes talk about you. Jane says you're almost as appealing as her husband."

I was devastated by the tribute, and could find no fitting acknowledgment. I am accustomed to Vannie's paradoxes, but to hear her invoke Jane Smith's support in her contumely was bewildering. Jane is the apotheosis of 1880.

Vannie was laughing. "Don't worry about it, my dear. It's not important," she said.

"You destroy all my boyish illusions," I said. "You'll be telling me next that Jane is the iconoclast of Montclair society."

"I might, but I won't," she replied.

"You are very profound, Vannie. I think I shall go home and read the philosophy of William James for relaxation."

"How romantic!" said Vannie.

II

I went to Vannie's apartment on the night of the dance dressed as a pirate. The idea behind the party, Vannie had said in her invitations, was that one was supposed to come in a costume which would represent the thwarted person one had always wanted to be. I had searched my unconscious and discovered that I had many engaging desires and insufficient originality to express them in a permissible costume. So I went to Eaves and rented a pirate costume, which was the first outfit the salesman showed me. Even so, I found myself wearing silk underwear with yellow and green stripes, which was no small feat of self-expression.

Vannie had decided upon an Hawaiian atmosphere as best suited to withstand the impact of her guests' released inhibitions. She had apparently tapped some secret exotic reservoir in Manhattan, and had transformed the long room on 67th Street into an island in the mid-Pacific. In the corners of the room cocoa-palms enclosed small copses where weary souls could find refuge from the world on mats of woven reed and among thick Hawaiian grass. *Mile* vine waved from the ceiling and curved down over the walls. Covering the windows at the front of the apartment was a canvas painting in which a naked life-size diver was plunging into a blue sea. Gaudily painted tropical fishes swam about in the water. Half a dozen Hawaiian boys in white trousers, with bright *leis* about their necks, strummed dance-music from one of the corners and sang as they played. A profusion of flowers filled the place with the heavy perfume of white ginger.

A table at the left of the doorway bore a punch-bowl, a placard with the inscription *For Very Young Girls,* and an array of immaculate glasses. A table on the other side of the doorway supported a second punch-bowl. This table was largely hidden by a crowd of men and women who seemed at the moment to prefer not to dance. I recognized a tall, dark lad who was wearing long silk hose and a crimson velvet doublet. He seemed to be explaining something important to a lovely creature who for some inexplicable reason was clothed down to the waist as a nun, and thenceforth as a ballet-dancer.

"Hello, Tom," I said. "This is going to be a party."

"Don't call me Tom," he replied

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with a large gesture. "Name's Benvenuto Cellini, and as far as I know this is the first drink I've ever had."

"Have another."

"Sure. Meet my model."

The lovely creature smiled at me. "Are you an artist, too?" she asked.

"The same sort of an artist," I told her gravely. "Shall we dance?"

"I don't want to dance," she said. "I'd like to sit down, though." She looked about vaguely for something to sit on.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"I've forgotten. An hour perhaps. Perhaps two hours. Perhaps I've lived here all my life."

"Who knows?" I agreed politely.

"Nobody knows. I don't know either. I want to go off by myself and think."

I led her gently out and turned her over to the maid in the women's room.

"This young lady wants to think," I explained. "Will you take care of her?"

"Yes, Warren," replied the maid.

I was startled. I believe in democracy and it's anybody's privilege to call me Warren because my name is Warren. Nevertheless one does not expect such amiability when checking unsteady young women in the ladies' dressing-room. I studied the person in the black dress and frilly cap. She was laughing.

"Hello," she said.

"Molly Winter!"

She courtesied. "Yes, sir."

"Is this your suppressed desire?"

"I'm having a grand time," she said. "Not a soul has recognized me. I've checked all the girls' coats and a lot of useful information."

"Keen idea. Does your husband know you're doing it?"

"Edgar's at Placid, being athletic. Chief reason I'm doing it is because it will scandalize him. Do Edgar lots of good to be thoroughly scandalized once."

I agreed with her. Edgar and Molly Winter live in Montclair. Edgar is a good sort, but he went to Oxford for a year, after graduating from Yale, and came back heavily laden with the "scholar-and-a-gentleman" complex. He enjoys talking about the value of Greek and Latin, and the necessity of doing the right thing, and the importance of *noblesse oblige*. Edgar has a good deal of money which he inherited from his father, the man who put "Toasted Tidbits" in every home.

I was glad to find Molly Winter at Vannie's party. And not displeased, either, by the thought of Edgar's fine healthful exercise at Lake Placid.

"Put the thoughtful young lady in a comfortable chair, Molly, and come out and dance," I told her.

We found the party moving well. It could hardly be described as a formal dance. Under the combined inspiration of the Hawaiian boys' guitars, Vannie's tropical atmosphere, and the table at the right of the doorway people were living up to and beyond their costumes. Most of the costumes showed splendid imagination and demanded little. Vannie herself looked like a lovely green-and-white bird, her black hair loose over her shoulders and caught back from her forehead by a wreath of gardenias. She was wearing a translucent wisp of green-and-white silk, wound tight about her body from below her shoulders half-way to her knees. Her skin was stained with a brown dye, and another wreath of gardenias gleamed white against her dark throat.

"Lovely person!" said Molly, as Van-

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nie danced past. It seemed superfluous to agree.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. A massive figure stepped between Molly and me.

"Out of my way! I want to dance with this little girl."

It was Foresman Smith. He was dressed as a viking — high sandals, thongs about his legs, leather trunks, a wolf's skin which left his powerful shoulders and biceps bare, and a metal helmet on his head.

"My God, it's Gösta Berling," I said.

Foresman didn't recognize me. He didn't recognize Molly. He was three sheets in the wind and sailing fast.

"Do you know who you're dancing with, you crazy Swede?"

"Sure. Vannie's maid. Beautiful girl. Love beautiful girls."

Molly winked at me and was swept down the room. I cut in on a bacchante, clad in what looked to be flowing grapes.

"I don't know you, but it doesn't matter," she said.

"I'm the spirit of Calvin Coolidge," I told her.

"You're having a good time, aren't you?" she remarked.

I pulled up short to allow Foresman Smith, with Molly Winter in his arms, to careen past us. Foresman was never much of a dancer, but to-night he was hitting only the high spots. Molly danced well, and she seemed to be enjoying the pace, for her head was thrown back and swaying from side to side like a Roseland Palace hostess, as Foresman whirled her about.

"Who's the handsome viking?" said my bacchante, watching them.

"That's Gösta Berling, the scourge of Montclair. You're not from Montclair, are you?"

"No. Scarsdale. Trying to forget it, though."

"Fine idea. Let me help."

She indicated that she was willing, and we had an interesting time forgetting. Later I got to Vannie.

"About time you danced with me," Vannie said. "What have you been up to?"

"Taking care of your guests in one way and another," I told her.

"Old reliable Warren."

"Too bad I can't lose any of my inhibitions," I said sadly.

"Study Foresman. He's doing it wonderfully." Vannie seemed greatly amused.

"He really thinks he's Gösta Berling," I said. "You'll have a lot to answer for when this night is over."

"I'm used to it. One thing more won't matter. It's worth a lot to see Montclair in a state of nature."

We could see Foresman at the far end of the room. He had one of the Hawaiian boys' *leis* around his neck, and was mooing at the top of his lungs. He thought he was humming an Hawaiian melody. The boys in the orchestra were looking at him wonderingly and without admiration.

"He's making a fool of himself, Vannie."

"Sure, but he's having such a good time. He won't do any harm. Jane will take care of him."

I had supper with Jane. It was rather surprising to find that here in New York, at a party whose atmosphere was not exactly comparable to a well-run suburban household, Jane Smith seemed to have more definite a personality than any of the girls I had danced with, except, of course, Vannie. Almost any statement requires an "except Vannie" for accuracy. That is simply because

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Vannie is more alive from head to foot than any one else you can meet. But it was difficult to understand why Jane Smith stood out so sharply. It wasn't her looks, or her costume, or her dancing, or the things she said. But I hadn't been beside her for ten minutes before I was aware of a sense of detachment, an impression of just having come into the room and of looking at the crowd for the first time. The people had divided into groups for supper. They were sitting on chairs, and some were cross-legged or sprawling on the floor. Some were interesting and attractive, and some were rowdy and foolish, but most of them, in spite of costumes, were essentially indistinguishable. Foresman couldn't be seen. But he was to be heard, in a room which opened off the balcony, singing powerfully in close harmony with two or three kindred spirits. He was going in for the Norse epic business all the way, and of course the wassail-bowl-song part of it was most important.

Jane was enjoying the spectacle. We didn't talk much, and didn't refer to Gösta Berling except once, when a splendid clatter of breaking dishes was heard from the room overhead, followed by happy laughter.

"The boys are having a good time," I observed.

"Very uninhibited," said Jane. "The punch-bowl plus the costumes."

"Foresman looks his part," I said. "Did you plan the outfit for him?"

"Not at all," Jane said. "Foresman is really very original. He had it copied from the subway advertisement for Scott's Emulsion."

The last half of the evening was even better than the first, and I didn't waste it. I was too busy having my own good time to pay particular attention to Foresman. But one couldn't overlook him. He was, as Molly Winter remarked to me, the life of the party. He was not sober. Nor was he subtle. But he was having such a pleasant evening, and was so proud of his dashing behavior, that he was entertaining. He danced and drank and sang; he made indiscriminate love; he tried to play one of the Hawaiian boys' guitars; he did a hula in the middle of the floor; in short, he was wild and gay and a fine suburban adventurer. After about three in the morning, following the hula dance, I neither saw nor heard him again. The inevitable had happened, I surmised.

It was after four and the party had broken up, when Vannie came up to me as I was putting on my coat, and asked me if I had seen anything of Foresman.

"Not recently," I told her. "He's asleep somewhere."

Vannie said he wasn't anywhere in the apartment.

"Then he's gone home to sleep it off," I said. "Don't worry. These Scandinavian fellows can take care of themselves."

"I'm not worrying," said Vannie. "Only he hasn't gone home. His overcoat is here. He and Jane are staying at the Commodore and Jane's there now. She just telephoned and said that Foresman hasn't turned up."

"Then he's safe in the nearest police station," I said optimistically. "He probably wandered out seeking adventure and tried to count the buttons on some policeman's coat and found plenty of adventure. If it's an Irish cop he'll be sympathetic and take good care of him."

Vannie gave me to understand that she did not think much of my helpfulness.

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"Is Jane excited?" I asked her.

"Jane doesn't get excited," said Vannie. "But she knows that her husband can't take care of himself."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked. "Shall I go look for him on some bench in Central Park? I'll catch cold with him and be arrested with him, and then I can share his cell and take care of him."

"You're so intelligent, Warren," Vannie said. "Do you think you can get home alone?"

"I think I might as well try," I said.

"So do I," said Vannie pleasantly. "If he telephones you, Warren, let me know. He'll probably telephone you if he gets in trouble."

"He probably will," I said gloomily.

III

I was in my room and had undressed and was getting into bed when the telephone-bell rang. I made the proper comments on the subject of marine-insurance brokers reading translations from the Scandinavian and took the receiver off the hook.

A rather tired-sounding woman's voice said: "Hello." I replied without enthusiasm.

"Is this you, Warren?" said the voice. "This is Molly Winter. I've been trying to get you for half an hour."

"What is it?" I said. I was relieved that it wasn't Gösta Berling and was anxious to get to bed.

"I'm sorry to bother you," she said, "but will you come up to 84 East 71st Street and get me? I'm on the fourth floor." She sounded upset.

I revived a little. Molly and I grew up together, and I am fond of her.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"I'm up here with Foresman Smith. It's his mother's apartment. His mother is in Florida and there's nobody here. Will you come up and take me home?"

"I'll be damned," I said. "What's the matter with Foresman?"

"He's crazy," said Molly. "I've locked him in the library."

I couldn't help laughing. "It sounds like an Al Woods play."

"It isn't," she said, annoyed. "Don't be an idiot, Warren. If you don't want to come up I can go home by myself but I haven't any coat or hat and I don't like to wander around alone in this costume. And I don't know what to do with Foresman."

"I'll be right up," I said and hung up.

I wondered what the dickens it meant. Probably nothing. And yet Molly had sounded worried. When I was dressed I remembered that I'd promised to let Vannie know if I heard from the missing boy. So I called her and told her about it.

"Heroic stunt," observed Vannie. "I'll get Jane and go up."

"I'm not sure that's the thing to do," I said. "Why get Jane?"

"Because she has some sense," Vannie said.

"But we don't know what's happened. Perhaps . . ."

Vannie cut me short. "You're so romantic, Warren," she said, and clicked the receiver.

It took me some time to get a taxi, but I finally found one that took me across Central Park to 71st Street. The night-man at No. 84 was a sleepy negro who blinked at me suspiciously. I walked past him without giving an explanation and he didn't ask any questions. The elevator wasn't running, so I had to climb the stairs to the fourth floor,

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which was good exercise after my sedentary evening.

Molly Winter opened the door at my knock. She seemed nervous and a little frightened. Her white-lace cap was disarranged and there were circles under her eyes.

"Thanks for coming, Warren," she said, as if she were glad to see me.

I told her that it was a pleasure, and asked her what it was all about.

"Foresman abducted me," she said tragically.

I tried not to laugh, but without complete success. Molly managed to smile a little.

"This is one on Vannie," I said. "Tell me the horrid details."

"It's not so funny," Molly said. "It's a rotten mess."

"Tell me," I begged. "It's the sort of adventure I've dreamed of since I was a boy."

"It sounds impossible," she said. "I was standing in the hall at Vannie's and Foresman came along. There wasn't anybody around and he saw me and shouted something about having found me at last and picked me up and dashed down-stairs with me. I tried to get away but I couldn't. He put me in a taxi and brought me up here. It's his mother's apartment and he has a key. He thought I was really Vannie's maid."

"The black scoundrel," I said. "Gösta Berling all over. It ought to be put to music. Didn't he recognize you when he got you up here?"

Molly looked tearful. "Yes, he did," she said. "That's the worst part of it."

"Don't tell me he got amorous?"

"Well, he did," said Molly.

"And so you locked him in the library?"

"He's there now," she said.

I couldn't absorb any more of the lurid evidence and sat down in a chair to get my strength back.

"Please don't be a fool, Warren." Molly was hurt by my laughter.

"Give me time, Molly. I'll rescue you from this fiend. You can count on me." I stood up and tried to look forceful. "Poor Gösta! And you locked him up to repent his sins? He would try to live up to a subway advertisement."

There was a knock at the door and in came Jane Smith and Vannie. Molly was taken aback, and didn't know what to say. She was evidently afraid of what Jane would think. But Jane only laughed, and gave Molly's hand a squeeze.

"My fault, Molly," she said. "I should have guarded him better."

Molly was greatly relieved. She laughed too. "He didn't do any harm," she said. "But I had to lock him in the library."

Jane made a rueful face. "It's very disappointing, isn't it? I knew he'd bungle it. But he might at least not have let himself be locked up. Please tell me that you had a hard time locking him up."

"I'm sorry," said Molly. "It was very easy."

The three of them looked at one another as if to say that they shared a common understanding. It made me feel uncomfortable. I left them standing there talking and went to find Foresman.

He was sitting in a big armchair in the library, completely sober and very unhappy. His shiny helmet was on the floor, and he had the wolfskin pulled tightly around him, for the room was cold. In the purple light of morning he was not an heroic spectacle. He looked up at me without surprise as I opened the door and walked in.

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"Hello, Warren," he said heavily.

"Hello, Foresman. Jane is here. Come on out."

"Is she awfully upset?" he said. "I suppose she's very angry with me. I don't know what made me do it, Warren. It was a hell of a thing to do."

"You were drunk," I said.

"Yes, I was drunk. I wouldn't have done a thing like that if I'd been sober. I've ruined Molly Winter's reputation. I suppose Jane is disgusted with me."

He didn't realize how pathetic he was, or what Molly and Jane really thought, and I was glad of it. It was much better for him to think he was a hellish scoundrel.

"You pulled off a pretty raw stunt, old man," I said. "But cheer up. They'll forgive you. Women really admire a man who can do a thing like that."

He brightened up. "I suppose that's so," he said. "But just the same I feel rotten."

"Forget it," I told him. "Don't apologize too much. They'll think more of you if you don't. Swagger a bit. You know the sort of thing women like—Gösta Berling stuff. They all thought you were wonderful at the party."

"My God, Warren," he said, "I'm not Gösta Berling. I wish I'd never read the damn book. But I suppose I'll have to pretend for Jane's sake."

"That's the stuff," I said, feeling rather low myself.

Foresman put the tin helmet under his arm and we marched out. I went first, and as I entered the hall I saw Vannie and Molly Winter and Jane Smith with their heads together, very friendly. They separated when they heard us, and all became serious. Jane came forward, looking very stern.

"That was a nice thing you did," she said to Foresman severely.

Foresman could hardly be described as swaggering. "I'm sorry," he said meekly.

Molly Winter went up to him and held out her hand. "I forgive you, Foresman," she said dramatically. "After all, it was rather a compliment to be abducted that way."

He was very grateful, and they shook hands.

"I was dru——"

But Vannie interrupted before he could get it out.

"I'm the one who is really insulted," she said. "Next time you go native please don't overlook me. Wasn't I attractive enough for you to-night?" She said it with a straight face.

Foresman drank it down thirstily. "I'll do better next time, Vannie," he said with a sheepish swagger.

"Not much!" broke in Jane decisively. "You got away with it once, but don't think you can get away with it again. No more abductions, Foresman. I won't stand for it."

Foresman grinned foolishly. "All right, Jane," he said. "No more Gösta Berling." His relief at parting with his Scandinavian personality was tremendous.

"Come on home," said Jane. "I brought an overcoat for you." Foresman put on the overcoat.

"Where are you staying?" I asked Molly.

"East 50th Street," she said.

"That's out of your way, Warren," said Jane. "Molly can ride down with us."

We went down-stairs and I got a couple of taxis. Molly Winter and her abductor and her abductor's wife and her abductor's viking helmet climbed into a yellow cab and went off cosily together.

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An Unwritten Liquor Law

BY R. READER HARRIS

A young barrister defines the attitude of the average Englishman toward the drinking of alcoholic beverages.

A group of New York clubmen were asking me to define the average Englishman's attitude on the liquor question. I had told them that I was to all intents and purposes a teetotaller and that what went on in another man's mind was his own affair, and even if I knew it, it might not be a matter he would like divulged. "Yes," they said, "but you do know it. You have practised in the law courts over there, and done electioneering work for Parliamentary candidates. Tell us what the average Britisher thinks on the matter." They followed this up with more questions: "Why does one never see any one drunk in a club or restaurant? Why is it looked on as such an offense to take too much? Is it merely the idea of keeping the law?" "No," I said, "it is not that." "Well, what is it?" they said. I consented to do my best to tell them.

No one in England likes discussing his private convictions; it savors too much of a personal confession of faith. I was accordingly careful to say that I should have to speak cautiously, and begin by stating that the average man was not an authority on the statistics of the results of insobriety, and that his views were formed on roughly three grounds: his respect for tradition, the personal matter of his own health, and the purely private matter of his own conscience. His conduct in public was the expression of these views and conformed to an unwritten law.

I passed very lightly over the first ground, that of tradition, for I believe it makes a greater appeal to youth than age. Away back in my school days in France I recalled the logical-minded French boys asking me why beer was drunk with chops for breakfast at Oxford, and why port wine was drunk with walnuts at dinner. I was a very little chap and felt rather out of my depth. I told them it was tradition. And I can still see the nonplussed look of wonder in their faces, as they accepted the explanation and nodded to one another, repeating the words: "C'est l'habitude."

Beer is allowed to the upper-form boys at most of the big public schools. They probably have little taste for it, but enjoy telling the smaller fry: "If beer was good enough for Richard the First it's good enough for me." An indefinable halo circles the heads of the romantic figures of the past. It is not possible (especially for a schoolboy who is always hungry) to dissociate ideas of Doctor Johnson from that corner seat at the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, with an enormous dish and his favorite bottle of wine in front of him.

On attaining "man's estate" much of the glorious tradition of hard drinking is shattered. A further and closer study of those romantic figures has dis-

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closed the inconveniences they suffered from intemperance and the brevity of their lives; and I would be inclined to think that the average man treats those records rather as a warning than an example. His immediate concern is with present conditions and his own health. He is aware of a natural (possibly a universal) craving for stimulants, which from time to time in individual cases are taken to excess. Excessive indulgence in non-alcoholic stimulants such as tea and coffee merely impairs the health of the individual, and he notes the effect on his elderly female relatives. It is no menace to society. Drunkenness is an offense against the state. It brings in its train a mass of evils only too well known: crime, cruelty, poverty, lunacy. Prevention would accordingly seem better than cure, and prevention entails a restriction of his personal liberty.

Lord Grey of Fallodon has recently stated that there are two essential principles ingrained in an ordinary Englishman: first, that of personal liberty; second, that of maintaining law and order. At first sight they appear antagonistic to each other; in practice they support one another. How much liberty must he forego to prevent drunkenness? Does it necessitate the abolition of the use of all alcoholic stimulants? Remember that he is not precise and logical-minded like a Frenchman, nor could he carry the problem to unfathomable depths like a German. The only way he and his forefathers have arrived at conclusions is by trial; the very trial that has founded tradition. Confined to the question of health, his attitude toward liquor is largely determined by personal experience—that in small quantities it promotes both sociability and digestion, and in large quantities the very reverse. But as the consumption of large quantities has so often wrecked homes and lives he has realized that even a limited indulgence needs the backing of moral authority.

It is not an easy matter to portray a national conscience. An ordinary Englishman would not intentionally and habitually do what he knew to be either wrong or harmful. The influence of the Sunday-school dictates, often unconsciously, his views. The authority which has been sought for the temperate use of alcohol is undoubtedly that of Holy Writ. Warning passages have been read: the story of Noah, the proverbs of Solomon, and the words of Our Lord: "Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares" (Luke 21:34). But the practice of wine-drinking is not found to be forbidden; far from it. Other passages authorize its legitimate use; the first miracle at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee of turning water into wine; the sacrament of the Last Supper; and Saint Paul's advice in his letter to Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake" are definite proofs that the moderate consumption of wine is within the Divine order of life.

One other objection to temperate drinking has presented itself and made a particularly powerful appeal, since the very proofs of the Christian religion are the lives of the saints. Without any doubt the average man is confronted with the problem of determining what justification there is for many of the greatest social workers, such as the late General Booth, deprecating the practice of taking any kind of alcoholic stimulants.

It may appear irrelevant, but in Eng-

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land, where the Salvation Army has gained universal respect by the unselfish devotion of its members to the cause of the poor, the sick, and prisoners, the influence of their teaching has to some degree reached every one in the land. Again, it is not particularly easy to state concisely the popular attitude. But I believe that it is generally recognized that these social workers do a great work reclaiming the tragic figures who have given way to over-indulgence, and that were they to countenance even moderate drinking it would undo their work in the majority of cases. They hold alcohol an evil, and wish to abstain from every appearance of it. Nevertheless, I believe the moral attitude of the average man to the liquor question is summarized in the Pauline precept, "Be temperate in all things"; and so long as he maintains these convictions the law can never be changed.

But though these be his moral convictions, his actual behavior is dictated by a special code. It has nothing to do with keeping the law, for he made the law himself and has every inclination to keep it. In any case, he made the law for evil-doers—not for honest men. His behavior in public is the practice of a popular cult peculiar to England which I can only describe as class-worship. "Snobbery," you will say. No, it is not snobbery, for snobbery is assuming the airs and deportment of another person. No assumption can be charged against him. The social code to which he is conforming debars a man from doing anything conspicuous or doing anything offensive to the company present, under pain of losing class. It is quite as much if not more observed by the class of the average man than by what is known as the upper class; for at heart, though willing to respect others, he is jealous of the respect which he considers due to himself.

In my travels I have met men who out of England were making a practice of drinking to excess, but who habitually observed the social code when at home. When I have asked them the reason they have told me there was little to occupy them abroad, but that life at home leaves no time on their hands unoccupied. This is not the real reason, for I have seen them leading busier lives abroad than in London. They conform because otherwise they would lose class —that is, they would lose the respect of their fellows, which in England is considered a great thing to retain.

The prevalence of this social code is easier to criticise on the grounds of hypocrisy. It is possible that the critics are right. But its general practice is a distinct deterrent to excessive drinking by the younger members of the community, and although there are many drunkards in England they are largely to be found among decidedly aged men.

The greatest intangible value of this unwritten law is that it has made drunkenness unfashionable and unpopular—and at the same time has standardized a public attitude toward temperate drinking; and it may well be asked how this has come about.

No popular surprise is expressed that the social law is unwritten. None of the civil or criminal laws enforceable by the law courts are set out in a code. Great Britain has no written constitution similar to that of the United States nor any collected category of laws comparable to the ancient Roman Institutes of the Emperor Justinian, or the present French "Code Napoléon." In spite of this, the laws are supposed to be known by every one, and it is no defense in an English Court to plead ignorance of the

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law. Accordingly, it is well understood that ignorance of an unwritten social law is no defense to its breach.

A sidelight on the early importance that must have been given to social deportment is seen from the selection in 1387, by Bishop William of Wykeham, of the words "Manners makyth man" as his inscription on the escutcheons of the Colleges at Winchester and Oxford which he founded. The earliest civil law in England is still known by its original title—"the common law," which signified the common custom of the land. If the common custom was held to work an injustice, the matter went before a court of equity. Similarly, social regulations were matters of custom, and Courts of Honor were held to which the parties were considered honor-bound to uphold the awards of the court. To-day Courts of Honor, though convened in extreme cases by naval and military messes, are popularly looked on as relics of the past. But their influence still survives and makes it customary for a man to expect to pay a penalty if he should become intoxicated in places and on occasions which create a public offense. The penalties are more severe on youth than on age. The charge against young people of having been brought up badly is akin to not having been brought up at all, or as it is commonly described, having been "dragged up," and their behavior can reflect considerable discredit on their parents, whatever the social standing of the family.

Throughout the conversation I had referred entirely to the average Englishman. The working classes are to-day suffering severely from unemployment. Recent figures show that drunkenness was far more prevalent during the past year in districts where unemployment was greatest. Efforts are now being made to move the unemployed communities to localities where employment can be found for them. And there is every reason to think that they will then become as sober as those now at work. Indeed, better social conditions bring with them a better social sense of order; and should prosperous times come to the working classes, and England be again to them "Merrie England," no class will more jealously guard the benefits of their bettered position or make a greater effort to teach their children to do them credit.

One of the group of friends with whom I was talking—a surgeon who was in charge of a war hospital at the Front—turned to me and said: "I can confirm what you say, as since retiring I have spent two years in London and have never seen any one the worse for liquor in any hotel or golf-club. But tell me if you don't think this is partly due to climatic conditions? Do you know that over there the atmosphere is considerably less rarefied than here?" I could only reply that I was no judge of atmospheric effects. I supposed it possible that temperate climates have a tendency to produce temperate habits. But I concluded by suggesting that one reason for the fact, that when the cork is pulled out of a bottle in England it is not considered fitting to necessarily finish the bottle at a sitting, is partly one of absence of rarity—though not of the atmosphere. I ventured this only as an opinion; for Terence wrote "Quot homines tot sententiae"—as many men, so many opinions.

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Chinese Night

BY HARRIET WELLES

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

On Tuesday morning—just before he left to go to the assistance of a junior representative of his company some miles farther up the Yangtsze River—Jim Carson took his revolver from a lower drawer and carried it into the living-room, where his wife was dusting the things too valuable to be intrusted to the house-boy. Carson's voice was quiet as he explained the mechanism of the loaded weapon, then laid it down upon the mantel-shelf.

"While I know it's the usual custom for a man, in one of these remote up-river places, to give his wife a revolver and explain to her just why she must use it to prevent herself from falling into the hands of an anti-foreign Chinese mob, I've always considered such talk melodramatic. I've never before felt that I faced the necessity for it until these Russo-Chinese ructions. But yesterday"—he hesitated a second—"I saw the bodies of two women hanging in the city gate. They were—horribly mutilated——"

Mary Carson, absorbed in the rearrangement of a group of tomb jades, commented: "I'm glad to have the revolver, although, of course, I shall not need it." Worriedly she questioned: "Would a mob steal or destroy my things? I'd hate that!"

He answered gravely: "If the great battle now being fought above here proves decisive the retreating force, to avoid crossing the Yangtsze, would come this way. None of the soldiers on either side has been paid in months; they would have no compunction about wholesale looting and killing in every city and village through which they pass. And the soldiers will be only a small part of the danger; in the resulting chaos criminals and, worst of all, the unspeakably diseased human derelicts will seize upon such an opportunity to assert themselves."

"Are you trying to frighten *me?* I've lived in China eighteen years and haven't yet seen any of your derelicts!"

"You wouldn't. I've often told you that, having given your time to the study and collection of Chinese antiques, you know nothing of the people or the country." Very seriously he added: "If it wasn't for that tiny Jenson baby, I wouldn't leave you now."

She paused in her placing of the turquoise-incrusted bronzes on the mantel to smile at him. "When all this uproar is over how would we feel if anything had happened to that forlorn delicate mite? Besides, this house is well out of the city. I speak some Chinese, have the servants to depend upon, and, in case of *serious* trouble, an American gunboat from the Yangtsze patrol would rescue me."

"I'm not so sure of that when there are numbers of Americans from inland flocking to the river ports below us."

Mrs. Carson was dusting a small Chinese painting; she waited to finish before she asked: "When will you get back?"

"Probably by to-morrow noon; *certainly* by dinner-time. The launch is

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fast, and the Jensons will step briskly when I've said the few words I'm planning to them."

"Shame on you, Jim!" laughed Mary Carson. She followed him out to the hall and waited there while he went into the kitchen to speak to the servants. But by the time he returned all thoughts of his going were swept from her mind. The outer doorway framed a ragged coolie carrying a carved jade bowl of such superlative color and workmanship that the sight of it made Mrs. Carson catch her breath. She was turning it in hands that trembled when her husband came back into the hall, put on the overcoat held by the house-boy, and indicated his suitcase: "Carry that down to the launch, Ong."

"Look, Jim!"

He came over to her, saw the bowl, examined the carving and the color. "Superb!" he said. "Any one who knows China would only need to glance once at that to see vermilion-lacquered temples vivid against bitter, blue-white snow; gnarled blossoming pear-trees bordering roads sunken deep by the traffic of centuries; massed hollyhocks against the lacelike carvings of marble benches and balustrades; camel-trains shuffling along through clouds of golden dust; gray bamboo thickets above silvery waterfalls; curving roof-poles with wind-bells, chiming; wild geese etched across the moon."

"He's asking only eight dollars!"

Jim Carson glanced at her flushed cheeks and eager eyes. "But, Mary, you must realize where that bowl came from! The Liangs! They've the only palace within miles where such a thing would be used."

She nodded.

"Did it occur to you what must have happened to the princess and her family, when that bowl could be offered for sale at such a price by a coolie?"

"Looting——?"

"Murder first," he supplemented, and turned away. "I must hurry—so as to get back quickly!" commented Jim Carson worriedly. "Good-by, Mary! Don't buy the bowl. You'd never look at it without remembering that charming gentle Princess Liang."

. . . Afterward Mary Carson could not recall whether she answered his farewell. The launch had hardly left the dock when, concluding her bargaining with the coolie, she set the jade bowl down upon a cabinet in the living-room.

"I had nothing to do with the looting! And it's immensely interesting and valuable," she justified herself.

That was on Tuesday morning. Now, on Saturday afternoon, Jim had neither returned nor sent a message. At noon on Friday the trembling house-boy informed Mrs. Carson that General Sun-Chaun-fang's army, in full retreat, had entered the city and were looting the Liang's palace, the pawn-shops, stores, and houses.

Unfounded rumors, idle gossip, Mary Carson decided.

But there was about this strange dragging Saturday a growing unreality. All of her little world had gone silent. Trying to use the telephone to speak with Jim's compradore in the city, she came up against a blank wall. A coolie, despatched with a note to the same man, never returned; his wife, the sewing-woman, going fearfully in search of him, also vanished. And now, muffled by distance, a curious uproar was coming from the teeming streets, usurping the customary booming of temple-bells, the clatter of ceremonial gongs, the cries of

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venders. Stranger still, all traffic had disappeared from the river; neither rafts, steamers, nor bat-winged cargo-junks had passed for hours.

Luncheon was a difficult meal. Mrs. Carson was increasingly aware of the house-boy's guarded scrutiny, and of the cook's black unwinking eyes regarding her every motion through the crack of the pantry door. Orientals were like that, she pondered uneasily; no matter how long they were with you you never understood them.

Well, the longest day comes to an end. Now, as tea-time was near, Mary Carson laid down her book and, relaxing, glanced for reassurance about the familiar living-room. On cabinets, tables, and mantel were the treasures which, during the years while Jim was going about the company's business in many far-flung places, she had painstakingly acquired. They were her insurance against misfortune. Offered for sale, there would be almost no limit to what they would bring from collectors—and the jade bowl, although modern, was a lovely finish. Which piece, she wondered idly, would be considered the most desirable? The small stone carving of a goddess dug up from an imperial grave-mound? She had once questioned Jim as to its probable value.

This side of the question did not interest him. "That same goddess is carved upon the walls of a temple the archæologists excavated in Cochin-China—just beyond where those fruit-company people were starting a banana-plantation. Ever see them do that? An army of natives goes through the jungle sticking little pieces of banana-stalk into the ground as nearly as possible in rows. Then they cut down all the trees and when, under the hot sun, these are dry they set fire to them. The resulting wood-ash is a wonderful fertilizer for the new banana sprouts."

Jim paused to laugh. "I was going over your goddess's temple on the day when the fruit-company's men were burning off the underbrush—and you should have seen the archæologists and me get out of harm's way! Ahead of that fire a multitude of snakes were racing out of the jungle, and some of them were so enormous that they held their heads three or four feet off the ground and went at express-train speed!—I never look at your serene, aloof, pensive goddess without wondering if, during all the centuries of fantastic rites she has watched, she ever saw a stranger sight than that advance-guard to the march of progress."

Mary Carson smiled, remembering — But the pair of bronze incense-burners, studded with rough turquoise, were probably the most valuable—she had bought them from a young priest during a rice-riot in a village near the Thibetan border.

Complacently her glance went from the incense-burners to the little painting by Li Lung Mien, and came to rest on the carved jade bowl. *"Lovely!"* she decided; then wondered, with a strange new discomfort, if Jim had been right in his surmises about the Liangs.

Under ordinary circumstances the Carsons could never have known Princess Liang. But the exalted lady, desiring to instruct her children in English —and needing to refresh her knowledge of that language—inquired through Jim's Chinese compradore whether the United States Excellencies could tell her of some one who would come to the palace and read English with the princess. Mary Carson's cheeks flushed with excitement when Jim repeated the inquiry. "I'd *love* to go!" she exclaimed.

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"I'll never again get a chance to see the inside of such a magnificent old palace, and their paintings and bronzes."

Jim agreed. "There's a family, living the ancient patriarchal life: the old prince, his sons and their chief and secondary wives, and the many children in those hundreds of rooms! People who, for centuries, have remained aloof in a position of unchallenged superiority."

Frowning, Mrs. Carson realized that she had never considered this viewpoint. Beyond an intense interest in the treasures in the palace, she had learned little during her months of contact with the family.

Suddenly rousing herself from her profitless musings she was conscious that the room was growing dark and cold. She rang the bell for the house-boy. With hot tea, with lights, with a bright fire in the grate, she could ward off the sense of foreboding which seemed hovering near.

The house-boy did not answer the bell and Mrs. Carson rang again; longer this time. Still the house-boy did not come. Irritated, Mary Carson went out through the main hall into the wing and opened the kitchen door. The room was so silent that, at first, she thought it empty, and turned away. A faint movement stopped her; her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom she saw that her young maid crouched in the narrow space between the cook-stove and the wall.

"I rang—didn't you hear me? Where is the cook? Where is the house-boy?"

The amah whispered: "Gone."

In Chinese her mistress demanded: "Gone where? It's tea-time! And why are you hiding behind the stove?"

"Gone to the city—to secrete themselves in the houses of relatives." The amah's voice broke into a sob: "Man came and say that any Chinese found working for foreigner will be tortured and killed."

"Why didn't you go too, Ah-ne?"

"I started, Excellency—although I know how fares any woman the soldiers capture"—her voice dwindled to a thin whisper—*"but swiftly I returned——"*

"You didn't want to leave me alone?"

"I did not think of you, Excellency. Foreigners are rich and powerful; always they quickly avenge themselves. But we Chinese-of-the-poor are without redress. Of course if the master had been here—but the master is not here——"

"Why did you return?" commenced Mrs. Carson. Behind her came a sharp tap. Following the amah's terrified glance she turned. The narrow windows opened on the side of the house which continued the high garden wall, bordering on a narrow path to the river. As Mary Carson looked, the centre pane framed a man's face, hideously ulcerated, discolored, and disfigured. A leering face, hardly human.

Mrs. Carson fought back a feeling of engulfing faintness. "Who—*what?*" she whispered.

"The unspeakable unclean ones from the mat huts beyond the city."

"Lepers?" Mrs. Carson gasped. "How many?"

"Three I saw, before I fled back."

"Can they break through the gate?"

"Yes. But not until they are sure we are alone."

"Could we offer them money? Or some of my valuable Chinese things in the living-room?"

"To try to bribe them would be an admission of our helplessness." Ah-ne shivered. "They want neither money

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nor loot. My mother has told me of them during other uprisings. And we are two women—alone—" She broke off sharply and stifled a scream. One of the lepers, pressing his leering face close to the glass, tapped more insistently.

Mary Carson mastered a feeling of nausea, and whispered: "It's just a ghastly dream! Nothing so hideous *can* be real!" The room was very still. Then, more boldly, the leper pounded with his fist. Mrs. Carson roused herself to action. "If we stay here they'll soon realize that we *are* alone. Fix some bread and butter and cut some cake while I fill the hot-water kettle." Lifting her voice as though speaking to some one in a farther room she called in Chinese: "Tea will be ready in a minute!" To the trembling Ah-ne she whispered: "Come into the living-room. From there we can see the river and watch for the master's launch."

Ah-ne obeyed mechanically. But in the living-room she made a comment: "To-day we heard of much fighting around the house of Mr. Jenson."

"Who told you that?"

"Chinese sailor, whose junk was near there."

"What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing, Excellency."

Mrs. Carson forced herself to drink some tea; then leaned back in her chair. The tumult in the city had dropped with nightfall to an occasional outburst of shooting, but in this house near the river the silence seemed closing down and growing until it was almost visible, louder than sound, sinister past any imagining. It got on Mrs. Carson's nerves. "I'll put a record on the phonograph." She took up and adjusted the nearest disk and started the machine. A sprinkling of notes preceded a clear voice:

"Goin' home, goin' home,
I'm agoin' home!
Quiet like, some still day,
I'm agoin' home.
It's not far, just near by
Through an open door——"

Ah-ne screamed shrilly: *"Excellency!"*

Mary Carson wheeled around. Skulking figures were in the passage. For a dreadful second it seemed to her that her knees would refuse to hold her, then her frenzied glance fell upon the revolver still lying on the mantel-shelf where Jim had placed it. Breathlessly she dashed across the room and grasped it. Behind her the phonograph went on, the appealing voice finished upon a lovely note. For a moment the only sound in the room was the rasping grind of the needle against the record. Then the lepers, gathering courage, stepped into the doorway, hideous figures in filthy tatters, their faces horribly revealed, their sore, inflamed eyes blinking.

Ah-ne retreated to the French window opening upon the porch and the river-bank; the lepers barred their only other exit. Realizing this, Mary Carson suddenly succumbed to unreasoning panic. *"Go!"* she shrieked in Chinese. *"Go far!"* and fired the revolver.

They went. Above the mechanical grinding of the phonograph came back the sound of their fleeing feet and inarticulate cries of terror; a crash as the bars on the garden-gate were flung down and the gate slammed back.

Mrs. Carson, trembling, switched off the phonograph and sat down. Ah-ne, still standing, looked across the haze of smoke and plaster dust, then down at the revolver: *"Empty?*—and you killed no one?"

"I didn't want to kill any one!—

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What would we have done with a dead leper?—I only wanted to frighten them!"

"One shot would have done that! What will you do if the lepers return or the soldiers come?— The master meant the revolver to be used upon your own need, Excellency."

Mrs. Carson could not answer.

Ah-ne went out to the kitchen. In a few moments she returned. "Excellency, I go now. My husband lies sick at the home of his mother. Best you should bar the garden-gate behind me."

"You're going to leave me *alone,* Ah-ne?"

"Yes, Excellency. You have said the master will arrive. My husband needs me. Except that I earn the only money we get, I should not have left him."

"Your husband's mother will care for him." Mrs. Carson tried to steady her voice. "*I* am alone."

The amah's eyes were bright with tears. "All, at the home of my husband's mother, are sick with plague. In the house is no food." There was no doubting the bleak hopelessness of her words.

Mrs. Carson roused herself. "Get a basket and take all the food you can carry. God grant that you reach home safely. I'll take the lantern and go as far as the gate with you."

. . . Back in the living-room, with Ah-ne gone, Mary Carson tried to put a barrage of action between herself and her thoughts, spending some moments on the selection of Carlyle's essays from among the books; putting away records, closing the phonograph, going to the window to peer riverward. The Chinese night had closed in, no tiniest star or point of light showed. Mrs. Carson turned back and sat down. In the grate the coal-fire was burning out; the room was so still that the falling together of ashes made a perceptible sound. A floorboard creaked, a chair snapped. With nerves tense Mrs. Carson found herself on the verge of hysterical crying; picking up her book she commenced to read aloud, imposing her faltering voice as a barrier against the sinister silence or threatening sounds:

" 'In these days that are passing over us,' " quavered Mary Carson, " 'even fools are arrested to ask the meaning of them; few of the generations of men have seen more impressive days. Days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded— It is not a small hope that will suffice us, the ruin being clearly—universal. There must be a new world if there is to be a world at all. The human beings—can never return to their old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadfastness or continuance therein—this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal rebirth, if the ruin is not to be total or final. It is a time to make the dullest man consider whence he came and whither he is bound. A veritable New Era to the foolish as well as to the wise——' "

She paused suddenly. From somewhere up-stairs came the sound of a door moving slowly upon protesting hinges, stopping, starting again, as though pushed by a cautious hand, then slamming shut. Mary Carson was trembling before the final crash almost startled her into screaming. But no sound or movement followed to betray a lurking presence and, after holding her breath, she relaxed once more. A window had been left open, she decided, noticing the increasing coldness. Finding herself growing chilly, and reassured by the continuing silence, she tiptoed into the hall, took down a coat, and put it on. Back

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in her chair, she leaned forward rigidly. *It was so very quiet.* Almost it seemed that the house was holding its breath—until a shutter slammed; it sounded like a pistol-shot in the uncanny stillness; Mary Carson felt weak from the shock of the noise. Curiously, too, this room she so loved, into which she had gathered those treasures the acquiring of which had been her dominant interest for years, assumed an alien menacing look. Such value as they had, had been supplied by Jim—Jim, who cared less than nothing for what he described as *things.*

Outside a fitful wind was rising. It commenced stealthily; then swiftly increased. Somewhere—unnoticed in the daily noises—a tree-branch rasped against the house; to and fro, back and forth—with a muffled whispering, a monotonous nagging reiteration. Angrily Mrs. Carson decided: "I'll have that tree cut back *to-morrow!*" Then caught herself. *To-morrow:* a meaningless combination of sounds, that word. She commenced to cry. If *only* Jim *would* come! It was cruel of him to leave her to face such conditions alone! He must realize how terrifying it was——

Somewhere nearer there arose a sudden confused uproar of shouting and shooting. Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet and reached for the empty revolver. Why—*oh, why*—had she wasted those unnecessary shots? *Now* she was defenseless, exposed to whatever might be meted out to her. Unless there were more bullets in the desk-drawer. But could she reload the revolver? And loaded, would she have the courage to use it? In an engulfing wave of desolation she wondered if God minded people arriving, uninvited, at his heaven. Did he, in pouring out your draught of life, expect you to drink it down to the last bitter drop?—reserving to himself the punishment of those responsible for your anguish, your sudden going—but demanding of you neither evasion nor shrinking. A stern Father, requiring obedience—"And shall I be inquired of by you?— As I live, saith the Lord God, *I will not be inquired of by you* —" Austere words, favorites of Jim's, read for the high quality of their message in the days when blossoming plants graced the celadon bowls and a fire glowed in the polished grate. Different sounding now, when courage was something more than a brave word; and Jim was gone— *Was he gone?*

Mrs. Carson slipped from the chair; kneeling, she buried her face in her hands. "Dear God," she prayed, "don't let Jim be so far ahead of me that I can't catch up with him—*help me*—that no matter what happens—*before I get away*—Jim, looking back—won't be ashamed of me—" Kneeling there, she noticed that the turmoil had ceased. Lulled by a new sense of comfort she dozed; wakened with a jump; dozed, and wakened again. When she arose she was stiff and numb. Dully she wondered if this Chinese night would never end; would go on and on forever.

The wind was blowing hard now. It whirled some chaff across the porch, rattled the windows, made a desolate moaning in the chimney. The room was very cold.

Again came the uproar of the mob. She was so tired. Almost she wished that the suspense might finish, that something definite would happen. But in a second she regretted that wish, grew rigid with fright again. Somewhere near some one was walking with cautious, muffled footsteps. *In the house?*

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Desperately she strained her ears—no, outside—coming nearer—stealthily gaining the porch. A fumbling hand slid along the wall, to the long French window, felt for the handle—very slowly turned it. Mrs. Carson's fascinated eyes were fixed upon the window. Had she fastened it? Would it open? Were the lepers returning? Or an advance-guard of the howling mob?

The door did not open. Instead, after a moment, a tap sounded on the glass. If only she had thought to put out the light! Perhaps, if she kept very still, whoever it was would go away. Vain hope! Again came the knocking accompanied by a hoarse voice. Shivering, she cowered in her chair; then, as panic again threatened to overwhelm her, she reminded herself that the time for terror was past; with only the glass of the French window between her and the person outside, whatever was imminent could not be avoided. She walked to the window and put back the curtain.

The light struck across the faded uniform of a Chinese soldier and a face curiously gray, with dull eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Mary Carson.

He stared blankly at her.

"This is a foreign house! In it are no Chinese!"

He continued to stare.

"Go away!" she commanded.

He swayed; then slipped slowly to the floor.

Mrs. Carson unfastened the window, dragged him into the room, closed and locked the window—and looked down at the limp figure. His shoddy uniform was dripping wet, faded to colorlessness except where a bright, new blood-stain was spreading in a vivid patch. He was emaciated, poor, helpless. With an effort she lifted him onto the sofa, and covered him with her coat. He cried out as she moved him, muttered a few words in an unintelligible dialect; but even to inexperienced eyes the fact that his climb up from the river had been a last effort was apparent.

"I prayed for help—then kept him waiting!" Mary Carson whispered as she refilled the hot-water kettle, made tea, and carried it to him. He swallowed a little, but shook his head over her effort to remove his wet, blood-stained coat.

Who was he? Where had he come from? What could he tell her of conditions farther up the river? She never knew. But in her attempts to make his last hours easier the interminable night passed; the first gray of dawn was in the sky when, with a little sigh, the soldier stopped breathing—the need for her efforts was over. Settling down to await the daylight, she must have dozed, for when she opened her eyes again the early sunlight was brightening the room and, for a moment, she could not remember where she was. Then as her glance rested upon the still figure on the sofa, her weary mind shrank back from the new problems of this new day.

Stiffly she straightened her aching back and stood up. Resolutely she reminded herself of her prayer; bring what the day might it must be met; she would not shrink from events before they happened. I'll keep busy: first, coffee and toast; then a grave to dig—it would not be well for a mob to find a revolver and a dead Chinese soldier on the place. After that the rooms to straighten and a fresh fire to lay in the grate. Then the meaningless, worthless valuables to pack away—not for another hour should they emphasize the

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futility of mere possession. If more of the day remained to her, other duties. But first she must look at that river on which Jim had gone away—and never returned. She turned toward where the curtain was still pulled back, stopped short, stared. For the first time her courage failed her. *This was the end.* She knew that she had gone mad. With a gesture of utter defeat she clasped her hands together and broke into frantic sobbing. At the window a face peered in—a boyish face surmounted by a small white cap set at an incredible angle. Fixedly the visitor was gazing at the revolver on the table, at the still figure on the sofa, at Mary Carson.

As the sound of her weeping reached him, the face was withdrawn; for an appalled moment the owner of it considered flight—but only for a moment. Settling his cap at a new angle he went to the brow of the river-bank and, with waving arms, commenced to signal. Then he returned to the porch. Silence followed, broken only by Mrs. Carson's uncontrolled sobbing.

Other white caps and blue uniforms appeared above the bank. The sailor on the porch lifted up his voice. Upon Mary Carson's ears there fell an unprejudiced description of how her tragic affairs looked to a casual observer:

"She's here! And I'd say the other fellow was the one to worry about!" Aggrievedly the sailor added: "Was she glad to be rescued? *She was not!* The minute she saw me she commenced to cry so loud that I was scared to tell her her husband was waitin' down aboard the gunboat! 'Fraid she might do like that dame in Brooklyn, who thought her husband's ship was lost—him with it—an' when a reporter went to cheer her with the news that her man was saved, she threw boilin' water out onto him. She stated, later, that her joy unnerved her——"

Mrs. Carson arose and stumbled to the window. Outside, a score of American bluejackets and a petty officer were coming up the lawn. The sailor on the porch turned as he heard her struggling with the catch, and spoke comfortingly: "All right now?— Fine!— This must be a weepin' country for the womenfolks; that one down on the gunboat—Jenson's her name—sure cries aplenty! She cries a whole lot more'n the baby, an' he ain't supposed to have sense yet——"

Mrs. Carson interrupted: "My husband?— Why didn't he come with you?"

"He's got a broken ankle—and lucky to get off so easy!— Hi, ma'am! where you goin'?"

She was running down the path.

The petty officer intercepted her. "Mr. Carson said you'd never leave without some antique stuff you set great store by. This house won't escape being looted another day—the miracle is that it's been let alone this long!"

Mary Carson paused to explain about the dead soldier, and to ask that a grave should be dug for him. She added a few directions and went on.

At the top of the bank where the path dipped down to the river she turned to look back at her home. By another evening the blossoming flower-beds would be trodden into the earth, the house given over to pillage. But now it stood like an accusing monument to her past mistakes, her selfish absorptions. What might she not have done for Ah-ne, working on because of bitter need, until that hideous night engulfed her? And the servants, lurking in cellars, fearing for their lives? Even for the Liangs, done to death in their great palace; or

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the soldier-representative of China's exploited, baffled millions? No one had turned to her. And yet—once her attention and interest were captured—she was kind.

More slowly Mrs. Carson went down the path. Tears were in her eyes. Fiercely she whispered: "I've finished forever with *things!* From now on I'll build my life on the intangible: sympathy, kindness, understanding—these as a thank-offering that Jim was spared. With him alive nothing else will *ever* really matter!"

The Spirit of the Game

BY H. W. WHICKER
Author of "From Prize-Ring to Professor"

HUMAN nature has not changed in the last thirteen thousand years; there is a strong possibility that it will not change in the next twenty thousand. The surface calm is broken by an occasional squall: a king toppled from a throne, a revolution, a flurry of war, a theory, a dogma, a law; but the depths are undisturbed.

And life is a game from beginning to end, from dawn to dusk: a child sobbing over a sawdust doll, a mother protecting her offspring with her life; youth plunging the line, bounding down the cinder lane, or pulling an oar for the school; maturity marching into battle for an oil-well in Mesopotamia, a coal-field in the Ruhr, a shipping-lane in the North Sea, or a rubber-plantation in the Indies. It was so upon the first day, it will be so upon the last.

Victory is the lady for whose favor we enter the lists; she is the spirit of the game, the motive with which we endure the privation of the play. And one game is not different in principle from another; its effect upon the individual soul is the same. Youth has its captain, its referee, its book of rules; maturity its generals, its judges on the bench, its laws; and there is no little dishonesty on the field in the meantime: a forbidden blow in a tangled pyramid of human flesh, sly holding in the line, a trip of the leg off tackle, and no end of *business is business* over the counter. If youth has sacrificed an occasional life or limb to the gridiron, maturity has but recently drenched the European playfield of business with the blood of nine million lives. But consideration of casualty is beside the point in any venture; Death is at every corner, at every turn of the road, in every bed at night, in the food we eat, the water we drink. Nor can the importance of material weigh in the discussion. A robust lad may play football all his life and carry as much to the tomb as the capitalist. The issue rests wholly in the playing of the game, whether it is heroic or unheroic; sportsmanlike or unsportsmanlike; dragged out half-heartedly, or pushed manfully through to a conclusion. And when the matter is reduced to this premise there is much to be said in favor of the sports and games of college youth.

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On the campus maturity holds the academic reins, and youth the athletic. It should be so; they are in their rightful fields. But if college has degenerated, as one critic observes, into a great stadium with a few academic halls around it, the fault is not with youth. If he takes his showers in a beautiful athletic pavilion erected at the cost of half a million dollars—if he plunges the line in a magnificent concrete bowl with a seating capacity of seventy thousand spectators, and costing an additional three million, he is deserving of praise for the excellence with which he has built. If maturity, on the other hand, holds its English seminars and classes in a rickety old corral erected half a century back —if it herds healthy young men and women into stuffy, poorly ventilated rooms unsightly with furniture scarred by the hands and feet of ten college generations, this is not to its credit. It is lagging in the traces; its fire and enthusiasm are gone. It will stand prodding. Down in the stadium or the pavilion it may learn a lesson from youth.

And the various actors who take leading parts on the athletic stage under the direction of the graduate-manager must be men. They are paid men's salaries for men's work. The football-coach draws down thousands to the academic instructor's hundreds, but in most cases he is worth the difference. There is, at present, not a more overpaid profession on earth than the academic or educational. In nearly thirty years of an experience with the system, ranging from my first day of school to my last before a college class, I have met but seven men who united in their individualities those qualities of manhood and that natural love of the beautiful which make the true teacher. It was worth floundering through the whole dreary mire for these contacts; I would gladly do it again. And yet, I cannot help feeling that, in this respect, I have been more fortunate than many educational adventurers, for the man is rare who may lay claim to three of such a company along the route of his pilgrimage.

The number of people who drift into college, year after year, without one quality of manhood or womanhood is amazing. In some mysterious fashion they drag through, finding the stuff suitable for their little wits not in history, not in the sciences, not in the arts, but in the *Department of Education,* where in association with their kind they are moulded like putty into herders, not teachers. And after four years they know that life is no place for them; it is a swift and terrible stream which they view with abject terror. A trout may keep his nose to such a current, but never a carp. One frightened glance, and they flounder into the grade schools, the high schools, and the colleges and universities in the same spirit with which a carp "fins" his way back to a slough off the main current.

Such an array frowns down upon the healthy American schoolboy, or schoolgirl, from kindergarten to college commencement. And a sorry lot they are: men unsexed by lack of physical exercise and the moron-making processes of study through which they have been pushed for *Normal* Certificates;* women without the physical or intellectual charm to attract mates. The whole system, as a consequence, is but a lunch-counter and sleeping accommodation for incompetence. Indeed, one may find teachers here and there, a true man or woman, but they are under the handi-

*Fifteen hours of *Education* are now required in practically all States for the Normal Certificate. Without it no one may legally teach in the public schools.

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cap of the association. They must work with instructors of English composition who never write, who could not write if they tried, and are not interested in writing—depending upon *educational method* instead of honest practice in their subject, and forcing a bright, creative mind into such a hopeless maze of theory that his natural liking gives way to disgust, or prodding him so unmercifully with authority not founded on fact that he instinctively revolts at the punishment by sleeping through class, cutting, bluffing, and resorting to any expedient which will enable him to slip by the requirement and have done with the wretched business.

But there is a different spirit in the gymnasium or stadium: no sleeping there, no bluffing, no cutting. My coaches, in this physical field, were without exception physical men, and in most cases far and away more intellectual than the general run of my academic instructors. They were men broad of shoulder, thick of neck, deep of chest, hot of blood, quick to wrath, and fair; no stooped shoulders here, no narrow-chested products of tepid milk and regulated temperature. They were also practical masters of their subjects: my football-coach first made his name on the gridiron, not by thesis, or *Doctor's* examination, but by a line plunge, an end run, or a man's job in the line, before he could demand consideration from youth's *graduate-manager;* my basketball-coach was competent, on the strength of past performances on the playing-court, to deliver the goods; my wrestling-coach was a battered, cauliflowered veteran of five hundred mat battles; my baseball-coach was a pitcher in the big leagues until old age made him a free agent.

Under such circumstances there is some excuse for the manly lad who shirks the academic hall for the playing-field. There is heroism in John Milton, Charles Lamb, and Edgar Allan Poe; in Schubert, Beethoven, and Handel; in Raphael, Turner, and Inness, but in nine cases out of ten the student's instructors unpractised in these arts, though frequently much-studied, are as dark shadows thrown across bright and beautiful scenes. On the gridiron, quite the reverse, he is directly in the company of sportsmen and heroes of a physical world, but sportsmen and heroes nevertheless.

On the surface, judged purely from the physical, his feats are but folly: a maddened bull will plough his way through the strongest line ever developed by the craftiest coach in America; he will accomplish this without the aid of *interference;* and he will do it more effectively than Thorpe, Coy, Grange, or any other football celebrity of either past or present; the world's champion sprinter runs the hundred-yard dash in nine and five-tenths seconds; a mongrel dog of any breed combination from Irish setter to Russian wolfhound will negotiate the same distance well under seven seconds. Then why make heroes of men for pigmy labors in fields in which untrained animals are easily their superiors?

And to see him pulling at an oar in a flashing cedar shell is to look upon more folly. Any good outboard motor will drive it four miles in half the time; it has no possibilities in the transportation of the world's material. After the first two miles his body revolts at every stroke; he is exhausted; ten years of his life are doubtless sacrificed to the last two miles. Why not drop the oar and ride in on the failing power of seven other men? Why not lie down on the

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turf when the body is so bruised and battered that the least move is agony? Why not quit in the last two hundred yards of the half-mile race? An animal would, but never a man!

And in this thing which lifts man out of the realm of the animal, we find the sportsmanship and heroism of the game. An honest lad toils four long years on the end of an unwieldy oar. To drive a cedar shell over four miles of water? Never! He is preying upon his kind; he is winning his seat in that shell from a man; he will defend it as a man. Here in this conquest he receives a training in something far more of the spirit than of the body. Inferior at first, he watches another man stroke with his oar: he swallows his disappointment, disciplines away his envy, and respects himself. He co-operates with better physical men until he is their equal, or their superior, and then with good grace, with chin up and eye flashing fire, he takes his place among them. He is a man. He has lived as a man, fought as a man; he has eaten moderately, smoked moderately, composed himself, his whole being attuned to a decent self-discipline imposed upon him by his own man-spirit. In the meantime he has been allied with a cause, on a common ground with other men, fighting for victory, his soul aflame with a sense of duty to his fellow beings. Oh, it's a little thing, to be sure, this pulling an oar, this plunging a line, this dash down the cinder lanes, but in the greater sense it brings within its scope every worthy principle involved in any game. It is not material, or the physical, that counts here, but fidelity to that which the laws and traditions of the game have made duty, the thing which keeps a man pulling at his oar, or plunging the line; the thing which sends a man to the stake for a dogma or a creed, or charging *over the top* for his country, or gives him honor even as a thief among thieves. It is his one excuse for being, his one title to the claim of nobility. And if these college games offer even a little training in this, they deserve all their pavilions and stadiums, and all that it costs to maintain them.

Education in the true sense, not the professional, is at best but a training in adjustment, an adjustment which will enable a man to meet his problems with life intelligently and honorably. The medium may be but an oar, or a pigskin, but it is adjustment nevertheless. It is doubtful if he can get this practical exercise of his nature in English, in science, in history, and the arts, at least while the blight of professional pedagogy is upon them; it belongs to games. And in these, if he has it in him, he may rise above the herd, for the coach is a thresherman who has learned by long practice to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to recognize the one from the other—something as yet beyond the academic administrators.

These sports and games, in the final analysis, are the challenge of a vigorous and enthusiastic youth to a faltering, overcautious maturity. The student must dabble for credit in the academic: a bit of English, history, science, and art, and in the end do nothing well; but out on the field he must push what he does through to a conclusion under a practical master in a profession which places a premium upon excellence at the expense of mediocrity. There are many objections to this system—this is the nature of all human institutions—but there are also many compensations from which maturity may learn, if it will, much, and not the least of these is the spirit of the game.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"THE Early Life of Thomas Hardy" seems to me very close to what an ideal biography should be. The biographer keeps herself hidden, like the author of a play progressing on the stage; we watch the growth and development of Hardy's mind and character, and wherever it is possible—and it very often is—we have his own words, in letters, journals, and memoranda. If ever a first volume whetted one's curiosity for a second, this does; we are taken here from 1840 to 1891, to the publication of his most famous novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Hardy lived to be eighty-seven, in perfect command of his physical and mental faculties up to the very end; his sight and hearing were acute, his mind was not only powerful but nimble and alert; and he walked out on the countryside with the vigor and relish of youth. He attained fame comparatively early in life, and, unlike many old men who survive their reputation, his grew steadily in breadth and depth until on the day of his death he stood higher in general estimation than ever before. And not only did he enjoy universal homage, he was intensely beloved by a wide circle of friends. He had

> "that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

What he did not have was *boyhood*. Exactly the opposite of Peter Pan, who never grew up, Hardy was born old; grave, thoughtful, silent, shy, studious, his childish brow was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. He was full of sympathy and tenderness, but never jovial. He had the literary, not the rhetorical, temperament.

He never overcame his constitutional shyness. He was actually more at home with animals and with the forces of nature than with men and women. He was extremely grateful for friendship and understanding, but human society was not necessary to his well-being. What are the great scenes in his novels? They are not scenes of congenial companionship, like those in "The Three Musketeers," or "Pickwick Papers." They are Gabriel Oak in the vast silence of the winter night, telling time by the stars; Giles Winterborne, almost as impersonal as an autumn leaf; and Egdon Heath, which seemed at twilight to awake and listen.

Mr. Howells, in his published recollections of his friend Mark Twain, spoke with almost feminine appreciation of the fact that Mark "never put his hands on you." There seemed to Mr. Howells something repulsive in the affectionate arm around the shoulder; or the friendly touch in greeting. Now Mr. Howells was one of the kindest, most generous, most appreciative of men; but there was in him a certain refinement that gave him an unconquerable shyness. Sir James Barrie, who knew Hardy better than any other man, says that to the best of his belief no man ever laid a hand on him. This shrinking

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from contact seems entirely a matter of physical shyness; it has nothing to do with mentality or with intellectual austerity. Henry James certainly had an austere and fastidious mind. But the very first time I saw him he put his arm affectionately around my shoulder; and the last time I saw Joseph Conrad he embraced me at parting.

Hardy *conscientiously* looked on the dark side of life. He felt it was wrong to be merry in a world so full of suffering. No decent person would roar with laughter at a funeral; and Hardy evidently felt that at any other time laughter was equally incongruous. Here is an extract from his diary written before he was forty:

> A man would never laugh were he not to forget his situation, or were he not one who never has learnt it. After risibility from comedy, how often does the thoughtful mind reproach itself for forgetting the truth? Laughter always means blindness—either from defect, choice, or accident.

That word *reproach* is significant; yet the man who wrote it produced scenes of humor in his novels that arouse irrepressible laughter.

As the true novelist is an impersonal and omnipresent spirit, not only sharing all the experiences of his characters but reading all their thoughts, so there was something ghostly about Hardy's participation in life, of which he was well aware.

> For my part, if there is any way of getting a melancholy satisfaction out of life it lies in dying, so to speak, before one is out of the flesh; by which I mean putting on the manners of ghosts, wandering in their haunts, and taking their views of surrounding things. To think of life as passing away is a sadness; to think of it as past is at least tolerable. Hence even when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a spectre not solid enough to influence my environment; only fit to behold and say, as another spectre said: "Peace be unto you!"

For my part, I believe that Hardy was a much happier man than professional humorists. He took a deep satisfaction in the communion of his own mind with nature; in the exercise of his creative powers; in the immense number of interesting ideas that flooded his mind; in the love and peace and serenity of his home. And, as human nature is made up of paradoxes, I believe the profound seriousness with which he regarded life was to him a source of happiness; remember that Mr. Aldrich said, in his story of a boy, that as he looked back on his childhood he is sure that the happiest time was during the period that he regarded himself as a blighted being. On the other hand, the professional fun-makers are often horribly unhappy. A caller on Josh Billings was told that he was preparing copy for the press and could not at that moment be seen. "Furthermore, he is crying." "What's he crying about?" "Oh, nothing; he cries most of the time." And at that moment a small boy brought out from Billings's room the copy for the printer; it had a side-splitting joke, and was wet with tears.

Apart from the revelation of Hardy's mind, the biography is full of good anecdotes about his famous contemporaries—Browning, Trollope, Stevenson, and many others. One reads also with intense interest of the long and serious illness of 1881, when he was composing "A Laodicean." In 1900 Hardy himself told me that novel contained more of the facts of his life than any other, and that its uniqueness of style was partly because he dictated it when he believed himself to be dying.

There are biographies and autobiographies which lessen one's opinion of

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the hero. In this instance, while Mrs. Hardy has made not the slightest attempt to magnify his genius and character—the outstanding fault of the Tennyson memoir—one closes this book with the belief that Hardy was a truly great writer and that his works in verse and prose proceeded from a great mind.

As if to illustrate and emphasize this, synchronously with the publication of the "Life" comes the last volume of poems, "Winter Words." He had expected to issue this on his eighty-eighth birthday. The introductory note begins: "So far as I am aware, I happen to be the only English poet who has brought out a new volume of his verse on his . . . birthday." He goes on to protest against the verdict of many reviewers of his preceding volume, because they said it was gloomy and pessimistic; he thinks they could not have read it. "My sense of the oddity of this verdict may be imagined when, in selecting them, I had been, as I thought, rather too liberal in admitting flippant, not to say farcical, pieces into the collection." Well, all things are relative, and what would seem light and gay to Hardy might seem serious enough to another mind. Years ago, when Rostand and Maeterlinck published simultaneously, one critic remarked: "Death in Rostand is far more cheerful than life in Maeterlinck."

It has always seemed amazing to me that, in view of the fact that no English writer of modern times received more praise than Hardy, he should have been so sensitive to the comparatively small amount of adverse criticism. If one did not know the facts, one might easily believe from reading Hardy's prefaces that he was a much maligned and misunderstood man, struggling in vain for recognition.

I read "Winter Words" through at a sitting; not because it did not arouse constant material for reflection, but because it is so continuously interesting that I simply had to read on. There is not a single page that betrays the least sign of failing powers.

PROUD SONGSTERS

"The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand new birds of twelve-months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain."

One of the most affecting poems is in memory of his dog Wessex, who lies in a grave in the grounds at Max Gate with a tombstone designed by his master. There is also a short ironical comment on civilization, written for Christmas 1924.

" 'Peace upon earth!' was said. We sing it,
And pay a million priests to bring it.
After two thousand years of mass
We've got as far as poison-gas."

At a dinner given last summer in London by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan—Mr. Morgan is the dramatic critic of the London *Times* and his wife (Diana Vaughan) is a novelist—I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brett Young, who are now in America. The first novel I read by Mr. Young was "The Crescent Moon," a story that showed great promise. This promise has been more than fulfilled. His latest novel, "My Brother Jonathan," is not only by

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far the best thing he has written; it is one of the finest books of the present season. Mr. Young, like Chekhov and Schnitzler, was a physician before he was a novelist—excellent training, I should think. Physicians and novelists are alike in both being diagnosticians. "My Brother Jonathan" is the story of a general practitioner in a small industrial town in England. Incidentally, it seems to me somewhat remarkable that England, so small a country, should be so inexhaustible a field for the topographical novelist. Hardy spent twenty-five years writing about a small corner of it; and when one might believe that with centuries of novelists digging at it the "local color" would be exhausted, along comes Sheila Kaye-Smith and finds any amount of fresh material in Sussex. Mr. Young has found an apparently new environment for his story; the scene is intensely local, in its natural surroundings and in its inhabitants, but the interest is universal. One remembers in Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine" that the younger brother of Elaine was brilliant and forthputting, while the older one, Sir Torre, whose shield was blank, was either ignored or regarded as a clumsy boor. But there is a passage which has always moved me more deeply than anything else in the "Idylls of the King." The younger brother Lavaine is so dazzled by Lancelot that he can see nothing else; but when Elaine's heart is broken, it is the inarticulate and inefficient and awkward Torre who cries in hopeless rage.

"Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs and say,
'I never loved him; an I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him down.'"

Well, in their boyhood Jonathan is like Torre, content to let his brother have all the glory, and willing to fight for him to the death. It is a very remarkable analysis that Mr. Young has given us of this man's character. And the story of his career is so well done and of such sustained interest that I salute the author and shall henceforth read everything he writes.

Another English novelist, who is not obscure but who deserves much more recognition than she has received, is Beatrice Kean Seymour. "Youth Rides Out" is a good story well told.

H. G. Wells, for the first half of "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island," is at his very best; it is the splendid Wells of "The Wheels of Chance," "Kipps," "Mr. Polly," "Tono Bungay," and the descriptive parts of "Mr. Britling." The account of the sea voyage would have pleased Doctor Johnson. But I think the last part of the book a very sad decline. . . . Warwick Deeping, like Mr. Young, has done his best work in his latest novel, "Old Pybus." Old Pybus, like Old Sorrell, is a hotel porter. Yesterday the papers said the average hotel porter in the London hotels makes twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Mr. Deeping's porters are content with less.

To those who, like me, revel in a good detective story, let me recommend a few that are absolute hair-raisers. I have never read a more wildly exciting tale than "The Black Circle," by Mansfield Scott. The first sentence grabs you by the throat, and there is not a single let-up till the last word. I wonder how many readers will guess, as I did, the identity of the—but I must not spoil the story. Even if you had an organic disease, you would forget it in reading this book. One almost as exciting and

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decidedly better written is "Underground," by Farjeon. This is a perfect anæsthetic for a tedious railway journey. Furthermore, here are five gorgeous ones, which must be read in this order. They are all by "Sapper" (Cyril McNeile).

1. Bull-Dog Drummond.
2. The Black Gang.
3. The Third Round.
4. The Final Count.
5. The Female of the Species.

And I hope and believe there are more to follow. These are not only wildly exciting, filled with utterly impossible adventures; they are funny in the extreme, a combination of humor and horror, in the approved style of the modern mystery play.

There is such a thing as making a crime-story too complicated, too ingenious; such is the fault I find with "Death in the Dusk," a well-written yarn by Virgil Markham.

A book that has just been reprinted, and which I am surprised not to have heard of before, is "Round the Horn Before the Mast," by the Englishman Basil Lubbock—the diary of a trip he took from San Francisco to Liverpool in 1899. An English gentleman of fine family, a famous athlete, he went to the Klondyke, got to San Francisco, and "just for the fun of it" shipped as a foremast hand in a sailing-ship bound for England via Cape Stiff. It is a most engaging narrative. It is a wonder any one on board survived the hardships, perils, exposures, and, worst of all, the utterly abominable food. In comparison with the regular food served out daily for a hundred days, a city garbage-pail would be both wholesome and elegant. And this young gentleman, though he disliked the food, loved the whole experience—yea, gloried in it. He reached England just in time to enlist in the Boer War. Thus he had the perils of the Klondyke followed by the horrors of a lime-juicer, followed by the horrors of war at the other end of the world. Unlike Thomas Hardy, he is an optimist. Surely, surely, it is one's temperament and not one's experience that makes one hopeful or despairing.

A book that so far as I know has escaped the attention of any reviewer is "Pompilia," by David Graham. This is a verse tragedy, made out of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." I happened to see it lying on the table at the house of Mr. Granville-Barker, and when I got to London I bought a copy. The author seems not to have heard of Mr. Goodrich's "Caponsacchi," so magnificently produced and played by Walter Hampden. Mr. Graham's "Pompilia" is well written, but nothing like so well adapted for the stage as the American play.

The centenary of Schubert celebrated everywhere in the world on November 19 was marked also by the appearance of two excellent biographies, both copiously illustrated: "Schubert the Man," by Oscar Bie, the "official" biography, and "Franz Schubert, the Man and His Circle," by Newman Flower. When one considers the enormous heaps of cash made by the authors of "Blossom Time," who adapted the melodies of Schubert for an operetta, and the heartbreaking poverty in which Schubert lived and died, one is reminded of Browning's verse:

"Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats;
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup;
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?"

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I am very glad that the distinguished surgeon Harvey Cushing has collected some of his essays and addresses in a volume called "Consecratio Medici." While these should be read and remembered by every medical student, they are full of interest for the general reader. The other day in Philadelphia I had the pleasure of meeting again at luncheon my old friend the dean of surgeons, Doctor W. W. Keen. He is nearly ninety-two, made a hearty lunch, and talked in the liveliest fashion. He has recently published a little book containing the interesting story of his operation on President Cleveland. I well remember the rumors at the time and how diligently the reporters struggled to find out exactly what was going on.

There are two short books on religion, the first of which will interest all people who take their religion seriously; and the second will interest every intelligent man, woman, and child. I refer to Bishop Gore's "Christ and Society," which bravely tackles fundamental problems of the church in its relation to the modern social order. The second, by the great scientist Robert A. Millikan, is called "The Evolution of Science and Religion." I really cannot recommend this too highly. It is simple, profound, eloquent. When I finished it, I stood up and cheered loudly. It is tremendously inspiring. If I had to define Professor Millikan's religion, I should express it in the formula, thus:

Galilee plus Galileo

Those who imagine that scientists are destroying religious faith should consider two of the foremost scientists now living—Millikan and Pupin. And they might also consider J. S. Haldane, *not* J. B. S. Haldane.

Ludwig Lewisohn's polemical novel, "The Island Within," is of course well written, because Mr. Lewisohn is a scholar and a master of English style. My feelings on finishing the book were so exactly expressed by a letter I received from a New York physician that I will quote it.

> It seems to me its realism, while not overdrawn, (I know, I am a Jew),—cannot serve any constructive purpose. Indeed I think it dangerous.
>
> It's my humble belief that the religious question cannot be solved by tearing open old and partly healed wounds nor by magnifying existing discriminations, but rather by each individual Jew translating his ancestral devotion to religion and piety into straight living and fair dealing with his fellow men regardless of their religious views.

From the North Coast Limited Train John McClellan writes me, "What about the use of 'ired' as a verb? Are these gentlemen of the Fourth Estate remaking the English language?" and he encloses a newspaper headline:

"Ganna Walska Ired About Divorce Query"

The Halifax, N. S., *Chronicle* quotes with approval my attack on puffery on book-jackets. It also gives me the cheering news that "A well known firm of publishers announce their intention to discontinue the practice of clothing new publications with a colored paper cover or 'jacket.' " I don't mind the colored jacket so much as I do the puffery.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., has a suggestion:

> Permit me to nominate for a regular and official place in the English vocabulary the verb "ensmall." At present it does not appear in the best Thesaurus, and in the Webster International it is given only in the lower section of the page in fine type marked "rare." As an old newspaper publisher I have often

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felt the need for this word. When I increased the size of my paper I enlarged it, of course. But what, in one word, did I do when I decreased its size? Naturally, I "ensmalled it!" Without that word I had to use a phrase to accurately describe my act. Apropos, Dean Walter Williams, of the School of Journalism, Missouri State University, himself no mean authority on good English, used it in an address to the Missouri Editorial Association on November 16th, but recognized its irregularity by putting it in quotation marks. We do not now seem to have an exact antonym for "enlarge."

Mark Barr writes from the Century Club:

> But isn't the word ALEUROPHILE? At least I hope to coin it in the face of aleurophobia.

The F. Q. Club is enriched by three new members from Williams College: Selby Hanssen, Roy Armstrong, and Doctor John Roberts of the English Department. All three read the poem through in honors work and are glad they did.

The word *aromite* which I published in this column as occurring in a poem ascribed to Robert Browning has called out a large number of letters, all of which have suggested that it is a misprint for *aconite*. The word *aromite* does not occur either in Webster's International or in the vast interior of the N. E. D., so of course I supposed there was no such word, though Browning, like Habakkuk, was capable of anything. But now comes a letter from G. Gunby Jordan, of Columbus, Ga., reminding me that *aromite* is in the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary. I opened my copy and sure enough there it is. Score one for Funk & Wagnalls! The word is accented on the second syllable, much to my surprise. It however makes no sense in the poem, and Mr. Jordan, like all my other correspondents, suggests *aconite*. If you want to know what aromite means, I will not tell you, for the same reason and with as much reason as that given by Silas Wegg concerning the difference between the Roman and the Rooshian Empires.

The new Oxford Centenary Tolstoy edition, containing the complete works in English translation under the general editorship of Aylmer Maude, is a magnificent undertaking. Three volumes have already appeared, and I particularly recommend the introduction to the "Plays," which is contributed by Harley Granville-Barker. Every book will have a brief introduction by some prominent man of letters. Let me suggest that it is possible to buy these volumes as they appear, if one subscribes to the set; then the expense will not seem so heavy.

The first volume of the "Dictionary of American Biography" will delight the many thousands of readers who have been looking forward to it. It is a book of convenient size and weight, and the letterpress is excellent. The whole work will contain twenty volumes, and will be invaluable. I could not keep house without the "Dictionary of National Biography" (British), and of course I must now possess the American follower. Allen Johnson and the group of scholars in charge of the preparation of this mighty work know exactly how it ought to be done.

The death of Hermann Sudermann on November 21 took away one of the very few persons who have ever been able to write a first-class novel in German. See if you can name five novels in the German language that are universally known and admired; that are in the class with "Les Misérables,"

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"Anna Karenina," "The Scarlet Letter," "David Copperfield," "Don Quixote." Well, one of the earliest works by Sudermann, which appeared in 1887, is "Frau Sorge" (Dame Care). It was instantly acclaimed, made its hitherto-unknown author famous, and has now assumed the dignity of a classic. It has been translated into many languages and on the day of the author's death had reached into a sale of 300,000 copies. To sell 300,000 copies in a year may mean nothing; but to sell 300,000 copies in forty-one years looks like permanence. In my judgment, this novel will outlive all the rest of its author's works and nearly everything written by his German contemporaries. It is a study of *bashfulness,* something in boys that is usually treated with brutal laughter even by those nearest and dearest to them; Sudermann treated it with sympathetic understanding. The author's fame took an enormous jump two years later, in 1889, on the appearance of his first play, "Die Ehre" (Honor). This fired a shot heard round the world. It is a brilliant social drama, and is still immensely popular in Germany. In the same year came his novel "Der Katzensteg" (Regina), which was hailed with extravagant praise by the German critics, but which they ought to have seen was quite inferior to "Frau Sorge." It was inferior in just those ways that were later to play havoc with Sudermann's reputation. It was theatrical instead of dramatic; and it was marred by what has always been the curse of German novels, an excess of sentimentality. The play "Die Ehre" was succeeded by "Sodoms Ende" (The Destruction of Sodom), which the critics, already beginning to show their teeth, said would be the destruction of Sudermann. "Sodoms Ende ist Sudermanns Ende." As a matter of fact, "Sodoms Ende" is a tremendously powerful play, and the only reason it is not oftener produced is because it is so painful as to be almost unendurable. Sudermann's answer to the critics was his most famous play, "Heimat" (Magda), which was acted on every stage in the world, and at the same time in three different languages, by Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and Madame Modjeska. It will hold the stage for many, many years to come. Never shall I forget the night I saw it in London, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell at her best. It made an indelible impression.

Now Sudermann's chief works, these I have mentioned, appeared from 1887 to 1893; and he has been steadily productive ever since. People have condemned him for this—that is, for doing his best work in his early years. But his great rival, Gerhart Hauptmann, who is idolized in Germany, had a similar fate. His first play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang" (Before Sunrise), appeared in the same year as Sudermann's first, 1889; it was soon followed by "Hannele," "The Sunken Bell," "The Weavers," and other remarkable works. Hauptmann too has been steadily productive ever since; but his towering reputation depends largely on those early works.

The German critics seemed to feel that they could not praise both Hauptmann and Sudermann; thus they exalted the former, and no abuse was too great for Sudermann, who must have looked upon Hauptmann as his evil genius. While Hauptmann undoubtedly is a great man, more in what his works suggest than in what they accomplish, it has always seemed to me that the German critics were unfair to Sudermann in pretending, after the early flush of his fame, not to take him

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seriously. One of the most honest of them, in a fit of remorse, remarked: "Sudermann is usually most violently attacked by those who have tried to imitate him, and failed." Although written some time ago (before the war), Professor Otto Heller's book, "Studies in Modern German Literature," is still most readable, and its comparison of Hauptmann and Sudermann is instructive.

It is not exaggerating to say that the majority of German critics treat Hauptmann with adoration and Sudermann with contempt; I think they should have come a little nearer to a balance, while cheerfully admitting there is in Hauptmann's plays, even when they are least successful, a potential power, a suggestion of greatness, not reached by Sudermann's more downright and more efficient workmanship. Granting all this, in the field of the *novel,* Sudermann is distinctly superior. Even "The Song of Songs" is better than any novel written by Hauptmann. Edith Wharton made a beautiful English translation of Sudermann's play "The Joy of Living." Only last summer she told me it still has a steady sale.

A few years ago Sudermann published his autobiography, narrating the almost incredible struggles of his boyhood and manhood. His parents were desperately, heart-breakingly poor. I wonder if his mother is still living. I do not believe any woman has ever worked harder than she. Sudermann says that all through his boyhood his mother kept right on at the interminable labor of the household, long after he was sent to bed; and that long before he got up his mother was hard at the most back-breaking toil. At the time he produced the "Autobiography" she was ninety-seven years old, and "going strong."

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The Art of Edwin Austin Abbey

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THERE lies before me a scrap-book that I filled in the 80's and 90's with the illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey then appearing in *Harper's Magazine,* illustrations reproduced by the leaders in our golden age of wood-engraving. Indeed it carries the record even further back, because in the old book-shops I used to hunt up everything of his that I could find, and some of these fugitive bits belong to the very outset of his career. Well, the interesting thing about that scrap-book is that it does not "date," it is without that subtle, deadening touch that time so often leaves upon a work of art. Last November Mrs. Abbey brought from England a collection of over 300 drawings and paintings by her husband and assisted at their organization into a memorial exhibition at the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York City. This exhibition continues until the end of March. If in approaching it I pause upon the scrap-book aforesaid, it is because the two things, taken together, enforce the central fact of Abbey's art. That was his gift for poetic recreation, his imaginative grasp upon the past, and his possession of technical aptitudes requisite for the development of beauty in the process. His career was "all of a piece," that of an artist having from beginning to end an exquisitely romantic vision.

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The illustrator is often a curiously potent figure, his intervention leaving an indelible mark upon the poetry or prose he touches. Is "Alice," after all, quite thinkable without the stamp placed upon her personality and adventures by Tenniel? It does not always require great artistic power for the illustrator thus to achieve a kind of collateral immortality. Doré, in the impress he has made upon the memory of mankind, surpasses Daniel Vierge, the latchet of whose shoe, artistically speaking, he was unworthy to unloose. The play of some mysterious interpretative magic is everything in this matter, and, with it, some endearing tincture of style. Abbey had both resources. They must have been stirring in him even in his teens, when he was a night student at the Pennsylvania Academy, and they came rapidly to the surface when he began to work for the Harpers in 1871. He was still a very young man when his individual strain presently made itself felt. Turning back to the scrap-book, I savor again the quality of his early drawings for Herrick. It would be foolish to claim positive brilliance for them or anything like absolute mastery. But charm is there, an intensely sympathetic visualization of the poet's motive. There is a clew to this imponderable side of the man offered by his old comrade in the Harper establishment, Mr. W. A. Rogers. Contributing some memories to the biography published by Lucas in 1921, Mr. Rogers says that "so much of him was pure spirit." One other passage I must quote at greater length:

> In appearance he was different in many

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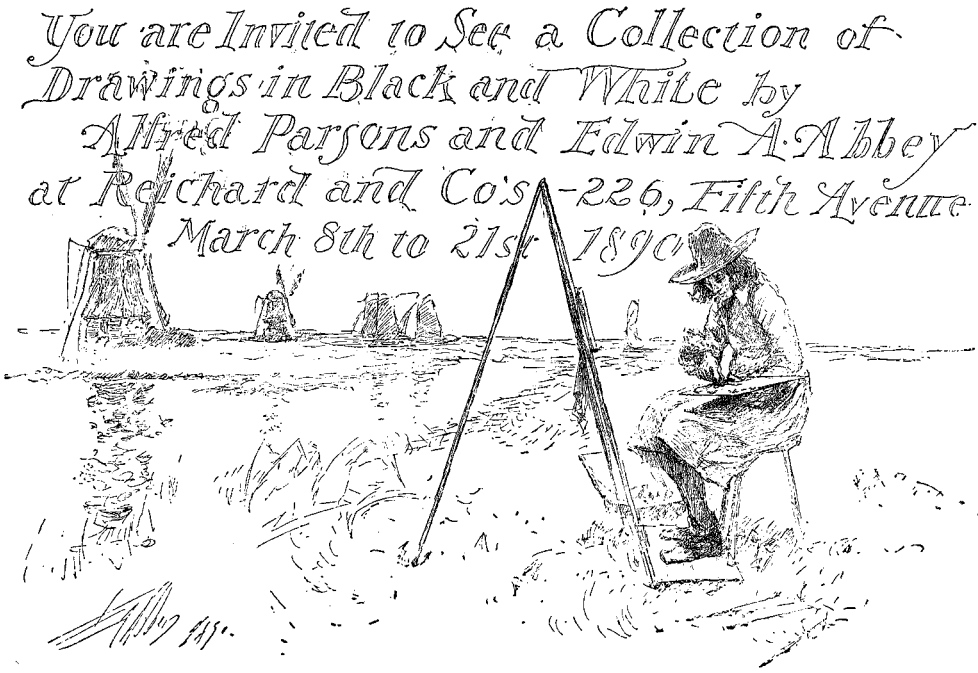
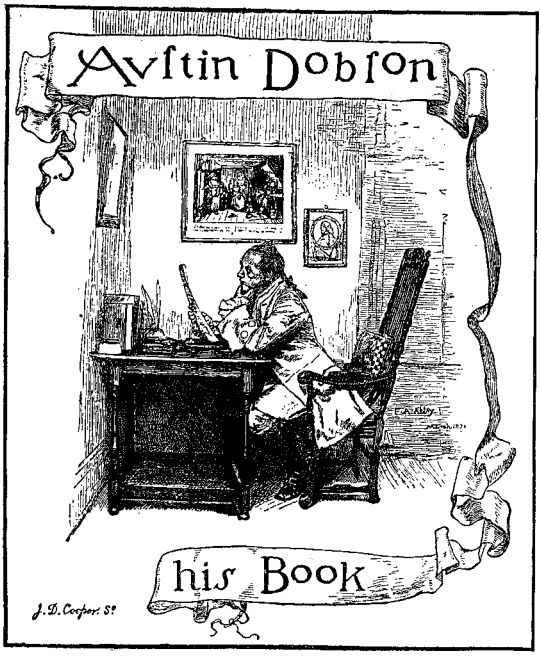

You are Invited to See a Collection of
Drawings in Black and White by
Alfred Parsons and Edwin A. Abbey
at Reichard and Co's -226, Fifth Avenue
March 8th to 21st 1890

An Invitation.

From the drawing by E. A. Abbey.



Austin Dobson's Book-plate.

From the drawing by E. A. Abbey.

A Hogarth Enthusiast.

From the drawing by E. A. Abbey.

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A Study.

From the drawing by E. A. Abbey.

The Golden Dish.

From the pastel by E. A. Abbey.

The Wandering Minstrels.

From the water-color by E. A. Abbey.

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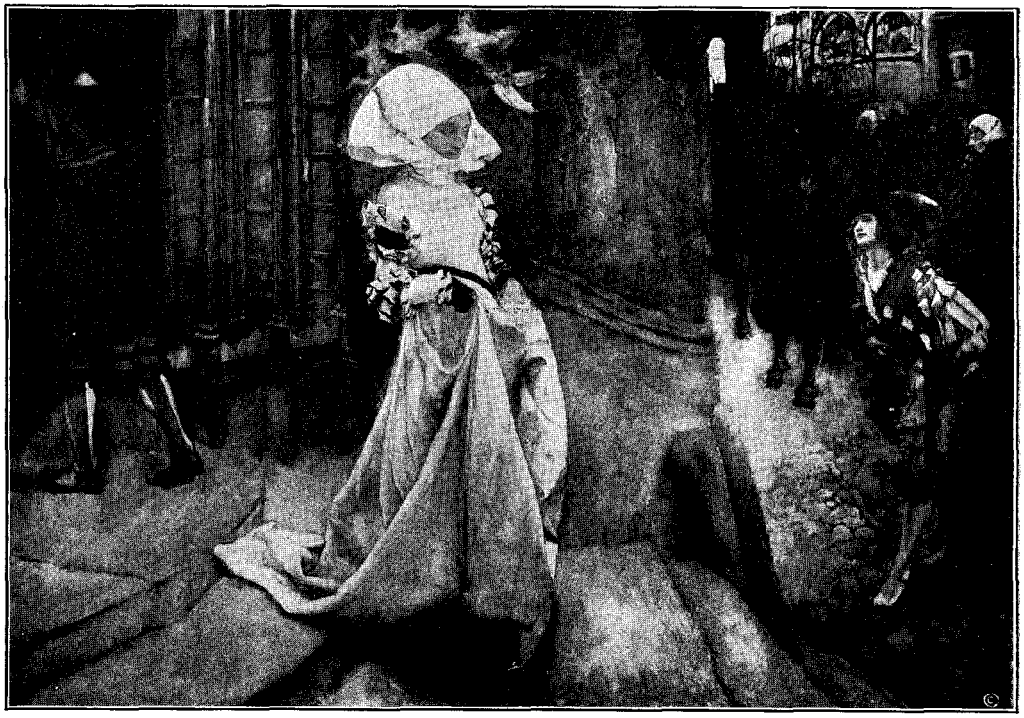
Falstaff and His Page.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.

Iago.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.



Faust and Marguerite.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.

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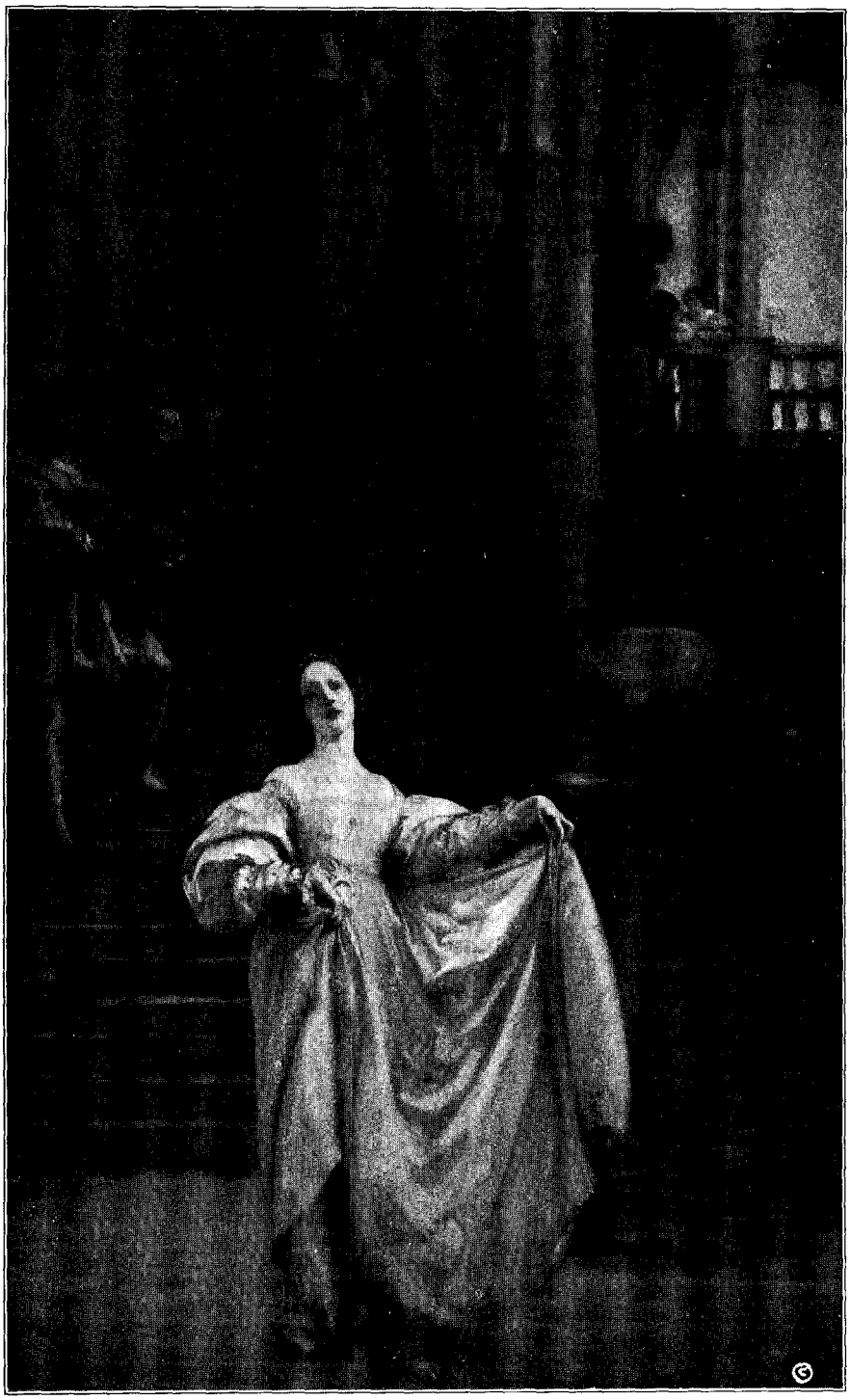

A Measure.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.

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subtle ways from any one I had ever met. His features, while strong, were cut like a cameo; by force of contrast his dark, deep-set eyes gave his face an effect of great pallor. And, while he treated me with the utmost cordiality and used every effort to put me completely at my ease and on a basis of comradeship, I can feel to this day the thrill of an experience away beyond the material. As I grew to know him better in after days, this feeling grew deeper rather than less. It was all well enough, it seemed to me, for his companions to call him "Ned," to laugh at his merry pranks and funny sayings, but always, to me, his visible presence and what he said and did seemed to be the least of what he was.

Just such an impression as this I received from him in our various meetings. I remember an evening's talk with him across a narrow table at a great banquet in his honor. He was the pivot of the occasion, yet in some strange way he seemed detached from it. I remember sitting with him in a New York studio when he was painting on his "Ophelia." Then, and on other occasions, he struck me as essentially aloof from ordinary issues. There was nothing of preciosity about him. Far from it. But he had, unmistakably, an inner life, and was a creature of fine grain. You felt instinctively that, as Mr. Rogers has said, "so much of him was pure spirit."

He was able to illumine an author, even a Shakespeare, because he had an imagination quickly responding to that author's illumination. And besides his intangible traits he had a habit of tremendous industry. They gave him a degree at Yale in 1897, and as Professor Fisher handed him the diploma he touched upon his imagination. But, he went on, "this original power would be inadequate were it not allied with cultivation of a high order and patient researches." I once asked him if he made many preliminary studies. He replied in the negative, explaining that it seemed to him a tiring of one's energy, calculated to take away the spontaneous bloom that a picture should possess. But this did not mean that he did not take endless pains. One of my first impressions of him belongs to the period of his work on the Shakespearian comedies. He was passionately curious in all matters of costume and architectural background, and when he was worrying over the latter he used to come down to Stanford White's office and overhaul the photograph-books. In the exhibition at the Academy there is an unfinished picture, an ecclesiastical interior with figures, called "A Great Lady in a Church at Rothenberg." It is interesting as one of Abbey's mediæval evocations. But I mention it chiefly for the purpose of grouping with it a "Study of a Column of the Church at Rothenberg." Side by side, the two throw light on Abbey's method, his meticulous search after accuracy, his eagerness to document the world in which his imagination roved.

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I have indicated it as the world of the poets and it had far horizons. For example, one of the best of his pictures at the Academy, one of the best though unfinished, is the "Faust and Marguerite," a page from Goethe. He was adventurous in his themes. When he was engaged in 1890 to make a series of decorations for the Boston Public Library he undertook to illustrate the legend of the Holy Grail. How earnestly he sought to get at the last nuances of the subject is shown, I may note in passing, by one act of his. To get what help musical atmosphere might give him in his meditations he listened to "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. Decidedly he was not the

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archæologist alone. He was concerned with mood, with spirit, with the elusive essence of things, and, as I have said, his range was wide. I might cite many instances of his diversity. But analysis of Abbey would take a wrong direction if it did not reckon with the unique harmony between him and things English. It is proclaimed in his first dealings with the lyrists. It continues to manifest itself in his countless illustrations to Shakespeare and in picture after picture that he painted. The very heart-beats of the man were attuned to the rhythm of English life, the dramatic, multicolored, and somehow fragrant life that is mirrored in English letters. For him in a peculiarly enkindling sense the master wrote of

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

His long life abroad—from 1878 to the day of his death in 1911—broken by occasional visits to this country, has always seemed to me a matter of what might be called external fact. His success there, his charming popularity, the welcome he had into the Royal Academy, the commission to paint the coronation of Edward VII, the offer of a knighthood—all these things, though duly to be recorded in his biography, remain, in a sense, unimportant. What really counts is just the identification of his genius with English romance. He was as inevitably the commemorator of its glamour as La Farge was the initiated painter of Japan and the islands of the South Sea. In the interpretation of "this England" he was as much its predestined laureate, and as racy, as was Winslow Homer the born painter of the New England coast. With what a sure gait does he move through the plays of Shakespeare, striking with equal ease the notes of comedy and tragedy, and winning pictorial beauty from both! And through all his designs, whether poetic or historical in their burden, there runs the perfume, the sentiment, the indescribable enchantment of time and long vistas, which you feel on English soil.

I find it hard to relinquish this clairvoyant and endearing phase in Abbey, and at the same time, while emphasizing its predominance, we must not allow it to obscure the extension of scope which was well within his powers when the call came. I have stressed his penetration into the spirit of things English. It remains to be also underlined that he was an artist decisively sprung from our own land. It was not for nothing that he refused the knighthood, holding fast to his American citizenship. His imagination, too, possessed its American tentacles, and when, some twenty-five years ago, he was commissioned to paint the elaborate decorative designs embellishing the Capitol at Harrisburg (which I described at length in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1908, and January, 1912), he flung himself upon the task as upon the creation of his *magnum opus*. He brought to it the same ardor and the same insight that he had used in making his drawings for the songs of Herrick. In place of the humor and high thoughts of Shakespeare, he turned to the problems that had absorbed our pioneers, took his cue from miners and men of the forge, embodied "The Spirit of Religious Liberty" in a great ship sailing off into the blue, portrayed the builders of the State, military and other leaders, painted an "Apotheosis of Pennsylvania," altogether satu-

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rated himself in American history—and his power of sympathy, of understanding, never failed him. Fragmentary studies for this huge emprise of his appear here and there in the Academy exhibition. They mark a new, totally different, gesture from that elucidating English romance of which I have made so much, but the measure of the artist's pictorial invention and of his technical accomplishment remains the same.

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What was that measure, considered in the broad perspective of modern art? There Abbey's Americanism suffers a sea change. He was a remarkable draughtsman from his young manhood on. The rather ordinary gait of his first essays in wash and line—ordinary, yet with a foreshadowing of better things to come—is soon outrun by his potent originality. In the Shakespearian pen drawings he is the consummate master of his medium. He has neither the simplicity nor the power of Charles Keene, for example, nor has he the vigorous sweep of Menzel, but, instead, he is a draughtsman of incomparable delicacy, with a gift for getting all the color that is to be got out of black-and-white, without the tricky employment of violent contrast. He stood alone in his exquisiteness. It is well to avoid a possible misunderstanding as regards his deviation into color. The superficial observer might be inclined to think of him as an illustrator turned painter. As a matter of fact, he was exhibiting in water-color as early as 1885. I recall brilliant achievements of his in this medium thereabouts and not long thereafter—including the lovely "Wandering Minstrels" now at the Academy, which dates from 1891. I saw handsome pastels of his in New York in the middle 90's, and the Academy brings back from an even earlier date, from 1890, his first work in oils, the charming "May Morning." No, it was not want of experience that accounts for Abbey's specific character as a painter. It is rather that he left America just at a time when, under the auspices of the Society of American Artists, French methods were spreading a fire of emulation through the studios. Abbey, already disclosing in his water-colors a mode influenced by the sober English tradition, went to live at the heart of that tradition and substituted the serene, equable pace of the Royal Academy for the bravura with which our painters were building up a nervous and exhilarating type of brushwork.

Whatever he may have known about the forthright stroke that came into vogue with Manet, it was evidently not to his taste. He was a fluent, even swift, craftsman, but his painting has a smooth, leisurely, pondered air. It is deliberate, *soigné*. He had nothing like the directness and flourish of his friend Sargent. The latter seems often to achieve his effects by a dazzling sleight of hand. Abbey's are carefully developed. To that extent they are opposed to the currents prevailing in his time, even in England, where there were colleagues like the late Charles W. Furse dedicated more or less to the virtuosity of the brush. Decidedly, for all his feats with the pen, Abbey was no virtuoso when he worked in color, unless, perhaps, in some of his moments with pastel. But it is important to remember that painting is not made up of "handling" alone.

As the draughtsman to whom I have already alluded, Abbey had that sure, flowing line which is a comfort and a joy to the connoisseur. I have glanced

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at the refinement of his pen drawings for Shakespeare. That is forever cropping out in the scrap-book aforementioned, rich in drawings of his earlier and middle periods. As time went on and he tackled larger problems, either in easel pictures or in mural decorations, he got into a stronger, more sinewy stride, and some of his later drawings, like those made for the Harrisburg work, have in them a notable fulness and force. He sees form in a sturdier, ampler way as he envisages it in more monumental designs, and not only does he develop a firmer grasp upon it but he seems to proceed with a greater ease and a broader precision. But what I most admire about Abbey is his steady growth as a designer. He could compose adroitly when he had to face the narrow boundaries of a magazine page. All the time, as he enlarged his view, he adjusted his figures to a heightened scale with mounting power, and I do not know which is the more impressive about his work—the unity of a given composition or the ebullient variety with which he invests the whole gorgeous pageant. Occasionally he falters. I balk a little at what I may designate his processional figures, the serried ranks of pikemen in the background of "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne," or the marching nuns in "The Education of Isabella the Catholic," or the figures ranged in such orderly fashion in "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester." This foible of his, if I may so call it, threatens occasionally to submerge his drama in narrative. But look, on the other hand, at "Fiammetta's Song," or the "Faust and Marguerite," or that gracious picture which is called "A Measure." In each case the romantic composition is delightfully put together. That was Abbey's supreme gift, the gift of the imaginative picture-maker, sometimes seemingly casual, sometimes stately, but always the creator of poetic illusion. It is an inspiring rôle and he rose to it.

He filled it, as I cannot too often reiterate, and he filled his works, with the life of the spirit. I have told before, but I must repeat again, the story that I had from my friend the late James Wall Finn, a decorative painter who had spent some time in Abbey's studio. He described to me a winter's day on which Abbey and Sargent, storm-bound, both painted from a manikin posed in the snow just outside the studio window. When they were finished Sargent's study was of the lay figure regarded as a lay figure, though it had been draped with a long velvet cloak and provided with plumed hat and lute. Abbey's picture was of flesh and blood, of a gallant serenading his lady-love. How like him that episode was! We know that he was an adept at historical reconstruction, deeply learned in matters of ancient dress, furniture, and accessories generally. His studio was full of "properties." But as he contemplated them some alchemy in his brain gave them a newer and vivider existence. He breathed upon them and they moved. The past became the present. The dream became reality.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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In His Own Country

(Continued from page 154 of this number.)

slowly; she stopped suddenly, peering at the stump, thinking it was a man humped down, or a bear; then she began to run forward, her thoughts coming swiftly. Last spring Joe Boyle, driving his automobile down from his farm one night, had bumped into something, and it turned out that he had killed a bear. Bears hadn't been seen in this section of the country for years; though farther east, around the bay, and beyond Wiarton, a man had killed fourteen last winter. She stumbled on the path but kept on going, though hardly able to breathe. The country had flattened out, but ahead were fields on gentle slopes. There was more moonlight. She walked more slowly, breathing easier.

She could go no farther; she had to lie down. The farm land now sloped upward. Over the zigzag fence was a corn-field, and at the slope of a hill three jack-pines. The pines were too isolated on the curve of the hill, too gaunt against the sky-line, and she would have been uneasy, she knew, sleeping under them, so she climbed the wooden fence, her skirt catching on a nail and holding, though she attempted to lift it carefully. She tugged until it tore loose.

A few feet away from the fence, between two rows of corn, she spread her coat. There had been no rain all week and the ground was not damp. Lying down slowly, she stretched her legs, waited, expecting to be frightened. Leaves of corn stirred and rustled, and she listened to small sounds, but was not scared. The corn was clean and friendly. The corn grew in back yards of many houses on the streets in the town. Her fingers reached out and held loosely to a stalk. Drowsily she realized that the night air was good and the smell of the corn-field fresh and pleasant. Heavy-eyed, she tried to look up at the stars and wished vaguely some one was with her to make love to her. Pete had wanted to go fishing up the lakes and sleep out-of-doors. They would fish in the stream farther east. Sometimes they might go up streams at night, fishing for suckers, Pete walking a few paces ahead of her, the suckers in the streams banging against her legs. But it was too late in the year for good suckers, she remembered. In the spring, when the water was colder, they were fresh and firm, but later on the water got warm and they got wormy and no good for eating. She would let Pete do the fishing for trout and follow him all day, cooking his meals, and they would lie down together in the evenings, and hear the night-birds. The nights would be warm; she could stretch out with few clothes on.

A night-bird in the jack-pines screeched, and she shivered a little and tried to find pleasant thoughts again before going to sleep. A last time she opened her eyes and saw corn-stalks, and moved her body slightly to one side, off a pebble, then went to sleep.

It was early when she woke up. The sun was low. Tips of white corn-cobs gleamed through green husks. Golden tassels brushed against her face as she got up on her knees and peered through the stalks at the road. She raised her head to look for the farmhouse, evidently on the other slope of the hill. Stiff and tired, she crawled toward the fence, not wanting to be seen. Standing up, to get over the fence, she discovered a bad pain in her hip. Strands of hair fell on her shoulder. She thought of going back to look for hairpins, but was anxious to get over the fence.

On the road she walked slowly, limping a little. The road reached the top of the slope and she looked far ahead at the hills, and farms on the slopes. To the left the hills farther away were very blue in the early morning, but hills ahead were tinted brown and green. Years ago her father, or the hired man, had driven her from high school in the buggy, and she had loved watching the blue hills losing their color as they got closer. The pain in her hip, as she walked, relaxed, her body lost its stiffness. A stream trickled under logs at the side of the road. She bent down to wash her face and hands, the water on her face refreshing her. When she knelt down first she had felt like crying; straightening up, she was prepared to go on walking, no longer sorry for herself. It was time to think of talking to her mother and father. Her father would be out in the fields. Her mother would talk very rapidly, worrying while asking questions.

The sun was half-way up when she reach-

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ed the concession route leading to her father's farm. She swung open the long wooden gate and, though stiff, walked briskly all the way up to the house, since some one might be watching from the window.

She opened the kitchen door and her mother, preserving fruit, said: "Is that you, Flora; what made you come in the morning?" Her mother was a small woman with a wiry body and tired, lined face. The kitchen smelt of stewed raspberries. Flora sat down and told her mother how Bill had been acting queerly, and how last night he had run out of the house and she had been scared to stay there alone.

VIII

Two days after her return to the farm her father drove into town to see Bill. He told Flora that he had been unable to find him and no one knew where he had gone. Her father believed, before going into town, that she had been foolish to leave her husband. When he came back he said it was best she had left him; strange talk was in town about his behavior the last month.

In the early fall her father worked hard with the harvesting, and she helped her mother in the house. It was hard getting up so early in the morning. Her father and the hired man went out to the fields, when only light streaks of dawn were in the sky, and she fed the chickens. An hour later they had a heavy breakfast, too heavy for her, accustomed to a light meal at that hour. Later on, the early-morning air exhilarated her; with a bowl of chicken-feed in her arm she stood, watching the light striking the hilltops, the valleys in shadow. The hills sloped gently, rounded and cultivated, but farther back the hills were higher, more rugged and wooded and blue in the morning. There were blue hills, farther back, only in the early morning. Her mother suggested that Flora should drive into town and do some shopping. Always she refused, surprising herself once by shuddering. Alone afterward, she was slightly ashamed that she had shuddered, giving an impression that meeting Bill, or even walking in town, would be too terrifying. But in time she got to believe that shuddering expressed the proper attitude of a badly abused woman. She had long talks with her mother, working together in the kitchen, and explained how Bill had sometimes shaken her and done other unbelievable and horrible things, till she had cried like a child. Her mother, a small, wiry woman, had always worked hard and had never had time to think of other women's husbands, so she encouraged Flora to talk, and they agreed that if she had remained with Bill another day life would have been unbearable.

For years she had known that her mother had peculiar faults, always secretive, evasive, telling white lies to her husband. After working with her for weeks Flora realized that her mother had always been afraid of her husband. He had forced her to become very guarded and careful in her way of living, and rarely gave her enough money for the house. He never gave her any spending-money. Eagerly she explained to Flora that she kept a few pigs herself, fattened them, sold them, and kept the money. She called it her "pig money" and had a hiding-place for it.

Very carefully Flora insisted that she could never live with Bill again, and when both her father and mother took it for granted, she felt she could afford to ask occasionally whether any one had heard of him since the night he went away.

Bill's mother came to the farm to have a talk with Flora. From the window Flora saw one of Jameson's livery cars coming up the lane, the old lady sitting alone in the back seat. She had on a black bonnet with a flash of red silk, and black ribbons knotted in a bow under her chin. The day was cloudy and cool and it looked like rain. The driver opened the door and helped her out. Flora stood on the side-porch steps, waiting.

Bill's mother said determinedly: "I'd like to have a talk, Flora. Not here, but in the house."

"Come on into the front room, Mrs. Lawson."

The man in the livery car took out his pipe and crossed his legs.

They sat down in two wide mahogany rocking-chairs on the thin, tan-colored carpet. "Where's Bill?" the old woman said quickly.

"I don't know; really, I don't; that is what I'd like to know."

"What was the matter between you, then?"

"Nothing; he ran away, and he was ill-treating me and acting funny, that's all."

"Bill never ill-treated anybody. There wasn't a bad bone in his body."

"I don't think you ought to contradict me."

"Hmmmmmm. It's an odd thing his going away didn't worry you more."

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"It did. It worried and worried me till I couldn't stand up straight."

"It didn't."

"I say he was ill-treating me and acting like he had a wind in his head, and the Lord knows what he's up to now."

The old lady sucked her lips, having trouble with her teeth. Her head was swaying; the lids of her eyes got red and moist. She whispered: "If you go traipsing around telling people Bill was bad to you and beat you, I'll wring your neck, you vixen." She leaned forward, her jaws moving up and down; and Flora tilted back in the chair, eager to answer her sharply. The old lady's eyes were bloodshot, her whole body trembled, and Flora suddenly felt scared and yelled, "Mother, come here," and leaned farther back in the chair.

Her mother came into the room at once. Without asking a single question she said: "Now, now, Mrs. Lawson; that'll about do, won't it? That'll be about all from you." Bill's mother glared at her, raised her hands abruptly, and began to cry. She rocked back and forth, crying and muttering: "To think I'd ever live to see the day when anybody'd say my Bill had a wind in his head."

She never expected to see Bill again, she said. Flora's mother, talking quietly and gently, suggested many abuses Flora might have suffered, and hinted that if she remained with Bill she too might have been driven out of her mind. Mrs. Lawson, not interested in Flora, simply wanted to talk about Bill. Flora merely listened till it became embarrassing, sitting there saying nothing, and she left the room quietly. Bill's mother never called on them again.

The nights were long in October, and sometimes Flora wandered along the road long after it got dark. A declivity, a couchlike slope with dried grass, just back from the road, suggested to her a place where a girl might sit down with a lover. The hired man on her father's farm was leather-skinned and tired, much older than she, and not interested in women. She accompanied her father into town in the Ford, hoping to see Pete Hastings on the main street. The night before she had lain awake in bed, imagining herself sitting in the car on Main Street, her father in a store making some purchases. Pete would come walking lazily along the street, see her, saunter over. Before her father came out of the store they could have two minutes together and she could tell him about the quiet road near the farm after dark and the hollow in the slope with the dried grass. But the day they went into town it rained hard. In the morning the sky was clear, but at two o'clock in the afternoon, half-way to town, dark clouds passed over the sun, and it rained. She didn't see Pete.

She found an interest in a new way of living. Neighboring farm people, hearing her mother's stories of Bill's strange behavior, were sympathetic, treating her as a good woman who had suffered with fortitude. The Maloneys, on the next farm, who had been poor until two years ago, invited her to come over in the evening very often. No one ever knew how they became prosperous so suddenly, and got the new barn, electric rods on all the buildings, and three fine horses. Mr. Maloney's wife had been dead for years and his housekeeper, a dark, thin woman with splendid legs, looked after him. Irene Maloney was Flora's age, and her sister Katie three years younger and much prettier. Irene talked eagerly to Flora about her father's hired man, who wanted her to go away and live in the city with him, but she was too lazy to leave the farm. She talked guardedly to Flora about Bill, hoping to surprise her into revealing something startling.

Flora believed now that she had really suffered, so every Sunday she drove in to the Anglican church with her father and mother. She wore black on Sundays and shook her head sadly when any one mentioned Bill's name. After church town people stood on the sidewalk under the trees and farmers got into their cars at once, to be home in time for dinner. Flora never gossiped, but she knew people were watching her sympathetically, a wo- been close to a great tragedy. After church man in black who was unhappy and had one Sunday she saw Dolly Knox on the street and her father stopped the car. Dolly talked very rapidly, and Flora, embarrassed, said she would go and see her some afternoon, but did not ask her to come up to the farm.

The days in November disturbed and saddened her, and she longed for good times and some one to make love to her. Bill was merely some one she had lived with a long time ago and had grown tired of. She sat in the house by herself, sewing, remodelling old dresses skilfully. Her father brought her a bouquet

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of autumn leaves in wild, rich colors. She told him that some day she would go back to town and do dressmaking for a living. October had been a fine month, and she had liked the green becoming brown and the red leaves on the trees, but in November the red leaves were a crisp, dried-out tan that withered and were blown away. Leaves were blown across the fields and over the hills, and a wind carried them away in eddies. In the evenings, lying awake in bed, she heard dead leaves rustling on the ground and was unhappy. The trees were stark naked. In the evenings her mother and father read all the magazines subscription agents had sold them during the summer.

In the middle of the month she brought up the mail from the box at the gate on the rural route. The town paper interested her only casually and she did not read it until the evening. On the front page was a picture of Bill and a two-column story that Johnny Williams had written himself. Her father, reading over her shoulder, patted her on the back and moved the lamp closer to her. She became excited and the character in the story lost all reality for her. Two weeks ago a policeman, riding through a city on his bicycle, noticed a man sitting on a bench. The man's clothes were torn and dirty, and he had a beard. He had no hat. He leaned on the bench, his eyes closed. The officer got off his wheel and spoke to him, but the man, opening his eyes, muttered words the officer did not understand and tried to get up and go away. Obviously he was very sick or drunk, and the policeman, taking him by the arm, walked slowly to a street corner, where he phoned for an ambulance.

At the hospital they said he evidently hadn't eaten anything for a long time and was out of his mind, and ought to be taken to an asylum. For three days he remained in the hospital; then they removed him to the city asylum, and he became unconscious. Later on the doctors tried to feed him, but he seemed unable to move his jaws, or they were so rigid his mouth could not be opened. He was out of his mind, or was suffering from some emotional hysteria that practically paralyzed him, and when he opened his eyes he spoke to no one. The doctors fed him milk in a tube inserted through his teeth. He got weaker and they believed he was going to die.

In his pockets they found an envelope with his name and address. They communicated with his mother and told her that her son had only two weeks at most to live and that he might just as well die at home as in the asylum. Old Mrs. Lawson, though recently infirm herself, went down to the city and had insisted that they send Bill home at once. She had him taken to his own home and moved there from her cottage to attend to him and feed him through the tube. She was very angry with people who came to see him for the last time on earth, and told Doctor Arnold, the local doctor, that he would not die, and for three days would let no one but him see him. The local doctor said it was unbelievable, but he wouldn't wonder if she kept him alive, though of course he was out of his mind all the time.

Flora cried when she read the paper and knew she ought to go and see him, and kept on crying and pretending to herself that she was reading advertisements in the paper, till her father said that under the circumstances it would be better if she didn't visit him at all; he was being cared for; he had left her and had gone out of his mind, and, anyway, had ill-treated her, and she had her own life to live. Her mother said that it was a fine sentimental notion, to see her husband, yet it was impracticable and the consequences couldn't be predicted, so it would be better not to see him.

She had no inclination to go and see Bill. Peeling potatoes in the kitchen at noontime, she closed her eyes and thought of him, his face covered with hair, his jaws locked. At night, stretched out on the bed, she felt unhappy and almost sick, hardly able to believe she had ever known such a man. Uneasily she suspected that her father and mother would declare that it was her duty to nurse him. Next morning they told her they understood some of her feeling and agreed that she should remain away from him. After that they were careful not to mention his name to her.

She would not go into town with her mother or father and stopped going to church on Sunday. She did not come to this very positive opinion suddenly; only after she had thought of the arid days in her life with Bill before he had gone away. Her first feeling of sympathy for him she guarded cautiously, determined it should not convince her to see him and afterward regret it; she was a young woman who

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ought not to waste her life with an invalid who had ill-treated her and separated himself from her. Her mother and father both believed that he would die and it was foolish to prolong his life artificially. The talk of death shocked Flora, made her think of religion and a funeral, and vague thoughts of an after-life she couldn't encompass. She tried to imagine herself dead, but lived on over her thoughts, and it seemed then that Bill would live on in her thoughts, even though he ought to die. He would die and she would go to his funeral, but in that way she could not separate herself from thoughts of him.

Haying-time was over, it was getting dark early. Her mother, sitting in the parlor, was mending socks, her glasses tipped down on her nose. Flora was knitting a sweater she intended to give to her mother. Without lifting her eyes from the knitting Flora suggested that she might get a divorce and go away and live in another town. Her mother withdrew the palm of her hand from the sock and pinned the needle in the ball of yarn.

"Who with?" she asked sharply.

"No one. I don't want to live with any one."

"Well, you'd better not."

She looked steadily at Flora, went on darning, and never mentioned it again.

Snow fell lightly early in December. They had only one hired man for the winter. Her father was planning a new silo for next spring. Though Flora had grown up on the farm, the life now became so dreary that she grasped at any thought promising a break in the monotony. The landscape was dreary, especially at twilight. Bare trees and barns were outlined against an early winter sky at twilight. She took long walks by herself on the rural routes, sometimes thinking of meeting a young man and having a conversation with him, or of going into town at night and walking the side streets till she met a young man she didn't know very well. Her father and mother would be indignant if she ever walked with Pete Hastings now Bill was back in town. At Christmas-time the snow was thick on the fields. It was a bad Christmas, though they all went over to Maloneys and took small presents off a Christmas-tree. The next morning she threw out dish-water from the back-door step, and looked westward where the line of hills curved, wondering why the blue hills had so little color in the winter.

Her father sometimes mentioned Bill, but she imagined he was just eager to talk, passing the time in the evening, and paid no attention to him. He thought it remarkable that Bill should have lived. He had heard that he was sitting up in a chair, fed with a spoon by his mother, who had to undress him.

Katie Maloney, wearing a red toque and a green muffler, came along the road at four o'clock in the afternoon and waved to Flora. Talking rapidly and sincerely, she said that many people were going to see Bill because they were astonished that he had lived, and she asked if Flora had read the piece about him in the paper. Katie unfolded the paper and Flora read the story. Johnny Williams believed that Bill had been working too hard on some great human undertaking, and had worried himself out of his right mind and had nearly died. But he had lived because he had a great mother, and might some day recover.

Katie Maloney said: "Do you think he'd mind if next time I was in town I went around to see him?"

"Why should he mind if he's out of his head?"

"I hope he wouldn't mind. It'd be no use seeing him if he minded."

Flora was angry with her father for not having shown her the paper last evening. She was unable to understand why she was angry with him, because she knew that he always avoided talking to her about Bill. Alone, she sat in her bedroom wondering why Katie Maloney had been so anxious to see him, talking as if it were a distinction to see a sick man with a wind in the head.

All week she wondered whether the Maloney girl had seen Bill. On a Thursday afternoon Katie came over to see her, eager to talk. "It was odd, so awfully odd I couldn't say anything," she said. "He just sat there in a chair and he had a dark-brown beard."

"And didn't he speak at all?"

"No, he didn't speak at all; just sat there, staring out the window, paying no attention to me."

"Why didn't you speak to him?"

"Well, I wanted to, but mainly to reach out and touch him. I heard it said last Sunday that to reach out and touch him was good luck against getting sick."

"Who told you such a thing, Katie?"

"Oh, I heard it last week. They say he was

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having such wonderful thoughts and he went out of his mind. Nearly everybody knows it now."

She walked down the lane with Katie, laughing out loud while Katie nodded her head vigorously. On the way back to the house she thought of people timidly touching Bill. Then she felt restless and unhappy. She noticed that the barn roof was sagging. The foundations of the house and barn were of stone. The house was of brick but the shingles on the roof were warped and loose. Next time she met Katie she would tell her about Bill's fine thoughts and how he had studied hard, and the story of Saint Thomas Aquinas, who had lived in the Middle Ages. Katie would shake her head two or three times and go home and tell it to her sister. Then Flora felt ashamed of herself for taking Katie's talk seriously, as if any one could tell her anything about Bill.

For days she was muddled, wondering why so many people should be interested in Bill now that he was sick and out of his mind. Three weeks later, in the morning, she took the buggy and drove into Gardner's grocery-store. Mr. Gardner was amiable, and, wrapping up tea and bananas for her, asked if she thought old Mrs. Lawson would mind if on Sunday afternoon he dropped in to see Bill. He admitted that he hadn't known Bill very well when he worked on the paper, but had heard, since, that he was a great thinker and scholar, and believed he might have many wonderful things to tell some day, if he ever got better. She assured Mr. Gardner that it was all right for him to go and see Bill. She spoke spitefully of Mrs. Lawson, who was practically an interloper.

"They say he just sits there in a chair," Mr. Gardner said.

"Yes, he just sits there, looking out the window."

"They say he's out of his mind, but I don't believe it. The Lord only knows the things he sees and hears sitting there like that. It's not the likes of us to say. And, besides, he was a very religious man."

"You go and see him, Mr. Gardner, and it's all right."

In the buggy again she was indignant that people would ask if old Mrs. Lawson would mind if they saw Bill. "He's at least my husband," she thought.

Most of the way home she thought of Bill sitting in the chair and believed now that it was wonderful that people should be anxious to see him and touch him, though he never moved or opened his mouth. It was likely, as Mr. Gardner suggested, that he was not really out of his mind at all but having his own fine thoughts. She slapped the horse's haunches, the buggy swaying, the wheels grinding over small rocks on the road. Here the farms were back from the road, and sawed-off or charred stumps stuck out of the melting snow.

In the evening she discovered that her mother had heard all the strange talk about Bill. Flora talked angrily of Bill's mother, and then, talking idly, told the story of the grandmother who had got off the boat before it left the old country. Her mother was ironing and listening attentively. Flora said: "Oh, I'll bet a dollar most people's grandpeople were just as interesting when it comes down to brass tacks."

She coaxed her mother to talk of her people. Her mother remembered an aunt who had lived in the town, in the days when people thought it would become a railroad centre. The aunt ran a boarding-house for trainmen and travellers near to the station. She ran the house for ten years and made some money. "I can remember seeing her one day with her apron full of dollar bills," she said. And then the boarding-house was burned down. "She had few boarders, and I can remember plain as day seeing my aunt coming out of a hole in the fence, and I knew in my soul that she had set fire to the house to get the insurance."

Flora thought that it wasn't a story she could very well tell to other people. "Wasn't there anybody in our family who got to be well known up here years ago?" she asked.

"Of course there was; people to be proud of."

"Who? Have I heard about them?"

"For instance, there was my uncle on my mother's side that laid the first track in a section of the country up around here when most of it was bush. They gave him a gold watch and a beautiful broadcloth suit. I can remember that broadcloth suit as plain as day, seeing the way he'd hang it up or put it on."

(To be concluded in March number.)

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ANTHONY WAYNE

FROM A PAINTING BY
EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY

THIS PANEL IS A STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE IN THE APOTHEOSIS OF PENNSYLVANIA WHICH IS PART OF THE DECORATION IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT THE HARRISBURG CAPITOL

This painting has been presented to the
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